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Nathaniel Georg:

Appleby.

The Worthies of Westmorland:

OR,

NOTABLE PERSONS BORN IN THAT COUNTY

SINCE

The Reformation.

BY

GEORGE ATKINSON, Esq.,
Barrister-at-Law.

"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN."

London:
J. ROBINSON, 40, HIGH HOLBORN.

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To

Lady Musgrave,

of

Hartley Castle and Eden Hall,

These Presents come

Greeting.

Introduction*.

WESTMORLAND, *Westmoreland,* or as it is anciently written *Westmerland,* hath its name, according to common acceptation, from its being a *western moorish* country. The learned archbishop Usher, in his Antiquities of the British churches, page 303, quotes several authors as deriving it from *Marius* a king of the Britons, who in the first or second century defeated Roderic or Rothinger a Pictish general from Scythia, upon the mountain now called Stanemore; in memory whereof (he says) Reicrois or Rerecrosse (a red, or royal cross) was erected: and from him that part of the kingdom was called *Westmerland.* But Mr. Camden treats this notion as chimerical, and says, it is only a fancy that some people have taken in their sleep, and is positive that the county hath received its name from the barren, mountainous, uncultivated,

* This is for the most part extracted from Nicholson and Burn's History of the County, with such emendations and remarks as time and circumstances call for included in † †

moorish land (as he is pleased to represent it). Nevertheless, there is not one ancient record that we have met with, wherein it is not expressly called *Westmerland*, and not *Westmorland*, or *Westmoreland*; which doth not altogether favour Mr. Camden's supposition: the Latin termination is *Westmaria*, sometimes *Westmeria*, which hath still less resemblance of the *moor*. If the county had bordered upon the *western sea*, it might have been conjectured that it had received its name from thence; but as Cumberland lies between this county and the sea on the west, it can scarcely admit of that derivation. Therefore we must be content to leave it in the same uncertainty as we found it.

This county is *bounded* on the East by the counties of Durham and York; on the South, by the counties of York and Lancaster; on the West, by the counties of Lancaster and Cumberland; and on the North, by the counties of Cumberland and Durham.

The *length* of this county, from Heron-sike in the parish of Burton on the South, to where it adjoins to the counties of Cumberland and Durham on the North, is about forty miles; and the *breadth* thereof is nearly the same, from the top of Stanemore on the East, to Great Langdale on the West; according to the English standard of 1760 yards to a mile, and not according to the customary measure of the country, which is after the propor-

tion of about two computed miles to the three measured ones. From what source this difference in the length of miles did arise, we have not been able to discover. It hath no reference to the Roman mile. Theirs was somewhat short of the English statute measure, in the proportion (according to Mr. Horsley) of about 13 to 14. Mr. Horsley further observes, that through the most part of England, three computed miles make four in the Itinerary (that is Roman miles). Near Wales, and in the western as well as northern parts of England, two English computed miles make three Roman. It is nearly the same also in Scotland, and in some cross-roads. About London and twenty miles round, they are near equal, or not above one or two in twenty different. *Horsl.* 382, 383.

There is also in the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland a mensuration of *acres*, called customary measure, which varies from the statute measure, and is itself also diverse in different places. The most general customary measure is that of 6760 square yards to the acre, whereas the statute measure is only 4840. In some parts of Westmorland, the customary acre is measured to 7840 yards; as if where the land is bad, they were willing to give so much the greater measure. And there was good reason for this, inasmuch as they proportioned the military duty according to the number of acres that a man possessed. But this could be no rule as to the miles: there being no reason, where the

road was bad, that therefore they should make the miles so much the longer.

The AIR in this county (especially in winter) is somewhat sharp and severe, but withal very healthful; and people live commonly to a very great age.

The SOIL of this county is in many places, as Mr. Camden describes it, barren and unfruitful; there being much uncultivated waste ground, and much of it incapable of cultivation. Yet there are many fruitful and pleasant vallies; and the bottom of Westmorland (as it is called) hath a considerable quantity of level ground, though surrounded on every side with high mountains*.

Lying near the western ocean, it is much exposed to RAIN, brought by the South-west winds, which blow in this part for above two thirds of the year. Hence their crops are later by three, four, and in

* Within the last few years the *Statesmen* and Farmers have been inoculated with an amazing spirit of improvement, and, owing to the Agricultural Societies, the improvement in the breed of cattle and sheep has more than kept pace with more congenial climates; yet, as regards the average annual value of land per acre, the returns for 1843 shew that it is still by far the lowest on the scale of English Counties. The average annual value of land in Westmorland per Statute Acre being by that census only *Nine Shillings!* By the same the average of all England is *Eighteen and Tenpence;* and of all Wales *Nine and fivepence:* Cumberland *ten and twopence*; Middlesex *thirty-three and ninepence.* The recent Act for the Inclosure of Commons may probably have the effect of raising the average. The area of the County is 762 Square Statute Miles, and consequently 487,680 acres.

some places six weeks, than in some other parts of the kingdom.

This county abounds with MOUNTAINS, which in the language of the county are called *Fells*, this being the genuine Saxon appellation, and the word is yet retained as an epithet in our language, to signify something that is wild and boisterous, as we say a *fell* tempest, a *fell* tyrant, or the like.

Yet these mountains are not altogether unprofitable. Besides that they fan the air, and render it salubrious, they feed large flocks of SHEEP, of the wool whereof the farmers make great advantage. And the sheep being very small, and fed for the greater part of the year upon the ling, their mutton is most excellent, especially that which is killed in summer and autumn from off the common. The wool of the sheep is coarse and thick, suitable to the climate; and, which is very remarkable, where larger sheep, with finer and thinner fleeces, have been introduced, the breed gradually diminishes, and the fleece grows thicker, as if nature intended to adapt the animal to its situation. So the same sheep, or other cattle, removed to a more favourable climate, grow larger and finer.

These mountains also produce plenty of GROUSE, or moor-game; which are nourished in like manner chiefly by the ling*. And when that shrub is in

* On Martindale fells *red deer;* and on the inland moors and intacks *black-game.*

flower, about the middle of September, it attracts the industrious BEE; so that the heath at that season seems to be covered as it were with one large swarm. This shrub in Latin is called *bruera*, and in Domesday-book *bruæria*.

The said mountains also abound with RIVULETS, which water the vallies beneath: insomuch that in almost every little village there is water sufficient to carry a mill; which renders the precarious help of windmills superfluous: though, if need should be, there are few countries better situate for such like conveniences.

Nor are these mountains inconsiderable in respect of the MINERALS they contain. The Reverend *Thomas Robinson*, rector of Ousby, who was a connoisseur in that branch of science, in an Essay towards a Natural History of Westmorland and Cumberland, published in the year 1709, treats of the same in the following manner: he first takes notice of the mineral productions along the ridge of mountains on the North, beginning from Stanemore, ascending gradually to the top of Cross-Fell, and from thence descending by the like gradation to Gilsland in Cumberland. "The first elevation of this ridge (he says) is called *Hilton Fell;* the mineral productions whereof are lead and coal: which being of a disagreeing nature, the one renders the other of little value. The prospect of lead upon this fell, is only from the appearance of several veins of spar, soil, and vein-stone, breaking out

upon the surface; and these being oftentimes either unripe or dead veins, cheat the miners with vain hopes*.—The second elevation of this ridge is called *Dufton Fell;* the mineral productions whereof are chiefly lead: of which there is such plenty got, as keeps a lead mill for the most part smelting down the ore. That which is here most remarkable is, that all the ore got upon this mountain is not found in natural veins, which run down perpendicularly or sloping (which is most usual), but in seams like coal, which run parallel, being inclosed within the strata of an hard and solid limestone sill, without any considerable depression from the horizon. This we generally call flat ore, being the overflowing of a rich vein; and doubtless, if the miners would be at the charge of cross-cutting the rise of this limestone-sill, they would discover the vein from whence this ore doth flow. Upon this mountain there is a petrifying spring, which turns moss, or any other porous matter, that either falls into the water and sucks it up, or comes within the steam and vapours that arise from it, into stone;

* These mines have been now worked for many years by "The Governor and Co." or "The London Lead Mining Company," sometimes called *The Quakers' Company*, a wealthy body, (many of them Quakers) from London. Mr. Masterman, the banker, is their present Governor. Their respective Agents reside in excellent mansions prepared for them at Middleton in Teasdale, Stanhope in Weardale, Marton, Dufton, and Nent-Head. Dufton Fell is also worked by them. The others, as Silverband, are worked by private companies, but with little success.

insomuch that upon the mouth of the well there is raised a considerable hill of such petrefactions.—— The third elevation of this ridge of mountains is called by the name of *Silverband;* so called from the richness of the ore, which when refined by art yields a valuable product of silver.——The fourth elevation is called *Blencarn Fell:* the mineral productions, by the veins of spar and soil which appear at day, seem to be lead; there having been as yet no trials made.——The fifth elevation is *Kirkland-Fell;* which, as well as the other mountains, hath its veins of spar: but as yet no trials have been made.——The sixth and highest elevation is *Cross-Fell.* From whence descending the first depression is *Green Fell;* the mineral productions whereof are lead, copper, coal, and oker. The copper is very rich, but so intermixed with the lead ore in the same vein, that it requires some labour to separate them. In this fell there is a large vein of copperish sulphur, two yards wide, which is discovered by the rivulet. I doubt not, but if this vein were sunk down, till it got its natural feeder, it would turn to a rich vein of copper; for it is very usual in the kingdom of Peru, that the richest veins are sulphur at the top, and as they get more moisture, turn to copper, and when sunk deeper into the veins, turn to silver. The coal lieth upon the inside of the mountain, and is so broken and disjointed that it turns to no account.——The second depression is *Melmerby Fell*; the mi-

neral productions are lead, of which some quantities have been got; the veins are very hopeful, but no thorough trials have been made.—— The third depression is *Gamelsby Fell,* known by the name of *Hartside.* The mineral productions are chiefly coal. There is some appearance of veins of glassy spar and float copper, but no trials of either have been made. Here the metallic class changeth into a class of coal; and as the lead gradually goes off, so the seams of coal do gradually come in and increase. The seam of coal at Hartside colliery is about half a yard thick.—— The fourth depression is *Busk Fell,* where no trials have been made.——The fifth depression is *Renwick Fell,* where the seam of coal is increased to three quarters thick.——The last and lowest depression is *Coal Fell,* so called from the colliery. Here the coal class is in full strength and perfection, the seams being at their full height and growth.——All the solid strata upon these mountains have their horizontal depressions, which the miners call dibbing and rising; and they dib most commonly to the north."

He then proceeds to the inner parts of the county of Westmorland, and observes, " At *Reagill* and *Sleagill* we meet with some small seams of coal, the main body of the coal lying upon Stanemore-heath; so that if the miners should sink there for a lower coal and a thicker seam, they would run a hazard of losing both labour and

money. For as in all classes of coal, the seams gradually increase in thickness till they come to their full height and growth; so they gradually decrease till they dwindle out into small seams, and then the covers change, and the coal goes out." So in Cumberland he shews, how the vein of coal comes in at Sourby pasture about eight or nine inches thick, then advances to fourteen inches, then at Warnel Fell to half a yard, then in the manor of Westward to a yard, where also a small seam of canal coal comes in; then in the manor of Bolton it is increased to seven quarters or two yards, and the canel seams to a yard, and the craw coal to three quarters. And here it is come to its full growth and perfection, and spreads over a great part of the level country to the Scotch sea.

He then proceeds to the mountains which are the boundaries of Westmorland on the South and West: and observes how the seam of coal diminishing from Stanemore (where the seam is about a yard and a quarter thick), comes in at *Hartley Fell;* so also we may add, at *Nateby, Mallerstang, Ravenstondale,* and other places. The western fells, he observes, are of a quite different nature from the others above-mentioned, consisting of a blue crag and continued rock, without any horizontal flat beds. And the mineral productions of all of them are lead, copper, and iron; there is no prospect of coal in any of them, for where there are no flat and pinguid strata, there can be expected no

coal. From these mountains fine blue slate is got, which supplies several parts of the kingdom.

The same author further observes: "Though we cannot hope to make any discovery of veins either of gold or silver in these two counties, yet we have rich veins of silvery lead, in which we frequently meet with stones richly imbossed with clusters of diamonds, as bright and sparkling as any we have from Bristol. We have also in our rich lead veins great variety of spar; some white, and as transparent as fine crystal. We have others green, blue, red, and of a violet colour; which if they could be so softened as to be cut into figures, might be of use and value*."

Dr. Woodward, in his Natural History, says, "That near Ambleside, and in the ridge of mountains leading from thence to Penrith, there is marble of a dusky green colour, veined with white; and in Knipe Scar, are several talky fibrous bodies, which might be employed for the making wicks for lamps, as they will burn very long without any sensible diminution; they are opake, and of an ash colour. Fossils of various kinds are found in different parts of this country; as at Threapland

* There are also Copper mines at Asby belonging to John Hill Esq., of Bankfoot, the Lord of the Manor. There are also valuable marble quarries there worked by our kind friend. If the *diggings* in California should oblige us to resort to a Copper Standard of Currency (as some prophesy), may not these mines become some day worth their weight in gold?

the *entrochi* and *trochitæ* of various kinds, some of which are compressed and flatted, others raised and truncated, some hollow in the middle, and filled with grey stony matter. Of the same are those found near Strickland-head on the banks of the rivulet which runs down from Shap, and by the inhabitants called Fairy-stones. Here also are found the *mycetites*. *Coralloid* bodies are found in great quantities, and differently variegated, near the river Lowther: they will bear a polish, and are about the hardness of Genoese marble. Some of the same kind are found at Helsfell nigh Kendal, and appear beautifully variegated, of a brown sandy colour, but so interspersed with different colours, that they are little inferior to Syena marble."—Specimens of all these are to be found in the collection left by Dr. Woodward to the University of Cambridge.

The RIVERS in this county are but small; for as the mountain tops are for the most part the boundary, the rivers all spring within the county; and only three, that can properly be called rivers, carry their name to the sea; to wit, *Eden*, which springs in Mallerstang, and having received in its course (besides many lesser streams) the conjoined rivers of Lowther and Eamont, enters Cumberland, and running the whole length of that county, empties itself into the sea at Rowcliff. The second river is *Lune* or *Lon*, which hath its source in Ravenstondale, and runs down the vale which from the name

of the river is called Lonsdale, where it enters the county of *Loncaster* (as it was anciently called), and a little below the town of Lancaster falls into the sea. The third is *Kent*, which rises in Kentmere, and washes the vale which from thence receiveth the name of Kendale, and empties itself into the sea below Levens.

In the hollows amongst the mountains are formed divers large LAKES, having small rivulets running through them, which preserve the water clear, the lakes having commonly a pebbly or rocky bottom; as Windermere, Ulleswater, Haws-water, Ridal-water, Elter-water, Gresmere-water, and other lesser lakes which go by the name of Tarns, as Sunbiggin Tarn, Ravenstondale Tarn, Whinfell Tarn, and others. Which lakes and tarns abound with divers species of fish, as trout, eels, bass, perch, tench, roach, pike, char, and divers others.

The southern part of this county is also pretty well furnished with SEA FISH, caught near the Kent and Levens sands, and other places upon the sea coast. Which heretofore were brought weekly to Kendal market, insomuch that upon a market-day there have been sometimes five and thirty different sorts of fish. But since the great improvement of the town and port of Lancaster, the market for fish is considerably drawn that way.

There is no very great plenty of WOOD in this county; it seems to have been industriously destroyed, to prevent its affording shelter to the

Scotch invaders. It is very certain, that long after the conquest, this county was over-run with wood; we read of nothing but forests, and chases, and parks, and mastage, and pannage, and vert, and venison, and greenhue, and regarders, and foresters, and verderers, and an hundred other names and titles respecting the keeping or preservation of the woods and game therein. In almost all the mosses, there are large trees of oak, fir, birch, and other wood, covered now four, five, or six feet in depth, with that kind of earth that the people dig up for fuel, many of which have the marks of the stroke of the ax upon them, and are lying near to their root, which is at the bottom of the moss; and the tops and leaves, by the stoppage of the water draining into the vacuities, seem to have contributed towards increasing the growth of the peatmoss, which in some places, it is very observable, acquires a new covering every year. The water, weeds, moss, straws, grass, ling, and other matter, which collect in the winter and stagnate, are dried up in summer, and effect a new crust upon the former mass.

Upon many of the commons are ridges and furrows, which evidently bear the signature of the plough. The tradition amongst the country people is, that this was done in the reign of king John, when the kingdom was under an interdict from the Pope, and the inhabitants thereby prohibited from tilling their improved ground. But besides that an interdict doth not imply any such prohibition,

being only an hinderance of the celebration of divine offices, it seemeth that the true reason of these ploughings which now appear upon the common hath been, that these places happened to be first cleared from wood, and afterwards were deserted for more favourable situations, as the wood became gradually cleared away.

In these mountains, towards the north-east part of the county, is a very remarkable phenomenon, such as we have not found any account of elsewhere in the kingdom, except only about Ingleton and other places bordering upon the mountains of Ingleborrow, Pendle, and Penigent, in the confines of the counties of York and Lancaster. It is called a HELM-WIND. A rolling cloud, sometimes for three or four days together, hovers over the mountain tops, the sky being clear in other parts. When this cloud appears, the country people say the *helm* is up; which is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying properly a covering for the head, from whence comes the diminutive *helmet*. This helm is not dispersed or blown away by the wind, but continues in its station, although a violent roaring hurricane comes tumbling down the mountain, ready to tear up all before it. Then on a sudden ensues a profound calm. And then again alternately the tempest: which seldom extends into the country above a mile or two from the bottom of the mountain.

In the modern part of the Universal History, vol. xv. p. 519, we find an account of exactly the like

appearance on some of the hills near the Cape of Good Hope, thus described by those elegant authors: "In the dry season, a white cloud hovers over the top of the mountains; from which cloud issue the south-west winds with incredible fury, shattering houses, endangering shipping, and greatly damaging the fruits of the earth. Upon discovery of which cloud, the sailors immediately prepare for a storm*."

This county, together with the counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham, York, and Lancaster, was anciently the country of the BRIGANTES, who were subdued by the Romans; and there are remaining many ancient monuments of the Romans in this county to this day.

The great ROMAN CAUSEWAY went quite through this county, entering upon Stanemore, and going out at Brougham castle. Until the turnpike road was made, which destroyed a considerable part thereof, it was very conspicuous almost the whole length of its course. It was carried in a direct straight line, over hills and dales, through mosses and tarns, as if nothing should be able to interrupt their progress. It was about six yards in breadth, and on the level ground appears to have been made of three courses of large square stones, the lowest

* A most philosophic, masterly, and interesting Essay on this phenomenon, by The Rev. W. Walton, F.R.S., is to be found in Jefferson's History of Carlisle, 433. The paper was read before the Royal Society in 1837.

course being the largest, and the other two diminishing gradually, the whole three courses being of the depth of a yard or somewhat more; and consequently it was able to sustain an immensely greater weight of carriages than any that are now in use. And the earth which was cast forth to make room for the pavement was laid on the outside, to form the whole into a proper rotundity.—But this was not in all places the form and manner in which they made their roads. In some places stone was not to be had but at a very great distance, in which case they made use of gravel, flint, or other materials which the country furnished. And where they had not solid stone, they made the road so much the higher and broader. From the general elevated form of the Roman roads, Mr. Horsley conjectures that the denomination of *highway* given to all public roads derives its original.

There was also a Roman way, called MAIDEN WAY, branching out from the other at Kirkby Thore, and stretching northwards over the low end of Cross-Fell, to where it joined with the Picts' wall in Northumberland. From whence it received this name we know not. At its first entrance upon Stanemore, it passeth by a place called *Maiden castle*, which was a small square fort of Roman structure, as appeared by the mortar found therein. *(Machel.)*

In modern military language, a *Maiden* fort

signifies one that has never been taken, by reason of its extraordinary strength. But that could never be applicable to this small fortification upon Stanemore. It rather seems to be derived of the Anglo-Saxon *Mai* (*maigan, magan, magnum*) great, and *Dun* a hill. In Northumberland, this same military road bears the same name of the *Maiden way*. Under the castle of Wark in the said county, there is a walk called the *Maiden walk*. And at Cattle Well, near Wooler in the same county, is an intrenchment called by this same name of the *Maiden castle*. Wallis's Northumberland, ii. 21, 466, 486. So, nigh Dorchester there is a camp of a square form, called *Maiden castle*, which takes in the whole summit of a great hill, having a double ditch and rampart, and in some places treble. *Horsl.* 461.

There are no fewer than eight good TURNPIKE roads in this county, seven of which terminate at, or pass through, the town of Kendal. One of these roads goes through the bottom of Westmorland, and follows (but with some variations) the direction of the Roman way, from the top of Stanemore where it comes in from Yorkshire, through Brough, by Appleby, to Eamont bridge, where it enters Cumberland.

Another, from Kendal, through Kirkby Lonsdale to Keighly in Yorkshire.

The third, from Kendal to Sedbergh in the county of York, and from thence branching out to

Kirkby Stephen on one side, and to Askrigg in the county of York on the other side.

The fourth, from Kendal, branching out nigh Tebay, through Ravenstondale and Kirkby Stephen to Brough on one side; and through Orton to Appleby on the other side.

The fifth, from Heron Sike, where the road comes in from Lancashire, through Burton, Kendal, and Shap, to Eamont bridge.

The sixth, from Kendal, by Ambleside and Dunmal Raise, to Keswick in Cumberland, with a branch from Plumgarths Cross nigh Kendal to Windermere Water.

The seventh, from Kendal, by Ulverston, to Kirkby Irelith in Lancashire.

And the eighth, from Kendal to Milthorp, and from thence communicating with the turnpike road coming from Heron Sike*.

The INHABITANTS of this county are generally a sober, social, humane, civilized people; owing in

* There are some, but trifling alterations in the general outline of these Highways since Dr. Burn's time. *The Lancaster and Carlisle Railway* enters the County near to Burton, thence to Milnthorp and Kendal, thence crossing the Fells to Grayrigg, Borobriggs, Shap Wells, and Shap, to Lowther, Penrith, and Carlisle. There is also a branch Line from Kendal to Windermere, whose Western terminus is at Orrest Head or Birthwaite, about a mile from Bowness. An Act has been obtained some time to unite the former with the *York Newcastle and Berwick*, by a Line over Stainemore fells, but the Directors are panic-stricken, and as we believe, even the ceremony of *sod-turning* has not yet been performed on any part of the proposed line.

some measure to the institution of small *schools* in almost every village*. And in the larger towns, as Appleby, Heversham, Kendal, Bampton, Kirkby Lonsdale, and Kirkby Stephen, there are free schools handsomely endowed. Insomuch that it is a rare thing in this county, to find any person who cannot both read and write tolerably well.

Barren as the soil is in many places, the county is very POPULOUS, perhaps more populous in proportion to the value of the lands than any other county in the kingdom†. Every man lives upon his own small tenement, and the practice of accumulating farms hath not here made any considerable progress. Here are large remains of the ancient feudal policy, which was kept up in these parts after it had ceased elsewhere, by reason of the particular military service against the Scots. The lands at first were granted out in large districts by William the conqueror and his successors to certain

* Had it been stated that the daughters were fair to look upon, and the sons tall, athletic, powerful Life Guardsmen, (many of whom are in that fine Corps) we could have readily assented, but to this unqualified eulogium of their sobriety, &c. we must be permitted to say, *Credat Judæus Apella!*

† The population by the Census of 1831 was 55,041. In 1841 it was 56,469; shewing an increase of only 2·5 per Cent! Cumberland during the same period increased 4·8 per Cent; Middlesex 16; and Monmouth 36·9. Why is this great disproportion between these two Counties and others both as regards population and the annual value of lands? The sexes in number seem more equally balanced here than in any other County. Total of children under daily instruction 7256. In schools established by Dissenters 795.

great Norman barons. These parcelled them out to inferior lords; who again granted the same to individuals, each man having a portion of land assigned to him for the sustentation of the military character. And they seem to have extended this regulation as far as it would go. The soldier's estate, from the number of ancient tenements in the several manors, appears to have been small, as what perhaps would now let for about ten or twelve pounds a year. And besides the general military services in the King's wars at home and abroad, these tenants in the borders were liable (as hath been observed before) to be called out in the particular service against the Scots, at the command of the lords wardens of the marches.

All the ancient manor houses and other BUILDINGS in this county appear to have been formed, not so much for ornament, or even utility in other respects, as for defence against the Scotch incursions. The larger houses had areas or yards strongly walled about, with turrets and battlements; within which inclosures they shut up their cattle in the night-time, or otherwise occasionally as they had notice given to them by the firing of beacons or other intelligence.

The lesser houses were secured with strong doors and gates, having the windows very small, and crossed with strong bars of iron. And many of the country houses, for the greater safety, had the cow-house and stable underneath the dwelling-house.

Even the very diversions of the children had a reference to this border enmity. The boys to this day have a play which they call *Scotch and English;* which is an exact picture in miniature of the RAID, that is, of the *inroad* by plundering parties. The boys divide themselves into two companies, under two captains, who chuse their men alternately. Then they strip off their coats, the one party calling themselves Scots, the other English. They lay their cloaths respectively all on a heap, and set a stone as it were a bounder mark between the two kingdoms, exactly in the middle between their heaps of cloaths. Then they begin to make incursions into each other's territories; the English beginning with this reviling expression, "Here's a leap into thy land, dry-"bellied Scot." And so they plunder and steal away one from another all that they can lay their hands on. But if they can take hold of any invader within their own jurisdiction, either before or after he catcheth his booty, which they call a *wed*, (the same being a Saxon word, *waed, weda, weed,* not yet quite out of use, signifying *cloathing*) unless he escape clear into his own province, they take him prisoner, and carry him to the *wed* or heap of cloaths, from whence he is not to remove till some of his own party break in, and by swiftness of foot lay hold of the prisoner, before he himself be touched by any of the adverse party; which if the adversary do, he hath rescued his man,

and may carry him off without molestation. And thus sometimes one party will so far prevail over the other, what with plundering, and what with taking prisoners, that the other shall have nothing at all left. It is a very active and violent recreation.

The BREAD used by all persons of condition in this county is made of *wheat*, but the common people eat *oaten* bread (as they do also in Scotland, hence the abovementioned sarcastical expression of *dry-bellied Scot*); for the supply whereof in this county, there is not a sufficient quantity of oats grown within the county, but they receive many loads thereof every week out of Cumberland, and some out of the counties of Lancaster, York, and Durham: The land in Westmorland yielding better for grazing. And therefore they breed a large number of *cattle* yearly, and sell them out at three or four years of age*.

And they make a considerable advantage by the sale of *butter*, especially since the turnpike road was made over Stanemore, whereby a communication by land-carriage is opened to the sea-port towns, from whence they supply the London markets. Westmorland *hams* also, which are cured in the smoke of peat fewel, are much preferable to those cured elsewhere in the coal fire chimnies.

* *Oaten* or *yot*-bread is seldom used now in the *Bottom* of Westmorland. *Brown*-bread—bread leavened and made of *Mashelden* (wheat and big or wheat and rye mixed) is more common.

In the article of CLOATHING, they have departed of late years from their ancient simplicity. Their forefathers were wont to cloath themselves with their own wool manufactured at home, which wool is now bought up for the use of the manufacturers at Kendal and in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Clogs, instead of shoes, some labouring people still wear; the upper part whereof is made of strong curried leather, and the sole of wood shod and bound about with iron.

The LANGUAGE of the country people hath large remains of the ancient Saxon. Which shews, that although William the conqueror granted the lands to some of the principal leaders amongst his Normans, and they to other mesne lords their countrymen; yet they did not dispossess the ancient inhabitants entirely, but granted to them lands to hold under the respective mesne lords, or otherwise kept them in a state of villenage.

THIS county is divided into two great baronies; the BARONY OF KENDAL, and the BARONY OF WESTMORLAND: this latter is sometimes called the barony of *Appleby*, but most commonly in ancient times the barony of *Westmorland*.

The HUNDREDS in this county are distinguished by the the name of WARDS, and are four in number; being the districts of the like number of High Constables, who presided over the *wards* to be sustained at certain fords and other places, for repelling plundering parties out of Scotland. Two of these

wards are in the barony of Kendal, to wit, Kendal and Lonsdale Wards; and two in the Bottom, called East and West Wards: There was anciently a Middle Ward between these two last; but since watching and warding ceased, that hath fallen into and been absorbed by the other two.

† Real property here for the most part consists of Customary freeholds of inheritance, or Tenant-right; that is to say, held *according to the Custom of the Manor;* the Tenant having a freehold *interest,* but not a freehold *tenure.* It is conveyed by Bargain and Sale and Admittance, not by Surrender and Admittance as lands of Copyhold tenure are. Copyhold was made willable, or devisable by will, by the 55 Geo. III., c. 192 (12th July, 1815), without a prior surrender to uses as sanctioned by the Custom of some Manors. Customaryhold was made willable by the 1 Vict. c. 26 (3rd July, 1837). It should also be observed that an Act was passed on the 21st June, 1841 (4 & 5 Vict. c. 35), for facilitating a *voluntary* enfranchisement of such lands. † By custom within the barony of Kendal, the WIDOW enjoys the whole customary estate during her widowhood; or, as others say, during her *chaste* viduity. Whether such distinction ought to be admitted, custom hath not established. To the honour of the sex, there is no instance upon record, that we know of, wherein that matter hath been contested. And in the survey which was made by order of queen Elizabeth in the 16th year of her

reign (as will hereafter appear) this distinction is not taken notice of; it being there expressed, that "she shall enjoy her husband's tenement *during her widow's estate.*" And in the decree which settled the customs in all the crown manors in the reign of king James the first, the words are, that "she shall enjoy her husband's customary estates *during her widowhood.*"

And for this widow's estate is due to the lord an HERIOT; which, as the widow could not go to war, was a recompence, in order to provide things necessary for the marching of the army; as the word *heriot* imports, being of Saxon original, derived of *here*, an army, and *yate* or *gate*, a march or expedition. And this *heriot* was anciently the best beast of the deceased. In some manors custom hath obtained, for the lord to have the best of the quick or dead goods at his option.

In some places also are claimed *parcel heriots*, that is, an heriot for every parcel of land acquired to the original estate. This perhaps should mean, for every ancient military tenement, upon this reason, that if a man purchaseth two tenements, which before paid two heriots, the lord shall not lose his benefit by those tenements coming into one person's hands. This distinction of tenements, though several of them be now enjoyed by one person, yet is still kept up in many places, those estates being called emphatically by the name of *Ancients*, which respects particularly the ancient

mansion-house, or place where that house stood; for which the owners serve separately and distinctly the office of constable, and other like offices. But in none of the inquisitions or other evidences that we have met with, is this distinction taken notice of; but they run all in the style of one heriot to be paid by one person. In the survey of the Marquis Fee, made by order of the Marchioness of Northampton, in the 14th year of the reign of queen Elizabeth, the words are, "By the death of the tenant, the wife payeth *a heriot.*" In queen Elizabeth's survey of the Richmond Fee, in the 16th year of her reign as aforesaid, the commissioners return, that "on the death of the tenant, the lord is to have the *best beast* being upon the tenement, of which beast the tenant died seised as of his own proper goods, in the name of *the heriot.*" And in the settlement of the customs in the reign of king James the first abovementioned (for the confirmation of which customs the tenants paid a valuable consideration, as will hereafter appear) the words are, "Upon the death of every tenant dying seised of a tenement, leaving a widow behind him, *an heriot* (shall be paid); for which she is to enjoy her husband's *customary estates* during her widowhood only." And in all antiquity we have not met with more than one heriot paid by one person. On the contrary, the second best horse was due to the church, and was carried, by the name of mortuary or corse present, before the

corps, and delivered to the priest at the place of sepulture.

In the bottom of Westmorland, the widow has in some places half, and in others only one third, of her husband's customary estate; and in that part of the county not many heriots are paid: for in those cases there is an heir at law, who enters immediately; and consequently the lord did not want a soldier, or if the heir was under age, the lord had the wardship of his lands.

In a small manuscript by one *Isaac Gilpin*, whose father had been steward of several manors within the barony of Kendal, and died about the year 1630, at the age of 92 years; he says, he had heard of his father, and had observed the same himself, that by general custom within the said barony, if a woman hath an estate and marries, hereby the estate is so far vested in the *husband*, that he may sell it in his lifetime; but if in his lifetime he doth not alter the property, then it shall continue to her and her heirs.

And Mr. Machel says, he heard this custom proved at the assizes at Appleby before judge Dolben, Aug. 29, 1690; that if a man marries an heiress, or a woman who hath purchased lands before marriage, he is intitled thereupon to be admitted tenant, and may aliene the land to whom he pleaseth*. But it did not appear (as the judge ob-

* There must be some mistake in this.

served) that it was so, where lands fall to a feme-covert or are given to her after marriage.

The said Mr. Gilpin observes further; that generally a *fine* is due upon change of the lord by death, and change of the tenant by death or alienation: The one called a general, the other a special or dropping fine.

But as to the general fine, there is this exception, where a man purchaseth the manor and dieth, the former lord being yet living. In that case, there is no fine due upon the death of the purchasing lord, nor of his son or other descendent or assignee, so long as the last general admitting lord is living; but upon the death of the last general admitting lord, it hath been determined that a fine shall be paid to the lord then in possession.

A fine arbitrary or uncertain (he says) is lost, if the tenant dies before it is assessed by the lord, and demand thereof made.

But in most of the manors, to prevent endless altercations, the fines have been reduced to a certainty; and in others extinguished, and the estate purchased to freehold.

Besides rent, fines, heriots, suit of court, and the like dependencies, there are likewise BOONS, which vary in the several manors; as, to pay a farm hen or capon; to plow, harrow, mow, reap, for a certain number of days; to carry coals; to repair the lord's mill race; and such like. The very word *boon* implies a benignity or voluntary kindness; but

length of time hath riveted these services, and they are become matters not of choice, but of necessity.

† The staple of the language of the County, as hereinbefore mentioned, is Anglo-Saxon. There are a few Celtic words to be found in the bottom of Westmorland, but not many. The dialect differs in the two divisions of the County, but men do not, as Bishop Nicholson said of the Borderers in general, speak *a leash of languages*. All things considered, we are remarkably uniform in our speech; as will appear from the following passages selected from Mrs. Wheeler's Cumberland and Westmorland Dialects, with such improvements in orthography as they seem now to require.

The Appleby School-Boy's Speech*.

We war twea laal lads et hed te co et a smiddy, te hev oor new clogs cokert en snoot bandit. Efter that we clanterd doont street, en hed te gang te a laal toon coed Burrels; we set doon that titter up sud co tudder up neest mornin, but it happend that I laid ower lang e bed. I plaid trouen three heaal days, en than ventert te gang tet skule. When t maister saw me, he sed "You sir, cum

* Bottom of Westmorland.

here." I went up sadly freetent. He sed, What for hev yee been sea lang away? I sed, I wad ha cum titter, but t wedder was sea clashy, ant loanings sea clarty, et me granfadder sed I cud nivver git teaard throut.

The Brigsteer Peat-Leader's Speech*.

My deam gat a bad stitchen pain in her side this summer wi forkin hay; she tryt a' at t nebbors cud think on at mend her, but nin on 'em cud due her onny gud. She was sae ill, barn, I wud n't ha' geen a pe-ut for her life; but evin sum o Rauk's Balsam it cubbert, at oor lad ed been takkin on for a brokken showder, en he is noo mendan connily, thinken it mappen mud due her gud, she gat od o t' bottle, wioot mindent direction-paper, en took a girt swig; it went thro ivvery be-an in her skin, aye, tull her varra teaa-ends, barn! She was better derectly, en es aild nowt nivver sen.

The County returns two Members to Parliament; and the Borough of Kendal one. The present County Members are the Hon. Henry C. Lowther and William Thompson, Esq., of Underley. George Carr Glyn, Esq., is the Member for Kendal. Ap-

* Barony of Kendal.

pleby did send two representatives, but was disfranchised by the Reform Bill.

The Earl of Thanet is Hereditary High Sheriff of this County; The grant is dated 31st March 1202, and the confirmation 28th Oct. 1203.

The Assizes are held at Appleby, the Judges being lodged at the Castle, and at the expense of its noble owner. The sessions are also held there, and by adjournment at Kendal.

The New County Court is held once a month at the Principal Places. The Revising Barrister also holds a Court once a year in all the Principal Towns.

Kendal and neighbourhood excepted, there is no place in the County where any manufactories of note exist. Camden and Fuller say of Kendal,—*lanificii gloriâ et industriâ præcellens.* This Town, nearly as late as the beginning of the present Century, exported largely of *coarse woollens* to America, but the machinery in Yorkshire and Lancashire (inter alia) have nearly destroyed it. The *Kendal Green,* superseded by the Saxon Green, was produced from a plant with a small yellow flower, and producing, when boiled, a beautiful yellow extract, provincially known as *woodas or sarrat* (the genista tinctoria of Linnæus), and from a blue liquor extracted from *woad.* These *Cottons* (as such coarse woollens were called) have yielded to coarser things: floor cloths, horse cloths, linseys, and the like. The manufacture of carpets

has recently become popular and flourishing. Hosiery, wool-card making, and horn comb making as trades still exist to some extent.

More rain is said to fall at Kendal and in the neighbourhood than in any other part of England. In ten years preceding and ending with 1831, the annual average quantity was in Kendal 56·971 inches. In 1825, at Epping in Essex there fell 26·662 inches; in the same year at Kendal 59·973 inches. The average height of the Barometer at Kendal is 29·60. The average height of the Thermometer 46·91*.

Opposite to Wasdale foot in the Parish of Crosby-Ravensworth on the Birbeck is a Sulphuric Spa, called Shap Wells. An hotel of the first class was erected there by the late Earl of Lonsdale, and is much resorted to in the summer and autumn. There is also a Chalybeate Spring near the village of Marton—the Author's native place.

The natives of Westmorland have great privileges in our two Universities—Oxford and Cambridge: The Fellowships and valuable livings of the old Foundation in Queen's College, Oxford, are exclusively appropriated to natives of Westmorland and Cumberland. In the same College there are valuable exhibitions (by Lady Betty Hastings) to youths from Appleby and Heversham Schools. In Cambridge also there are valuable exhibitions, scho-

* See Nicolson's Annals of Kendal, whence these Statistics are taken.

larships, &c., which will be more particularly and more conveniently noticed as we advance in the work.

"Hæc scripsi non otii abundantiâ, sed amoris erga vos."—I have written this not out of abundance of leisure, but of my affection for you. †

Kateryn Parr.

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY VIII., REGENT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

A.D. 1513—1548.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.—The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.—She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.—She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.—She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.—She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her houshold, and a portion to her maidens.—She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.—She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.—She perceiveth that her merchandise *is* good: her candle goeth not out by night.—She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.—She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.—She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her houshold *are* clothed with scarlet.—She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing *is* silk and purple.—Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.—She maketh fine linen, and selleth *it*: and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour *are* her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.—She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and her tongue *is* the law of kindness.—She looketh well to the ways of her houshold, and eateth not the bread of idleness.—Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband *also*, and he praiseth her.—Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.—Favour *is* deceitful, and beauty *is* vain: *but* a woman *that* feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."—*Prov.* xxxi. v. 10—31.

THE time-worn, the neglected, and mouldering ruins of Kendal Castle mark the birth-place of Kateryn Parr.

There is something in the history of every wife of Harry the viii^th^ which has a power over the heart, even when unaided by esteem; Catherine

Howard even, profligate as she was and owned herself to be, does not wholly lose her hold upon our sympathies. In the name of humanity how could it be otherwise! Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard were beheaded; Catherine of Arragon and Ann of Cleves were divorced; Jane Seymour died a sudden death; and Kateryn Parr survived the fell embraces of that jungle-tiger, only by her consummate prudence and address, when he was again in the very act of fleshing himself for another victim! Remember—it is not quality but innocence that exempts man from rebuke! And that monster in nature "*a deliberate and reasoning Tyrant*," above all, deserves no quarter. "Had fate (as Edmund Burke says) reserved him to our times, *three* technical terms would have done his business, and saved him all this trouble; he needed nothing more than one short form of incantation—*Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.*"

But let us take up the thread of a more pleasing subject; the life of one in part interwoven with his, but as wide as the poles asunder. He—the slave of passion; she—the child of innocence, pure, and like Cæsar's wife beyond suspicion. He—in turns a knave or a fool, a saint or a sinner; she—a being "whose mind moved in charity rested in Providence and turned on the poles of truth*." "An air of prudence and truth thrown over all the actions of *her* life marked the purity of her intentions; the modesty of her demeanour answered for the sin-

* Lord Bacon.

cerity and the goodness of her heart, and her perseverence in piety showed that it was founded upon charity and the Glory of God and not upon the judgments and the approbation of men*."

Kateryn too was as learned as she was good—learned without pride, and sublime without presumption; her learning, like her religion, was not a philosophy of life, but a life—a living process. The wisest enjoyed her discourse; Divines courted her for her wisdom; Coverdale, Latimer, Parkhurst, and Udal were devoted to her; Cranmer loved her; Gardner feared her; "The Defender of the Faith" asked counsel of her. She was the Instructor of Prince Edward, Mary and Elizabeth, of Jane and Katherine Gray. She was the nursing Mother of the Reformation; she was the daring Pilot that rescued the University of Cambridge from the wreck of the greater monasteries; and she was THE FIRST PROTESTANT QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Kateryn was born, as already stated, at Kendal Castle, and in the year 1513; some say in 1510; but the reasoning of Agnes Strickland on this point is as conclusive as it is able. She was the eldest born of Sir Thomas Parr, Squire of the King's body, Master of the Wards and Comptroller to Hen. viii$^{th.}$ and of Maude, daughter of Sir Thomas Greene of Green Norton in the County of Northampton†. Kateryn therefore was sister to William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, "the last

* Flechier.

† See Fuller's Worthies Tit. Westmorland and Northampton.

of the wis stok of the Pars*;" and also sister to Ann wife of William Herbert Earl of Pembroke; all of whom were born "where adders now hiss and owls sing the strains of melancholy to the midnight moonshine that sleeps upon its mouldering battlements†. Fuller in one page suggests Northamptonshire as the venue of her birth, in another Kendal Castle. It has been said of this Author, that he always strives to make men more witty than wise: He is certainly no great authority on any point of sober history. It is not unworthy of remark that the accurate and learned Brydge in his History of Northamptonshire puts forward no claim to the honor of her birth. In a word, we need not hesitate to pin our faith to the assertion that she was born at Kendal Castle.

Sir William Dugdale traces her pedigree from the reign of Richard ii. asserting its antiquity even at that time. Others again trace it to the Royal House of Anjou‡. But as the tenor of her life rather than the pride of her race is the object of our present enquiry, we will at the outset hand over the parchment of her pedigree to the Dugdales and Monkbarns of the age, with whom the courteous reader may disport himself with for a while.

Biographical History not unfrequently records

* William Parr her uncle left two daughters, married into the families of Tressame and Lane of Northamp. Ib. In Mr. Lane's family there is a beautiful portrait of her.

† Nicolson's Annals of Kendal, 81.

‡ See also Burn's Hist. of West. and Nicolson's Annals of Kendal.

the minutest incidents of childhood; and if it be true, that the child is but the *mute prophecy* of the coming man*, every trifle may be material to a just knowledge of character; and so indeed here; but seeing how the moths of time fret things more durable than human actions, we ought rather to rejoice at what we have, than repine at what we have not of her early life. Besides in admiring the chrysalis we ought not to forget the beauty of the butterfly. Certain it is, if aught be so, that in her childhood she had (amongst other gifts) a good sound classical education. Need we then lament the loss of her nursery tales, and the Shipton-like prophecies of her future Royalty? Indeed, under the Tudor Princes, Polite Literature was general amongst Ladies of noble family. The beauties of Homer, of Virgil, and of Euripides, the Divine discourses of Plato, and the moral essays of Plutarch and Seneca were as familiar to them as at present to the Common or Combination-rooms of our Universities. It was for the wits and fools under the Stuart dynasty, to chill again these noble aspirations to a level of their own knowledge. Cease, vain man, to imagine that thy help-mate—she who was created with thee, and of thee, and for thee, and like thee, is but a silkworm born to lay her egg and die. Fraternize with her (if *Fraternity* is to be thy trade) and together proclaim the Republic of Letters! England knows no such thing as the Salic Law in any shape! But hold—

* S. T. Coleridge.

few had the advantages Kateryn had in early youth; for she was not, at a time when the tender mind is most susceptible of good or bad impressions, inconsiderately consigned to others whose cares are but too often measured by their fees, whose purchased stripes are but too often substitutes for the admonitions of kindness, and where the moral faculties are too often sacrificed to the acracadabra of the schools; but she was kept under her own Mother's eye; never was woman more able, none more willing: with wealth for the wealthiest, with family appointments in the State for the most ambitious, Dame Parr became the Teacher of her own family. Truly blessed is such a family! Parents are ordained by Nature for this high office; with them rests the tuition of the heart so much more important than that of the head. In schools and colleges the learned languages and the abstract sciences may be acquired, but the foundations of self-knowledge are laid at home: it is on the hearth of our homes that the moral energies are warmed into active life: and let Cynics and Schoolmasters talk as they please, the earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress is the first lesson in the rudiments of life, "*Il n'y a qu'une science à enseigner aux enfans, c'est celle des devoirs de l'homme**." It was in this glorious task that Dame Parr spent her hours of widowhood; it was thus that her fatherless children's earliest forms were moulded; it was thus

* Rousseau.

and from her that Kateryn received the first rudiments of wisdom; "*Et non mutavit Esther educationem suam.*"

As regards her education all seem agreed in saying that she was fit to instruct at an age when others are scarcely capable of receiving it. This early developement may partly account for the story we are now about to tell; the true date of which undoubtedly is before she was *twelve* years of age*. The affair alluded to is a Love-scene in which one Lord Scroop and one Lord Dacre are the principal *dramatis personæ*, marriage *à la mode* the plot, and the catastrophe such as one might look for in a scheme conducted, as our strange neighbours in Paris say, *selon la science du monde et le secret de parvenir.* If true (and there seems no reason to doubt it) the story teaches us, that before Wilberforce lived traffic in human flesh was not confined to color nor to the Corsair, and that before the abolition of Wardships, natural love and affection formed as small a part of the consideration of the marriage-contract, as they seem to do now-a-days. As the story runs, Lord Scroop "*had need of money, and had nothing to make it of but the marriage of his son,*" and his modest kinsman Lord Dacre knowing the desperate state of things at Bolton, undertook (kind soul!) to make a match between Scroop's eldest son and Kateryn Parr. He opens the pleadings thus to

* See Miss Strickland's Life and Nicolson's Annals of Kendal.

Lord Scroop: "I cannot see that ye can mary him to so good a stok as my Lady Parr for divers considerations, first as remembering the wisdome of my seid Lady, and the God wise stok of the Grenes, whereof she is comen; and also of the wise stok of the Pars of Kendal, for all whiche men do looke when they do mary their child, to the wisdom of the blood of that they do mary wt; I speake not of the possibilitie of my Lady Parr's Daughter, who has but one child between her and 800 marcs land to inherit thereof, such possibilities doth oftentymes fall and I speake it because of the possibilitie that befel unto myselfe by my marriage, and therefore in mine opinion the same is to be regarded." Such weighty arguments and powerful reasoning, backed by the earnest zeal of so experienced a man of the world, went home no doubt to the business and bosom of my said Lord Scroop: and we find Lord Dacre writing to Lady Parr thus, "I have promise of my said Lord [Scroop] and of my daughter his wif that they shall not marie their son wtout my consent which they shal not have to no person but unto youe; and *undoubtedly my said Lord must needs have some money, and he has nothing to make it of but only the marriage of his sd son,* wherefore my full counsaill is that ye be not overr hasty." Shade of Hotspur arise, and supply us with breath for the most indignant comment! Some one has said, that next to the satisfaction derived from the prosperity of an honest man, is that derived

mour, besides its political imprudence, cannot escape notice. But let us, in the spirit of that charity with which her life so abounded, ascribe the matter to its true cause. The mystery must needs be with us and not with them : it is to our own ignorance of the facts and circumstances obliterated by time that must be attributed these seeming inconsistencies of her life. Had they really been, what first appearances indicate, she never would have been the wife of Henry the 8th, especially after, and under the circumstances of the execution of Catherine Howard ; nor, let us add, would she have been the wife of Lord Seymour. Malice too—the malice of Courts, which gives no quarter to human infirmities (as recent events lamentably prove) and from which innocence itself does not always go unscathed, trumpet-tongued would have proclaimed hers to the world ; whereas all are agreed in this, that slander never had the subject, nor the courage to speak of her. The following anecdote, told by Herbert in his life of Henry the 8th and by other historians, goes far to confirm it, if any confirmation were needed*. The incontinency of Catherine Howard, when discovered, so stung the brute to the quick, that he vowed he would never be laughed at again for a similar oversight, if the mighty sanctions of Parliament could shield him. To Parliament Harry never appealed in vain; if he wished this

* See Burnet, Stowe, Hume.

villany oftentimes succeeds, and upon its chances Lord Dacre perhaps had calculated; but for once he was practically taught the great fact, that there is a Power above that scatters the proud in the abominations of their hearts. "The God wis stok of the Grenes whereof Maude was comen" was in this instance more than a counterpoise against so great an opposition. They would it seems have been taken in their own toils, for she only had £.400 under her father's will—a very small fortune for the daughter of a gentleman even at that day; and *the one* child between her and 800 marcs of land," lived to be Earl of Essex and Marquis of Northampton. Marry your Daughters in time lest they marry themselves* was a feudal maxim Dame Maude under the circumstances did not relish, although, as the sequel will shew, not wholly unimbued with its spirit.

Whether Thomas Lord De Burgh† was in the same forlorn and desperate condition as Lord Scroop, "needing money and nothing to make it of but the marriage of his son" we are unable to say, certain however it is, that his eldest son Edward De Burgh or Borough, a distant relative and widower with children, soon afterwards became her husband. When or where this marriage took place is not recorded: he died in 1529, and left her a

* Lord Burleigh.

† Mill Hon. Auth. 229 calls this her *third* marriage, but it is a mistake, see Fuller's Worthies, Throgmorton MSS. Speed too forgets to mention it, calling Lord Latimer's her *first* marriage.

mour, besides its political imprudence, cannot escape notice. But let us, in the spirit of that charity with which her life so abounded, ascribe the matter to its true cause. The mystery must needs be with us and not with them : it is to our own ignorance of the facts and circumstances obliterated by time that must be attributed these seeming inconsistencies of her life. Had they really been, what first appearances indicate, she never would have been the wife of Henry the 8th, especially after, and under the circumstances of the execution of Catherine Howard ; nor, let us add, would she have been the wife of Lord Seymour. Malice too—the malice of Courts, which gives no quarter to human infirmities (as recent events lamentably prove) and from which innocence itself does not always go unscathed, trumpet-tongued would have proclaimed hers to the world ; whereas all are agreed in this, that slander never had the subject, nor the courage to speak of her. The following anecdote, told by Herbert in his life of Henry the 8th and by other historians, goes far to confirm it, if any confirmation were needed*. The incontinency of Catherine Howard, when discovered, so stung the brute to the quick, that he vowed he would never be laughed at again for a similar oversight, if the mighty sanctions of Parliament could shield him. To Parliament Harry never appealed in vain ; if he wished this

* See Burnet, Stowe, Hume.

widower with children. Lady Strickland being a Nevil, and Kateryn being employed in spinning her yarn and embroidering quilts and toilet covers at Sizergh, it is not so difficult to understand as to prove at this distance of time how the match was made up and by whom. She now resided for the most part at Snape Hall in Yorkshire, the family seat of the Nevils: and was there when her husband, being a hot-brained Papist, joined the Northern Insurrection or Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536. It is clear however that at this time she was not unknown at Court. She was also at this time a member of the Church of Rome. Lord Latimer died in 1543, having, through her influence at Court, escaped the penalties of High Treason for this pilgrimage of Grace. In the same year (odd enough in her maiden name!) on the 12th of July, 1543,

> "As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on! yet within a month
> Let me not think! Frailty, thy name is woman!
> . . . . . Within a month,
> Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing in her galled eyes
> She married!"

She married for the third time at Hampton Court another mature widower with children King Henry the 8th. They were married publicly and in great state by Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, Mary and Elizabeth and other members of the Royal family attending. When Harry proposed to her, she was

bottom; a hearty laugh, as Lavater observes, is no bad index of an easy conscience. At her marriage with the King, as at every other action of her life, the snails of envy drew in their horns, and the envenomed tongue of slander was forced to vibrate in harmony with the good humours of the people. But what could be her motive in marrying a man with one leg in the grave? whom the world, save and except his own good easy subjects, with one mind likened to Nero, Domitian and Caligula! the confessed murderer of Ann Boleyn, the ruthless persecutor of Catherine of Arragon, the heartless husband of Anne of Cleves! An action without a motive is a thing impossible; an action without an adequate motive is a thing incredible. But what we ask again could be her motive? except the unaccountable love of the people of England for him; except his apparent zeal for the Reformed Church, in which she herself had taken so lively an interest; except that he appeared to her a favorite instrument of Heaven's great work of the World's redemption from the slavery of Superstition, we look in vain in her history for an adequate cause of this union. Avarice could not prompt her, pride could not seduce her, nor ambition blind her, nor yet could fear for her personal safety so overwhelm her—yet she married him—and withal

> "Obeyed him,
> Was out of fondness superstitious to him,
> Almost forgot her prayers to content him."

36 Hen. 8) Queen Regent of England and Ireland during his absence in the French war. Nor was this confidence misplaced; she was truly devoted to him and to his children: Edward and the two Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were the never-ceasing objects of her solicitude; she wholly directed their studies. Some of the celestial seed thus sown by her, it is true, fell by the way side and the fowls came and devoured it up; and some fell among thorns; but some (thank God) fell upon good ground and brought forth fruit, which *we* still feed on, the manna vouchsafed to the inhabitants of Great Britain. Henry left her by his will £.3000 in plate and £.1000 in money. On the fall of Cromwell, it should also be observed, he had invested her with the Manor of Wimbledon, and had made enormous grants to her.

After his death she retired to Chelsea Hall, some traces of which still are to be seen behind Cheyne Walk in Chelsea. Mary and Elizabeth seem to have lived with her there. It was here that Thomas Lord Seymour, her former disappointed lover, renewed his addresses, and scarce out of her widow's quarantine she married him. "He married her (says Carte) so soon after Henry's death that if she had brought a chyld as early as might have been, it would have afforded a pretence to start a doubt, whether her late husband was not the father, and to raise a disturbance in the Kingdom. This marriage was kept secret for some time till he had procured

a letter from the young King recommending him to her for a husband, and then it was publicly declared to the great discontent of the Protector, who neither approved the match nor liked the clandestine manner in which it had been transacted. The Admiral, it is further stated, employed the vast wealth which he had either acquired by his wife whilst Henry was living, or left her by his will in corrupting the King's servants and gaining over to his interests such as were about his Majesty's person." Seymour, it will be remembered, was Uncle to Edward the VIth and now Lord Admiral. They lived together but a short time, and, as some allege, unhappily. By him she had a Daughter, Mary. Kateryn died on the 5th Septr 1548 in childbed of this daughter, that is to say, seven days after, and not, as some will have it, of a broken heart or of poison to make way for Seymour's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth. Seymour's family do seem to have treated her harshly, but there is no evidence of his supposed ill usage*; on the contrary, the weight of evidence is the other way. Thus ended at the premature age of thirty-five the earthly career of Kateryn Parr.

"Like the Lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
She hung her head and perished."

Alas! her husband Seymour soon followed her to the tomb; for little better than six months after

* Burleigh's State Papers, 61.

her death he was beheaded on Tower Hill (17th March 1549.) Before his execution he committed his daughter by Kateryn to the care of the Duchess of Suffolk; but what became of her afterwards no one seems to know. Some allege that she died young and childless; others claim descent from her. We think that she died unmarried, and that very soon after she was restored to her blood, which took place in the 5th year of Queen Eliz. Our immortal bard has some severe strictures on these iterata vota, calling them *killing, base respects of thrift,* and the like. Whether Shakspeare was a convert to the creed of Tertullian or wished to show his learning, or was led away by his creative and wayward fancy, we need not stop to enquire; for if any practical lesson is to be drawn from Kateryn's case, it is that the connubial state is more desirable than celibacy, and that in the esteem of marrying men a virtuous woman is not the worse for being a widow. Perhaps on such a question, Shakspeare like Milton should be regarded with suspicion; when we remember, that the one left his wife his *second best* bed, and the other was divorced. It cannot however be denied that there is something mysterious about her marriages; especially about that with the King so soon after the death of Lord Latimer—her former husband; his death and her marriage with the King taking place in the self-same year, and the latter on the 12th of July of that same year! Her apparently indecent marriage too with Lord Sey-

bottom; a hearty laugh, as Lavater observes, is no bad index of an easy conscience. At her marriage with the King, as at every other action of her life, the snails of envy drew in their horns, and the envenomed tongue of slander was forced to vibrate in harmony with the good humours of the people. But what could be her motive in marrying a man with one leg in the grave? whom the world, save and except his own good easy subjects, with one mind likened to Nero, Domitian and Caligula! the confessed murderer of Ann Boleyn, the ruthless persecutor of Catherine of Arragon, the heartless husband of Anne of Cleves! An action without a motive is a thing impossible; an action without an adequate motive is a thing incredible. But what we ask again could be her motive? except the unaccountable love of the people of England for him; except his apparent zeal for the Reformed Church, in which she herself had taken so lively an interest; except that he appeared to her a favorite instrument of Heaven's great work of the World's redemption from the slavery of Superstition, we look in vain in her history for an adequate cause of this union. Avarice could not prompt her, pride could not seduce her, nor ambition blind her, nor yet could fear for her personal safety so overwhelm her—yet she married him—and withal

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wife to be beheaded, that divorced, another declared a prostitute; this child bastardized, that legitimized and bastardized again, the Parliament (kind and independent souls!) made no scruple and smiled a willing obedience to his commands. They now at his bidding enacted as follows "that if the King married any one who had been incontinent taking her for a true maid she should be guilty of treason if she did not previously reveal her guilt to him." The people, as was natural, made merry with this singular act (which ought, if things had their right names, to be entitled "An Act to declare Anne of Cleves a prostitute, to protect the King from incontinent maids, and to make stealing of cattle by a Welshman High Treason,") and said he must henceforth look out for a *widow*, for no reputed maid would ever be persuaded to incur the penalty of the Statute. Hume the Historian afterwards adds, "The King married Catherine Parr widow of Nevil Lord Latimer, a woman of virtue and somewhat inclined to the *new doctrine**. By this marriage Henry confirmed what had formerly been foretold in jest that he would be obliged to espouse a *widow*." No stronger evidence of her purity of life and conversation, nor better refutation of the whispers of malevolence do we desire than this! When folks' minds break out into jest and good humour, depend upon it, dissatisfaction is not at the

* Protestant Faith.

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But as many marriages now before our eyes are in this respect inexplicable, how can we reasonably hope to unravel a mystery more than three hundred years ago! and that too when Kings and Queens are the chief *dramatis personæ*. Let us therefore proceed, and revert to her as the Queen Consort of Henry the 8th, for it is important to weigh well her demeanor and influence in this her elevated station. We must again borrow from the elegant pen of the Bishop of Nismes to describe her, for not a word that he has said of *Marie Therèse* but may be said with equal truth of Kateryn Parr. "It is true, that all the weight of authority and all the grandeur of the state is in the person of Kings; but one may say, that the regulation of manners and the advancement of piety at Court centre in the person of Queens. It is around them in general that all the spirit of the age, the desire to please, the love of seeing and being seen throng together in harmony. It is there, where are forged those fiery darts, according to the language of the Apostle, with which the enemy arms himself to fire the passions in those vain souls who are the idols of the world, and the world itself their idol. It is there, where are taught all the usages of luxury, of vanity, of ambition, and of delicacy; where are created those passions which move all others, and where by a commerce fatal to the salvation of souls some make themselves an art to seduce and others a glory to be seduced. As vice is contagious, it spreads itself

far and wide into the lower regions of Kingdoms; People make themselves models by those disorders of manners, and by a consequence melancholy but natural, the sins even of the great become the fashions of the people, and the corruption of the Court establishes itself at length as politesse in the provinces. To what lengths do these excesses go when a worldly Princess entertains or authorizes them? Who does not know that the spirit of the age is a poison which is inflamed and spread by such examples? And what hope of Salvation can one have in a place which becomes the centre of vanity, the realm of unholy desires, the abode of temptations, and the region of Idolatry. The Queen sanctified her Court in sanctifying herself. To be invited into her presence, it was not enough to follow her, it was also necessary to imitate her in her practices of piety. Wisdom and order reigned on every side of her. There modesty was more esteemed than beauty. There virtue was in more credit than fortune. To meditate on the sacred mysteries, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, to listen to the Word of God, to recite the prayers of the Church; these were her occupations from day to day. Those who by their rank or by their duties had the honor to approach her were touched by her good examples; and the people who saw her in her devotions, (and in what devotions did they not see her?) admired her, blessed her and imitated her." Do not imagine, however, that Kateryn altho'

occupied thus about her own salvation took no part in the events and in the affairs of the age. She had in them all that Providence had destined for her. She was one of its most powerful instruments in the great work of the Reformation. Before she became Queen Consort, this mighty change had laid deep hold on the minds of men and the Institutions of the Country. The Pope's supremacy had been solemnly renounced by the Nation: the Monasteries had been suppressed or surrendered: Plays, interludes and farces had been swept from our Churches so long defiled by them: and the veil of Superstition had been so far rent, as to let the people see that religion was not a state mystery, but a plain fact; and that the Prayers and Psalms of the Church sounded as well in plain good old English, as in doggrel unintelligible Latin. Quiet had been its progress! amazing its effects! Yet Christendom, so far as human eye could discern, still hung on the balance of its destiny; the King "as a drunken man staggering in his vomit;" Paul the iii[rd], Luther, and Harry, each aspiring to be Gods; and at *our* Court such uncertainty, that the Cranmer of to-day might be the stricken Wolsey of to-morrow. Amid all this, Kateryn, like a good Genius, watched over the cradle of the regenerated Nation—of regenerated Christendom; and, by her prudence and address removing all disturbing influences from her husband's mind, left the Divinity to stir within him. Let us hope for the eternal welfare of these realms!

To Edward and Elizabeth she devoted her best energies, but lived not to see all the glorious fruits. It was thus, and at this time, that she earned for herself the undying reputation of THE FIRST PROTESTANT QUEEN OF ENGLAND; It was by her Prayers and Intercessions that thy devoted wealth, fair Granta! was not thrown with other Monasteries to the blood hounds that waited on her Master's passions. Men of Cambridge! if your creed and your conscience will permit you, pray for the soul of Kateryn Parr*. What were her secret thoughts, her power, the penance she underwent, and the danger she risked in the Reformation, will be best explained by the following passage from Hume's History of England:—"But tho' Henry's favor for Cranmer rendered fruitless all accusations against him, his pride and peevishness irritated by his declining state of health impelled him to punish with fresh severity all others who presumed to entertain a different opinion from himself, particularly in the Capital Point of the real presence. *Anne Ascue*, a young woman of merit as well as beauty, *who had great connections with the chief ladies at Court, and with the Queen herself*, was accused of dogmatizing on that delicate article; and Henry, instead of showing indulgence to the weakness of her sex and age, was but the more provoked that a woman should dare to oppose his theological

* See Strype's Eccl. Mem.

sentiments. She was prevailed on by Bonner's menaces to make a seeming recantation, but she qualified it with some reserves which did not satisfy that zealous prelate. She was thrown into prison, and she there employed herself in composing prayers and discourses by which she fortified her resolution to endure the utmost extremity rather than relinquish her religious principles. She even wrote to the King and told him, that as to the Lord's Supper, she believed as much as Christ himself had said of it, and as much of his divine doctrine as the Catholic Church had required, but while she could not be brought to acknowledge an assent to the King's explanations, this declaration availed her nothing, and was rather regarded as a fresh insult. The Chancellor Wriothesly, who had succeeded Audley, and who was much attached to the Catholic party, was sent to examine her with regard to her *Patrons at Court and the great Ladies who were in correspondence with her*. But she maintained a laudable fidelity to her friends, and would confess nothing. She was put to the torture in the most barbarous manner, and continued still resolute in preserving secrecy. Some authors add an extraordinary circumstance, that the Chancellor, who stood by, ordered the Lieutenant of the Tower to stretch the rack still further, but that officer refused compliance; the Chancellor menaced him, but met with a new refusal; upon which that Magistrate, who was otherwise a person of merit, but intoxicated

with religious zeal, put his own hand to the rack, and drew it so violently that he almost tore her body asunder. Her constancy still surpassed the barbarity of her persecutors, and they found all their efforts to be baffled. She was then condemned to be buried alive, and being so dislocated by the rack that she could not stand, she was carried to the stake in a chair. Together with her were conducted Nicholas Belenian, a priest, John Lassels of the King's household, and John Adams a Tailor, who had been condemned for the same crime to the same punishment. They were all tied to the stake, and in that dreadful situation the Chancellor sent to inform them, that their pardon was ready drawn and signed and should instantly be given them, if they would merit it by a recantation. They only regarded this offer as a new ornament to their crown of martyrdom, and they saw with tranquillity the executioner kindle the flames which consumed them. Wriothesly did not consider that this public and noted situation interested their honor the more to maintain a steady perseverance. *Though the secrecy and fidelity of Anne Ascue saved the Queen from this peril, that Princess soon after fell into a new danger from which she narrowly escaped.* An ulcer had broken out in the King's leg, which added to his extreme corpulency and his bad habit of body, began both to threaten his life and to render him even more than usually peevish and passionate. The Queen attended

him with the most tender and dutiful care, and endeavoured by every soothing art and compliance to allay those gusts of humour to which he was become so subject. His favorite topic of conversation was theology, and Catherine whose good sense enabled her to talk on any subject, was frequently engaged in the argument, and being secretly inclined to the principles of the Reformers, she unwarily betrayed too much of her mind on these occasions. Henry highly provoked that she should presume to differ from him, complained of her obstinacy to Gardiner, who gladly laid hold of the opportunity to inflame the quarrel. He praised the King's anxious care for preserving the orthodoxy of his subjects, and represented that the more elevated the person was who was chastised, and the more near to his person, the greater terror would the example strike into every one, and the more glorious would the sacrifice appear to posterity. The Chancellor being consulted, was engaged by religious zeal to second these topics, and Henry hurried on by his own impetuous temper, and encouraged by his Counsellors *went so far as to order articles of impeachment to be drawn up against his Consort.* Wriothesly executed his commands, and soon after brought the paper to him to be signed. For as it was High Treason to throw slander upon the Queen he might otherwise have been questioned for his temerity. By some means this important paper fell into the hands of

one of the Queen's friends, who immediately carried the intelligence to her. She was sensible of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, but did not despair of being able by her prudence and address still to elude the efforts of her enemies. She paid her usual visit to the King and found him in a more serene disposition than she had reason to expect. He entered on the subject which was so familiar to him, and he seemed to challenge her to an argument in Divinity. She gently declined the conversation, and remarked that such profound speculations were ill suited to the natural imbecility of her sex. Women, she said, by their first creation were made subject to men: the male was created after the image of God, the female after the image of the male. It belonged to the husband to choose principles for his wife, the wife's duty was in all cases to adopt implicitly the sentiments of her husband. And as to herself it was doubly her duty, being blest with a husband who was qualified by his judgment and learning not only to chuse principles for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation. Not so! by St. Mary, replied the King, you are now become a doctor, Kate; and better fitted to give than receive instruction. She meekly replied that she was sensible how little she was entitled to these praises; that though she usually declined not any conversation however sublime when proposed by his Majesty, she well knew that her conceptions could serve to

no other purpose than to give him a little momentary amusement; that she found the conversation apt to languish when not revived by some opposition, and she had ventured sometimes to feign a contrariety of sentiments in order to give him the pleasure of refuting her, and that she also purposed by this innocent artifice to engage him into topics whence she had observed by frequent experience that she reaped profit and instruction. '*And is it so? sweetheart!*' (replied the King) '*then are we perfect friends again!*' He embraced her with great affection, and sent her away with assurances of his protection and kindness*. Her enemies, who knew nothing of this sudden change, prepared next day to convey her to the Tower pursuant to the King's warrant. Henry and Catherine were conversing amicably in the garden, when the Chancellor appeared with forty of the pursuivants. The King spoke to him at some distance from her, and seemed to expostulate with him in the severest manner. She even overheard the appellations of knave, fool, and beast, which he liberally bestowed upon that magistrate, and then ordered him to depart his presence. She afterwards interposed to mitigate his anger. He said to her, 'Poor soul! you know not how ill entitled this man is to your good offices.' Thenceforth the Queen having escaped so great a danger was careful not to offend Henry's

* A fine painting of this scene by E. Armitage in the Exhibition of the Royal Academicians 1848.

humour by any contradiction; and Gardiner, whose malice had endeavoured to widen the breach, could never afterwards regain his favor and good opinion." "The Lady Kateryn (says Fuller) was a great favorer of the Gospel, and would earnestly argue upon it, sometimes speaking more than her husband would willingly hear of. Once politic *Gardiner* (who spared all the *weeds*, spoiled the good flowers and shrubs) had almost got her into his clutches had not Divine Providence delivered her. Yet a Jesuit tells us that the King intended, if longer surviving, to behead her for a heretick; to whom all I will return is this, that he was neither Confessor nor Privy Counsellor to King Henry the 8th."

Kateryn was no less active in her closet: for there she composed and collected many sublime prayers and meditations in Latin and English, "wherein the mind is stirred patiently to suffer all affliction here, to set at naught the vain prosperity of this world, and always to pray for the Everlasting Felicity*. Works which, considering the then active reformation in the Liturgy, Prayers, Psalms, &c., speak as loudly for the part she took in these mighty movements, as they do for her pious frame of mind. In her lifetime she published a volume of Psalms, Prayers, and Pious Discourses, with the above title†; after her death "Queen Kateryn Parr's Lamentations of a Sinner bewailing the ignorance of her blind life, being a contrite medi-

* Burnet, Book iii. 165, printed in 1545. † 1545. 12mo.

tation on the years she had passed in Popery, fasts, and pilgrimages," was published by the Great Lord Burleigh*. Several of her letters are preserved in Strype's Annals, in Hayne's Collection of State Papers in the Ashmolean Collection, Burleigh's State Papers, and in the Library of C. C. C. Cambridge†. Some of these Prayers and meditations, it seems, have been recently reprinted in a small volume called the "Lady's Monitor." Dr. Nash in the Archæologia prefers some of her Prayers to those in our Book of Common Prayer. His observations seem just, above all, respecting that on War and Peace, which she composed during Henry's absence in France, and whilst she was Regent of this Kingdom.

In person she seems to have been short, but fair and beautiful. There is an original Portrait of her at Lambeth‡; and a full length one of her, in a rich habit of the times, in the Gallery of Mr. Lane, of Glendon, in Northamptonshire§. There was also, until the recent sale there, an original miniature portrait of her in the Walpole Collection at Strawberry Hill.

She died at Sudley Castle in Gloucestershire, the seat of the present Lord Rivers, on the 5th

* 1548 and 1563, 8vo.

† See Ballard's Hist. of England. Park's Edit. of Royal and Noble Authors.

‡ 9 vol. Archæologia, 1—15.

§ 2 vols. Brydge's Northamptonshire.

September 1548 aged thirty-five, and was interred in the Church there. Strype has, by her Chaplain Dr. Parkhurst afterwards Bishop of Norwich, the following Latin

Epitaph.

" Hoc Regina novo dormit Katharina sepulchro,
Sexus fæminei flos, honor atque decus:
Hæc fuit Henrico conjux fidissima regi:
Quem postquam è vivis Parca tulisset atrox,
Thomæ Seymero [cui tu Neptune tridentem
Porrigis] eximio nupserat illa viro:
Huic peperit natam; a partu cum septimus orbem
Sol illustrasset, mors truculenta necat.
Defunctam madidis famuli deflemus ocellis,
Humescit tristes terra Britanna genas.
Nos infelices mæror consumit acerbus,
Inter cælestes gaudet et illa choros."

" In this new tomb the Royal Katherine lies,
Flower of her sex, renowned, great, and wise;
A wife by every nuptial virtue known,
And faithful partner once of Henry's Throne.
To Seymour next her plighted hand she yields,
Seymour, who Neptune's trident justly yields;
From him a beauteous daughter blessed her arms,
An infant copy of her parents' charms.
When now seven days this tender flower had bloomed,
Heaven in its wrath, the mother's soul resumed,
Great Katharine's merit in our grief appears,
While fair Britannia dews her cheek with tears,
Our Loyal breasts with rising sighs are torn,
With saints she triumphs—we with mortals mourn."

In 1782 her ashes, according to Dr. Nash, were disturbed by some of her own sex; again in 1784, and in 1786 by himself; when she was found in

every feature as perfect as one embalmed in a Theban sarcophagus — as life itself; and when last laid bare, with a wreath of ivy in the form of a coronet entwined round her temples! a berry having, as it is supposed, by chance fallen there and germinated. Woman's curiosity (which he says prompted it) is proverbial, but our knowledge of womankind did not enable us to imagine any of the sex descending to the vaults of the dead to gratify it. Be this story true, or false, let us pray, that when *they* have run their course, they may sleep in blessings: that when *they* are released from the bonds of the flesh, no sound may ever reach them but that of the last Trump, when the dead shall be raised incorruptible and all shall be changed. Should it be, that retributive justice, for this sacrilege, await *them* in the grave, let us hope, that they may be found as calmly serene, and as perfect in death, as KATERYN PARR.

On the leaden envelope was found this Inscription:—

K. P.
HE. E LYETHE QUENE
KATHERYNE WIFE TO KYNG
HENRY THE VIII AND
THE WIFE OF THOMAS
LORD OF SUDELY HIGH
ADMY... OF ENGLOND
AND YNKLE TO KYNG
EDWARD THE VI.
... I. . Y . . M CCCCC
XL VIII.

Christopher Baynbrigg*.

CARDINAL OF ST. PRAXEDE, LEGATE TO THE COURT OF ROME, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MASTER OF THE ROLLS, &c.

1460——1514.

" O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

SHAKESPEAR.

DE *mortuis nil nisi bonum* is the pall which the hand of Charity commonly throws over the memory of the dead; but Charity, sublime and Godlike as it is, like every other virtue has its stated limits, beyond which it ceases to be. As we cannot here in a few words ascertain its just boundary line, we must be content with saying that as a rule of action, the maxim can have no place in Biographical History, nor indeed in any Public Record meant for the instruction or edification of mankind. On History's page, whether winged for the future or but for life's little day, Truth—the white-robed son of

* It is sometimes written Bainbrigg, and sometimes Bainbridge, but *he* himself signed it as above.

Light—reigns supreme over all; the Will and Understanding are alike vassals to his throne; let their allegiance for an instant be withdrawn, and the scribe becomes, like every liar, brave towards God and a coward towards man. Hence our bounden duty here, in the lives of Baynbrigg and Curwen especially, waiving aside this false Form of Charity, to set about the task with loins girt with Truth, and our feet washed with pure water.

Before we proceed to the narrative of his life, we must be allowed to make another remark, rather perhaps an apology, for an apparent anachronism in placing in a work purporting to commence with the Reformation, the adventures of a man who lived and died a member of the Church of Rome, and before the period usually assigned to the final separation of this Island from her power. The inconsistency lies only in appearance, in reality there is none; for when we calmly and dispassionately consider the course of things, when with the eye of reason we survey the world as it passes by us, when the difficulty, if not impossibility of determining the *punctum indifferens* (where the arterial and venous blood of the system social as well as physical commingles—where the one ends and the other begins) is acknowledged, surely no great impropriety (if any) will be laid to our charge, for carrying back the first Reformation-movement to the commencement of the reign of Henry the 8th. Indeed if the German Historians are right, we might

go back still further: this however is enough for our measure*.

Wolsey, *the great child of fortune*, destined so soon to succeed Baynbrigg in his honours at York and Rome in all their dignities and dangers, was from an humble stock, but fashioned to much honor. Our Cardinal was *nobili ortus familiâ*†—was of a *noble* stock, and no less fashioned to much honor. Such is the race of life. He was born at Hilton (Bacon) in the County of Westmorland about the year 1460‡: according to Anthony Wood *Hiltonæ* (*ut fertur*) *secus Applebeiam natus*; and Dr. Burn seems to think that he was born at Burton in the Parish of Warcop; but we adhere, after much consideration and research to Hilton as founded on sounder data and better authority.

Concerning his school days we are quite at fault. The first quest of him is in Queen's College Oxford§; and of the course of his studies there, of his general demeanor, of the hopes and expectations

* For the same reason might have been included in these Memoirs the Life of Thomas Langton, Bishop of Winchester (1493) born at Appleby, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, &c. and that of Bishop Redman, but it is necessary to draw the line somewhere, and we begin with the learned Cardinal.

† Godwin.

‡ See Wood's Ath. Oxon. 116 (Edit Bliss); Godwin and Surtees Hist. of Durham.

§ This College was founded in 1340, by Robert Egglesfield, Confessor to Philippa Queen of Edward iii. (from whence it is called Queen's College) for a Provost and 12 Fellows, since increased to 16, to be chosen from the counties of Cumberland and

raised of his advancement in after life, we feel also obliged to kiss the rod and plead ignorance. Certain however it is, that he was successively pauper puer serviens*, pauper puer or Tabarder†, Fellow, and some years afterwards Provost of the College.

As soon as his probationary state in College was over, he seems at once to have thrown off his monastic habit, and for a while, at least, left the University; for not long after this we find him inducted into the Rectory of Aller in the Diocese of Bath and Wells, which he held until 1505. From his induction into this living, where he resided some time, our story is one almost of figures or dates of promotions, following each other in such rapid and brilliant succession, that competition seems to have fled from him as from the glance of

Westmorland. This is called by way of distinction the Old Foundation. The New Foundation was by John Mitchell, Esq. of Richmond, in Surrey, but in that Westmorland men have no interest. There are also five Exhibitions of £.100 a-year (about to be increased in value to about £.120) for natives of any Counties coming from certain schools in Yorkshire, Westmorland, and Cumberland, by Lady Betty Hastings; the Schools in Westmorland are those at Appleby and Heversham.

* A poor serving child that waited on the Fellows in Hall and in their Chambers; a system of *fagging* which high and low on the Old Foundation were formerly subjected to. This service is now done by *Bedmakers*.

† Tabarder or Tabitter, so called from the coat or upper gowns they wore, according to the fashion of those belonging to Heralds. But the Tyrant Reform has stripped even this little pauper puer of his badge of distinction.

Destiny. In 1485, he became Prebendary of South Grantham, (which he resigned for that of Chardstock in the same year) and of Horton in 1486, all in the Cathedral of Salisbury. In 1495 he was chosen Provost of Queen's, the duties whereof he discharged until his elevation to the see of Durham, a period of thirteen years or thereabouts. To this College (according to Godwin) he was a liberal benefactor. While Provost, namely, in September 1503 he was made Prebendary of Strenshall in the County of York; and in December following was instituted into the Deanery. In 1505 (21 Hen. 7) he became Dean of Windsor: and in the same year Master of the Rolls*. In 1507, as already stated, he was consecrated Bishop of Durham. On the 22 September 1508 he was enthroned, in the room of Thomas Savage, in the Archbishoprick of York. His fortunes however were not to end even here; his star was still in the ascendant, and had to move onwards and to influence other regions still higher and more remote, but in an orbit for a time eccentric. On the 24th September 1509 (1 Hen. 8) he was sent as Legate to the Court of Rome†. It is also said that he was Almoner to Henry VIIth, and sent by him Ambassador to the Emperor Maximilian, Charles the 8th of France, and other European Powers; but we feel satisfied that he is in these

* Surtees Hist. of Durham, cxiv.

† 13 Vol. Rymer's Fœdera 265, contains his Commission (London 4to. 1712.)

matters taken for Christopher Urswick, as he undoubtedly is in his supposed writings on the Civil Law.

What were his duties on his mission to the Court of Julius the Second in 1509, and how he discharged them, may be in part gathered from the following extract. "By the intrigues of this ambitious Pontiff, (says Hume) a league had been formed at Cambray (1508) between himself, Maximilian, Lewis, and Ferdinand; and the object of this great confederacy was to overwhelm by their united arms the Commonwealth of Venice. Henry without any motive from interest or passion allowed his name to be inserted in the confederacy. This oppressive and iniquitous league was but too successful against the Republic. The great force and secure situations of the considerable monarchies prevented any one from aspiring to any conquest of moment, and though this consideration could not maintain general peace, or remedy the natural inquietude of men, it rendered the Princes of this age more disposed to desert engagements, and change their alliances in which they were retained by humour and caprice rather than by any natural or durable interest. Julius had no sooner humbled the Venetian Republic, than he was inspired with a nobler ambition, that of expelling all Foreigners from Italy, or to speak in the style affected by the Italians of that age, the freeing of that Country entirely from the dominion of Barbarians. He was

determined to make the tempest fall first upon Lewis, in order to pave the way for this great enterprise, he at once sought for a ground of quarrel with the Monarch, and courted the alliances of other Princes. He declared war against the Duke of Ferrara—the confederate of Lewis. He solicited the favor of England, by sending Henry *a sacred rose* perfumed with musk, and anointed with chrism. *He engaged in his interests Bainbridge, Archishop of York, and Henry's Ambassador at Rome, whom he soon after created a Cardinal.* * *** Henry, naturally sincere and sanguine in his temper, and the more so on account of his youth and inexperience, was moved with a hearty desire of protecting the Pope from the oppression to which he believed him exposed from the ambitious enterprises of Lewis. Hopes had been given him by Julius, that the title of *Most Christian King* (which had hitherto been annexed to the Crown of France, and which was regarded as its most precious ornament) should in reward of his services be transferred to that of England. Impatient also of acquiring that distinction in Europe to which his power and opulence entitled him, he could not long remain neuter amidst the noise of arms, and the natural enmity of the English against France as well as their ancient claims upon that Kingdom led Henry to join that alliance which the Pope, Spain, and Venice had formed against the French Monarch. A herald was sent to Paris to exhort Lewis not to

wage impious war against the Sovereign Pontiff, and when he returned without success another was sent to demand the ancient Patrimonial Provinces of Anjou, Maine, Guienne, and Normandy. This message was understood to be a declaration of war, and a Parliament being summoned readily granted supplies for a purpose so much favored by the English Nation*." Although Christopher Fisher was the bearer of this golden or sacred rose†, all historians agree in ascribing to the Archbishop's skill and influence with the English Monarch his espousal of the cause of the Sovereign Pontiff, and joining the Holy League against Lewis—an interference fatal to the ambition of the French Monarch, as regards Milan and Naples, and no less fatal, without just cause or scintilla of interest in England, to the finest balance of power Europe ever saw, perhaps may ever see again. What countless treasures have been expended, what quantities of human blood been spilt by England in such like Quixotic errands! When will she learn to be wise, and content herself by fighting her own battles? But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good: it was out of gratitude to the Legate for this signal service, that Julius got for him what (according to Ciaconius) he had long coveted, namely, a Cardinal's cap. These additional honors were heaped upon Baynbrigg in the month of March 1511, under the

* Hume's Hist. of England.

† See Rymer's Fœdera, 1510, p. 289.

title of Cardinal St. Praxede or St. Praxis. One step higher, and he would have robbed Nicholas Breakspeare (Hadrian the 4th) of the proud distinction of being the only Englishman that ever filled the Papal Throne. But

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

It is not every man's fortune (nor perhaps wish since the 24th February 1848) to wear a Crown.

The sun of our Cardinal was now culminating and somewhat overcast. A few days after he donned the scarlet cap, he was appointed Legate of the Ecclesiastical Army which had been sent against the Duc of Ferrara—the confederate of Lewis, then besieging the fort of Bastia. What his duties were on this embassy we are quite at a loss to understand; remembering, however, that the Holy Pontiff himself was wont to doff his sacred jacket, and actually work in the trenches with the spirit of one fleshed in human blood, as he did at Mirandola, it is no unfair surmise—

'That Baynbrigg too
Was also of that stubborn crew;
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;

Call fire and sword and desolation
A Godly thorough reformation;
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended*."

The active and enterprising spirit of Julius II. had now run its course†; and John De Medicis had become the Sovereign Pontiff, by the style and title of Leo X.; a name associated with everything that adds dignity to human nature; the patron of every art, the friend of every virtue. It is written somewhere, that after Julius' death, this our Cardinal undertook to defend his memory from some attacks made upon it; and the letters are said to be in Rymer's Fœdera. We have searched in vain for them; there is only one, and upon another subject; one from Baynbrigg to Henry the 8th bearing date the 12th September 1513 beginning with some idle compliments upon *La Journée d'Espérons*, and ending with *Your Most Humble Beedman and Subject*. But one, yet that one how fatal to his character and to his memory! how revolting its suggestions to every well-regulated mind! It is a recorded saying that Ambassadors are persons sent abroad to tell lies for the benefit of their country. There seems, indeed, to be something in diplomacy which eats like a canker-worm into the moral sense,

* Hudibras.

† 21 February 1513. 13 Rymer's Fœdera, 349.

destroys all perception of right and wrong, and leads to consequences of which Europe at this very hour presents a shocking and melancholy spectacle. Recent disclosures (the seal of secrecy, it is true, torn off by the undiscriminating hand of popular fury) have raised a violent suspicion in the breast of every thinking man, that the moral sanctions often lose their influence over Potentates, and that truth and plain-dealing are looked upon as things fitted only for the state and capacity of an inferior race of beings. May those who still wear their crowns take warning, and have wisdom enough to amend their ways, before they hear the fatal words of the Sovereign People *c'est trop tard* !* and may the prophecy of Lamartine (the great republican poet) come to pass and be fulfilled in our day, that sympathies are to be the only treaties of nations! That Baynbrigg could be the Legate of Harry the 8th and an honest man, is a proposition to which a reflecting mind does not readily assent. That he could be his minister at the Court of Julius the Second, the banyan of both in the Holy League, without being infected with the ambition of the one and the treachery of the other,

* *It is too late*—the fatal words preceding Louis Philippe's downfall. Between the 24th February 1848 and 24th February 1849 there fell Louis Philippe, now at Claremont in England; Emperor of Austria at Prague in Bohemia; King of Bavaria in Baden; the Pope of Rome, and Grand Duke of Tuscany, both now at Mola di Gaeta in the Kingdom of Naples; and the King of Sardinia is now in Paris.

pre-supposes a greater store of credulity than has fallen to our lot. Indeed his letters show clearly that he had found in Rome, what Burke says Warren Hastings found in India, a *geographical morality* :*

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned† ?"

but we were not prepared for the enormities of this *humble beedman*, as evidenced by the letter above referred to. A more deliberate conspiracy, a more wicked lie, more villany, more treachery than what is there coolly proposed by the Cardinal to his own Sovereign, is not to be found in history. At his sudden fall, so soon alas ! at hand, one cannot help exclaiming with the Roman Poet—

. . . . . "Sæpe Diespater
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum,
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo."

In one part of it he tells his Sovereign, that Cardinal Sinogallen was well disposed towards him, and was willing to let him have his *Breve* (which evidently means the title of Most Christian King annexed to the Crown of France), but that it could not be granted, unless the three should conspire to

* See Original Letters to Henry VIII. and Wolsey in MSS. Cotton Vitellius, B. ii.

† Prov.

tell Leo X. that it was made out before Julius' death; and to ease Sinogallen's conscience for so base a lie, which St. Praxis in words admits it to be, he earnestly recommends some little sop of title or buona mano to be thrown to him. "He (Sinogallen) praithe your Grace to lett itt be noo otherwise shewide butt that ye hade the said Breve in your handes in Pope July's Days, he wolde nott that the *Pope's Holiness* that nowe is shulde in ony maner knowe the contrary. * * After receipt of the said Breve to yeve unto hym Promotion more or lesse in recompense of his trewe and faithful demenor." Whether Leo X. discovered this vile plot, or the poisoned chalice prevented its consummation does not appear; perhaps the latter, for the conspiracy took place in the Autumn of 1513, and in the following year, namely, on the 14th July 1514 Cardinal St. Praxis was poisoned by his own steward, an Italian Priest, of the name of Rinaldus di Modena, out of revenge for a blow given him by his master, as the culprit declared on the scaffold*. Some allege that this took place at Rohan in France, but, if Godwin and Rymer are to be relied on, there can be no doubt but that it was at Rome and not at Rohan, that he thus fell "a victim to the ungoverned violence of his temper†." "Here something (says

* See a curious letter about this in Fiddes' Life of Cardinal Wolsey, App. 253.

† See Letter of Cardinal di Medici announcing his death. Rymer's Fœd. 14th July 1514.

Fuller) may be pleaded for this Cardinal out of the *Old;* sure I am more must be pleaded against him out of the *New* Testament, if the places be paralleled.

A servant will not be corrected by words, &c. *Prov.* xxix. 19.	A Bishop must be no striker. 1 *Tim.* iii. 3.

But grant him greatly faulty, it were uncharitable in us to beat his memory with more stripes who did suffer so much for his own indiscretion."

He was buried in the English Church at Rome, where there is a monument with the following Inscription:—

D. O. M. Chº. Archiep. Eboracen. S
Praxed, Presb, Cardinali Angliæ a Julio ii.
Pont. Max, ob egregiam operam S. R. E.
Præstitam dum sui Regis Legatus esset
Assumpto. quam mox et domi et
Foris castris Pontificiis præfect
Tutatus est. Obiit prid, Id. Jul,
A, Sal M.Dxiiii*.

* See Godwin.

Hugh Curwen.

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND*.

1500—1567.

"I cannot help that, but if I changed my religion I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray."—ANON.

HUGH CURWEN and Christopher Baynbrigg (Cardinal of St. Praxede) of all Westmorland-born men, have reached the highest pinnacles in Church and State; and yet (with pain we write it) of all the least worthy of our admiration or example. In truth, their very dignity is their own degradation, their glory, our shame.

Once upon a time, as common tradition hath it, a certain Divine had a cure of Souls somewhere in Berkshire, to wit, as the lawyers say, at Bray in the county aforesaid. This said Parson was a Papist under the sway of Harry the viiith; a Protestant under Edward vith, a Papist again under Philip and

* See Mant's Hist. of the Irish Church 237, and Appendix, (London 1840.) Murray's Ireland and her Church, (London 1845.) Cotton's Fast. Eccl. Hib. 1 Wood's Ath., Oxon 803.

Mary, and on Elizabeth's accession to the throne a Protestant again: all this while, *per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum*, remaining Vicar of Bray. On being reproached for his frequent apostacy he answered in the words of our text "I cannot help that, but if I changed my religion I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray." Hugh Curwen was first a Papist and afterwards a Reformer in the time of Henry the viiith, a Protestant under Edward vith, a Papist under Philip and Mary, a Protestant again under Elizabeth, and died (having kept true to his principle) Vicar of Bray—died Bishop of Oxford. "In other words, his course was an eternal deviation from rectitude. He either tyrannised or deceived; and was by turns a Dionysius and a Scapin. As well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of *his* ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity*."

That Hugh Curwen was Westmorland-born is a fact supported by an uniform and irresistible current of authorities; but when or where is involved in great mystery. D'Alton says he was of a family which claimed descent from Gospatric Earl of Northumberland, but assumed the name of Curwen from a place in Galloway, (that is, Culwen corrupted into Curwen, and again, as pronounced in some

* Sheridan.

parts Northwards now, and as Strype wrote it, into Coren*.) His armorial bearings and other matters certainly tend to prove, that Hugh was a member of this ancient family: being so, in common with Kateryn Parr, he sprung from Ivo de Talebois, and through him from the Royal House of Anjou†. When he was born, the principal seat of the family was, as now, at Workington Hall in the County of Cumberland; but one moiety of the Manor of Bampton in Westmorland, that is to say, the moiety called Bampton Patric belonged to them; and it is probable (for we can place it no higher) that he was born at Bampton where the family now and then resided. A learned Antiquary, whose opinion we regard as highly as we do his friendship, thinks that Orton parish is the proper venue of Curwen's birth; but the Orton parish Registers throw no light upon it; there is no trace of such a family ever having lived there, nor of having had any property there; nor any tradition extant of such a man ever having sprung from the parish. Dr. Burn too, who it will be remembered was fifty years vicar of that parish, and not only deeply interested in the history and reputation of his parish, but thoroughly conversant with the antiquities and family history of the County at large, makes no

* See D'Alton's Lives of the Irish Archs.

† See in Burn's Hist. "Account of the Succession to the Barony of Kendal." See Life of Kateryn Parr, p. 38; Henry III. is styled in Magna Charta Earl of Anjou.

mention of him as a parishioner. To use a parliamentary phrase, Bampton has it. *Satis eum Carthagini natum fuisse constat*—it is clear enough that he was Westmorland-born, and that is enough for our present purpose. The same probabilities (for they are probabilities still) lead us to the belief that he was born about the year 1500.

The first authentic trace of his education is in the books of Brazen-nose College, Oxford; now styled by the New Lights there, for some Bigendian reason, *Brase-nose!* Removing the poor little letter *n* from their books, but leaving, as a hatchment, no doubt for like weighty reasons, *the nose of brass* above the College gateway.

We next find him Chaplain to Henry the viiith, and a sturdy champion of the Reformation; rather let us say the servile and devoted minion of that base slave of lust in his divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and his marriage with poor Anne Boleyn. Next in the Deanery of Hereford, which he resigned for about a month when he was Archbishop of Dublin*. Then Archdeacon of Oxford†. Next Chaplain to Queen Mary; and by a congé d'élire issued on the 22^{d} February 1555 elected Archbishop of Dublin. To this last high office he was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, according to the forms of the Roman Pontifical, on the 8th of September 1555. On the 12th he was created Lord Chan-

* See D'Alton Arch. Dub. 236. † A. Wood denies this.

cellor of Ireland, "which office, being well skilled in the Civil Law, he performed many years with reputation*." He was also made, in 1557, one of the Lords Justices in Ireland. This is a *sbozzo* of his life; but we must now endeavour, with the scanty materials we possess, to heighten and enforce the lights and shadows of it as truth and nature require.

Being the King's Chaplain (says Strype in his Life of Parker) he (Curwen) preached often before him. In the year 1532, in a sermon before the King, he spoke much in behalf of the supremacy, when one Elstow, a Friar of Greenwich, openly told him in that presence *he lied*, for which he was committed to prison. In 1533, when Friar Peto had, in the King's presence at Greenwich, inveighed against the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, Dr. Curwen the next Sunday preached before the King, and spake as much for that marriage; and added, that he much wondered how a subject dared so audaciously behave himself before the King's face as he had done. But, however, he was for the supremacy and the marriage, and went along with the King in his other proceedings; yet he was a zealous man for the corporal presence, and the death of pious Frith was attributed to him; for in a sermon preached before the King in Lent he inveighed against the Sacramentaries, and, at length,

* Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker, B. iii., ch. 18.

in some heat said "It is no mervail tho' this abominable heresy so much prevail among us, for there is one now in the Tower (meaning Frith) so bold as to write in defence of that heresy, and yet no man goeth about his *reformation:* but this was the Bishop of Winchester's device to put the King upon prosecuting that poor man, which took place; the King forthwith commanding the Archbishop of Canterbury, that then was, and the Lord Crumwel to call him into examination." How marvellously does this uproar correspond with what reaches us from one of the Western Churches in the presence and hearing of one Dr. Philpotts! Whether any Friar Elstow has as yet dared to call the preacher *a liar,* or any pious Frith has lost his life by inveighing against the Sacramentaries of St Mary's Ottery is not officially returned.

"Strangers to God, fools in humanity!"

As Curwen was (to use Strype's words) a complier in all reigns*,

"As some rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water†."

As he was ever steady to his "*individuating principle*" of living and dying Vicar of Bray, it may, in the absence of positive authority not unfairly be assumed, that Æthiopian-like he neither changed

* Strype's Life of Cranmer, 54. † Hudibras.

his skin, nor leopard-like his spots, during the reign of Edward vith ; being content to hold his honors on the feudal tenure of new-born zeal to the New Establishment.

But on Mary's accession to the Throne what was to be done? She a rigid Romanist; He an excommunicated heretic ; who had professedly shaken the dust of Babylon from his feet, but with a mental reservation of returning, if the way was open for him, to petition his Holiness for a renewal of the grant of his favorite cure.

" As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly."

If we calmly survey men and manners in active life we might *à priori* determine his policy and conduct now. " I never (says the immortal Burke) knew a man that was *bad* fit for any service that was *good.* It is not in their nature. Their minds are distorted by following the corrupt artificial means of accomplishing their own selfish ends. Out of that track, they are poor, dull, helpless, resourceless creatures. Their faculties are benumbed on that side. They are quite paralytic. There is always some disqualifying ingredient mixing with the compound and spoiling it. Their muscles have lost their very tone and character: they cannot move. In short, the accomplishment of anything good is a physical impossibility in such a man. There is decrepitude as well as distortion. *He could not if he would, is not more certain than that he would*

*not if he could**." Turn to the virtues, how different the decree! Curwen's mind was distorted by following the corrupt artificial means of accomplishing his own selfish ends. He could not if he would do what was right; it was a physical impossibility. His conduct then was natural, for he instantly revolted and boldly fled to Sanctuary in the Church of Rome. " As there are mountebanques for the natural body, so are there mountebanques for the politique body†. The Doctor was a great performer, and, for the most part, pocketed in this way divers great gains and profits. There are men in this strange world of ours whose hands, let them play them as they will, always turn up trumps, *chez qui la fortune vaut bien mieux que la raison;* and who seem unable, with all their efforts, to set Dame Fortune against them; while to others, who mean well, she is coy and distant; indeed, not unfrequently turns her back upon them, or, what is worse, by her looks chills and frowns them into dulness and despair. Curwen was a mighty favorite of the fickle Goddess. His apostacy was always a gain to him.

He was consecrated, as already stated, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, according to the forms of the Roman Pontifical, on the 8th September, 1555. He hastened over to Dublin, and on the 20th

* See also Jer. xiii. 23. Matt. vii. 18, and xii. 34. Sheridan on the Begum Charge.

† Lord Bacon.

October took possession of his see; he was also shortly afterwards sworn in as Lord Chancellor, when mass was celebrated, and he was censed and sprinkled with holy water. His zeal boiled over; he was intoxicated. He caused to be re-erected in Christ Church the marble Image of our Saviour, which Archbishop Browne (his predecessor) had displaced; though as we shall see in the following reign of the Protestant Elizabeth, he himself again caused the self-same image to be broken down*. He issued a commission of enquiry into Church property and churches, and under a pretence of some supposed devastations in the Archiepiscopal property succeeded, by the cruel servility of Parliament, to bastardize Browne's innocent and helpless children. To what lengths religious fanaticism do lead at times†! As Lord Chancellor, he devoutly and reverendly received and read upon his knees in open Parliament the Bull of Pope Paul iv^th. which preceded the temporary restoration of his authority, and the revival of those acts which supplied so much fuel of human flesh to the fires of Smithfield‡. He convened a synod of his Province, as he pretended, for reformation of religion§; and therein made some constitutions

* 1 Strype's Life of Parker, 90. Life of Cranmer, 54. Mant. 239.

† Mant. 247.

‡ 3 & 4 Ph. & M. c. 8, s. 9.

§ See Mant's Church of Ireland (1840) 241.

about the rites and ceremonies to be used in the Church; in other words, revived most, if not all, the Romish Rites. "On the appointment of the Earl of Sussex (1556) as Lord Deputy of Ireland, he proceeded to St. Patrick's Cathedral, as we are informed, nobly accompanied, and was received at the church door by Archbishop Curwen, under a canopy of state, that prelate being arrayed in his pontificals, and the clergy in rich copes; there kneeling he was censed, and having kissed the cross, received the blessing of the Archbishop, after which he proceeded towards the high altar, where he continued kneeling while the hymn "*Te Deum*" was singing. He was then censed a second time and blessed, and service was performed by the Archbishop, after which the Deputy arose from his place, proceeded to the altar, and having knelt there for a certain space of time, offered a piece of gold, after which ceremony he dined with the Archbishop*." How the Irish heretics (as the Protestants of Ireland were called) escaped the vengeance of one of his Commissions issued for the *reformation of religion* by Elizabeth Edmonds' conjuring the Great Seal Commission into a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs faced uppermost, will on a reference to Cox's Life of Browne more fully and at large appear†.

Mary died on the 17th November 1558; but not

* See D'Alton, 237.

† 1 Cox, 308. Ware's Annals, 164.

with her, Curwen's hopes nor Curwen's temporalities. Ever true to his individuating principle, he accommodated his conscience and his conduct to the policy of his new Sovereign. He did as he had done before; like the Australian tree, he shed his bark, but not his leaves; he doffed his pontificals, but not his temporalities.

On Queen Elizabeth's accession, and the Acts that followed on Ecclesiastical matters, only two Irish Catholic Bishops lost their sees, namely—Leverous Bishop of Kildare, who refused to take the oath of supremacy; and Walsh Bishop of Meath, who not only refused to take the oath, but preached openly against it, and against the Book of Common-Prayer; for which, it seems, he was sent some years afterwards into banishment; he died at Alcala in Spain in 1577, and was there buried in the Church of a Cistercian Monastery, of which order he was a Monk. Curwen, *of course*, refused to take no oath, whether of supremacy or abjuration; kissed the Book of Common Prayer, and Fortune poured into his lap her wonted offerings. He continued Archbishop of Dublin. In 1558 he was reappointed Lord Chancellor, and restored to most, if not to all of his former duties, ecclesiastical and judicial. His zeal for the New Church was at as high a pitch as ever. He was one of the spiritual Lords who sat in the Parliament of 1560, at which the Acts of Uniformity and Supremacy were passed. He detected the Gennaro-

like imposture of the bleeding Image (replaced by himself after Browne's deprivation) and caused it to be broken down*; quoted Scripture to the Queen, who was indifferent in the matter, to justify throwing all images out of churches; read the service in English, which by his orders had ceased to be read publicly from the death of Edward vi$^{th.}$; had the walls of Christ Church and St. Patrick's newly painted, and instead of pictures and popish fancies, had passages or texts of Scripture placed on the walls. He was also a party to the celebrated Declaration of Articles of Religion, published in 1566, when Sir Henry Sidney was Lord Deputy of Ireland†. Such was the conduct of this Arch-apostate! "I meet (says Strype) with a letter without date of year, but I suppose near about this time, writ from Adam (Loftus) Archbishop of Armagh to our Archbishop of Canterbury (Matthew Parker), dated from Trinity College in Cambridge, September 27, 1561, wherein the Irish Archbishop, now not long entered upon his function, hinted how the Archbishop of Canterbury had promised him his aid in all Church causes of Ireland at his last being in England, especially for removing the [Arch] Bishop of Dublin. He was, as he described him, a *known enemy*, and *labored under open*

* Strype's Life of Parker, in 2 B. ch. 9.
† Mant. 271.

crimes, which although he shamed not to do, I am, saith that Archbishop, almost ashamed to speak, so he desired him now being in England again, to put to his helping hand, and to recommend some zealous man to succeed in that Bishop's place; and that he, the Archbishop of Canterbury, would write to the Court of this matter." At this time, it appears that he was reputed not only a known enemy to the Church, *but labored under open crimes;* what these were is no where explained. Seeing Loftus' anxiety to succeed Curwen, as he ultimately did; knowing, too, the means slander usually takes to fritter away a man's character, we are inclined to disbelieve this underhand charge of immorality or crime. For certain is it, that Curwen remained six years after the date of this letter Archbishop of Dublin, and when Loftus did succeed him, it was not upon deprivation, but on the translation of Curwen to another See, namely, to that of Oxford. This took place in 1567. "Being now," as Strype also informs us, "grown old, he desired to return and die in his own country, as he did the next year at Swinbroke, near Barford."

There is no monument in the church where he was buried. There is a large freestone slightly ridged down the middle, but seemingly never having bore an inscription*. If there be any

† Cotton's Fasti Eccl. Hib.

moral in the phrase *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, the wordless slab presents to view his best and most appropriate epitaph.

Barnaby Potter*.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

1578—1642.

" Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ."—HOR.

Virtue is the surest foundation both of reputation and fortune; and the great step to greatness is to be honest.

THE man before us stands from the canvass in bold relief, by the side of the Arch-Apostate Curwen, and of the Wolsey-like figure of St. Praxis with the poisoned chalice to his lips.

Though the age in which Potter lived and moved and had his being was crowded with great events in which he had his share, yet, in truth, he was a good, rather than a great man. A man truly penitent, full of brotherly love, and of great kindness. In him Christianity was not a philosophy of life, but a life—a living process; with the blessings of Heaven on his head, and its purity in his heart.

* See Lloyd's Memoirs, fol. 1677, the fullest account; Wood's Ath. Ox. (Edit. Bliss 1817); Fuller's Worthies; Hall's Remains, 4to. 1660; Clark's Lives of Modern Div.; Chambers' Biog. Dict.

In his pastoral charge, he was exemplary in carriage, and powerful in discourse. As the Provost of his College strict, but not overbearing. As a Prelate learned and zealous, but moderate and discreet; when moderation and discretion with men of his order were pre-eminently acts of wisdom. By birth, by education, and at heart a Puritan, yet free from the leaven of the Pharisee. The staunch friend of Civil and Religious Liberty. His house an open sanctuary for the non-conformists and persecuted Recusants, yet raised by a Stuart to the dignities and responsibilities of the Episcopal Bench. A Puritanical Bishop, and yet courted and confided in by the House of Stuart. When Popery, the Divine Right of Kings, Toleration, the Rights of Man, and no Bishops, were the Shibboleths of faction, and the Io Pæans of the *Sovereign people,*

> " Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solidâ." . . . . .

He stood, like the just man, firm, resolute, and undaunted. But when he saw that the Altar and the Throne must sink together in the dust,—in the conflicting elements of civil strife; when he saw the mild, and gentle, and liberal-minded Charles buffeted and spit upon; when he heard the savage yell of *No Bishops*; when he beheld the Spiritual Peers reduced to the necessity of petitioning the House

for the protection of their persons, and for daring to do so, put on their trial and convicted of High Treason; and, to fill up the measure of their sorrows, deprived by a cool and deliberate vote of Parliament of their vested rights there. When he saw these things, unwilling to outlive the good he had done, and the Majesty of the Law,

> " full of repentance,
> Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
> He gave his honours to the world again,
> His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."

Many of our distinguished brethren are from the Barony of Kendal; a spot of earth where mind and matter seem in fullest harmony; where man's intellect seems here and there to vie in strength and boldness with Nature's grandest efforts*. Dr. Burn assigns Kendal as the venue of his birth; others *Westmester*†. When the seven cities of Greece contended for the honour of Homer's birth-place, one of their wise men suggested, in order to end the dispute, that it should be referred to Heaven. If our fellow-countrymen will not accede to the suggestion that *Westmester* (there being no such place now to be found) means *Winster*, then we are willing to assign to so good a man a Divine origin. Winster and Westmester, perhaps we may

* Baynbrigg, Waugh, Smith, Dr. Burn, and Langhorne, are from the *bottom* of Westmorland, and not from the Barony.

† See Lloyd's Memoirs, fol. 1677.

be allowed to observe, are not more unlike in sound than Peter Gower and Pythagore, the discovery of whose identity (disguised by poor John Leland's blunder) raised the great John Locke among the Free Masons to the highest pinnacle of his craft. We look for no Masonic honors for this discovery, simply because we think it is too plain to deserve any. He was born in Winster chapelry (as we believe) in 1577. He was of poor, but respectable parents, who gave him an education suited to their means and to their religious views. We have reason to believe that, at this period, Puritanism had widely enfibred itself, and laid deep hold of the minds of men in and about Kendal; certain it is that his parents were of that way of thinking, and that *Mr. Maxwell*, his schoolmaster, did not instil other precepts, or, by example, teach other ways. In a word (according to his best Biographer, David Lloyd) he had puritanical parents, a puritanical schoolmaster, a puritanical college tutor: he lived in puritanical times, and died a puritanical Bishop.

From this school, and not from Kendal, as some will have it, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he successively became Tabarder, Fellow, and Provost. The dates of his University Degrees are as follow*: Matriculation 1594. B. A. April 24, 1599. M. A. June 30, 1602. B.D. July 5,

* Wood's Fast. Ox. Wood's Ath. Ox. (Bliss, 1817, n.)

1610. D. D. June 27, 1615. Hence it appears that no time was lost in the University. We are told also, that while an undergraduate he made such progress in his studies, that he took his degree with great reputation. His success in this respect was, in all probability, his introduction to those men of rank and worth whom he so assiduously trained in learning and religion. As tutor he seems to have employed his time until his ordination. So extensively had he been employed in this way, that when he was made Bishop of Carlisle in 1628, no less than thirty-three eminent divines, lawyers, physicians, and statesmen, formerly his pupils, *waited on him together for his blessing.* In 1601 or 1602 he seems to have been admitted into the Ministry; for soon after this we find him Lecturer at Abingdon, and then at Totness in Devonshire, where he was reputed an affecting preacher, and much followed by the Puritans. During his residence at Totness he became acquainted with the family of Sir Edward Giles, whose daughter Elizabeth he afterwards married. In 1610 he was chosen Principal of St. Edmund Hall, but resigned (May 1st 1610), and was never admitted. In 1616 Sir Edward Giles gave him a living, and the marriage took place. They intended to settle in that county, but such was the fame and reputation he had left in College, that on the death of the learned Henry Airay (whose memoir will be found in a subsequent page), when at a great dis-

tance, and he never dreamed thereof, he was, with the unanimous consent of the Fellows, chosen Provost. He was elected Provost on the 14th October, 1616, *ubi se ferebat patrem familia providum ἀγαθὸν κορυῦ τροφὸν nec collegii gravis fuit nec onerosus.* This he resigned on the 17th June, 1626; resigned (continues Lloyd) self-denyingly, judging that his church had more need of him as a Minister than the college as a Provost; but, as others say, for the promotion of his nephew, Christopher Potter. Upon the resignation of the Provostship, he returned to his pastoral charge in Devonshire. We are inclined to agree in Dr. Collinson's remark, that he held at this time no preferment in the *North;* may not the error lie in the vague, and indefinite, and different use of the term North*? It is often used in London at the present day, as Lloyd uses it, and generally in a very different sense from what it bears on the tongue of a Westmorland-man. He resided in Devonshire until 1628, when he was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle. During his Provostship (we ought not to forget) he was made Chaplain in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles the first), by whom, and by the Court generally, during the reign of James the First, he was much esteemed, being accounted the penitential preacher; but still so rigid a Puritan, that men

* Wood's Ath. Ox. (Bliss, 1817.)

would say of him in jest *that organs would blow him out of the church,* "which (says Fuller) I do not believe, the rather because he was loving of and skillful in vocal musick, and could bear his own part therein." Whether he had any share in the education of the Prince of Wales is not so clear as we could wish; we are inclined, however, to think he had. Certain, however, it is, that one of the first promotions to the Bench of Bishops, after he came to the Throne, was that of Potter to the See of Carlisle, *when others sued for the place and he little thought thereof;* a choice as honourable to the virtues and worth of Potter, as it was to the head and heart of the Monarch who made it. As every gift receives much of its force from the grace that accompanies it, so here the value of the mitre was in the manner of the present; for the King when importuned for others, peremptorily said *Potter should have it;* calling him his old servant, the good man, the sweet preacher, whom he liked the better being a man of few words, and such like. His gracious master not so much honoring him, as he did the function and that age in the freedom of his noble and unsought for choice. How fully are borne out the words of Holy Writ "He that loveth pureness of heart for the grace of his lips the King shall be his friend*." Wood says that in his promotion he had the interest of Bishop Laud, although

* Prov.

a thorough-paced Calvinist. It would seem from the words—the King *passing by*, that Charles was in Devonshire, or in Potter's neighbourhood at this time, but upon what errand we know not, for as yet the kingdom was in a state of profound peace, the strife being as yet pent up within the walls of the Houses of Parliament—being as yet *vox et præterea nihil.* It may be conceded to malice, that Charles was not influenced solely by religious motives (a charge that rests on conjecture only) in restoring Abbot of Canterbury, and raising this good man to the See of Carlisle. What then does it detract from the merits of the latter appointment? It is, we think, one of many lasting proofs that Charles, if the representatives of the *sovereign people* would have let him, was ready to give his country Liberty, and to begin with it, where it must ever begin to be enduring, in proclaiming to the world freedom of conscience. When the mind's eye wanders from the present to the past, from this point to that of the chart, from what is called bigotry in one age to liberality in another: when we find first principles disturbed, confused, and transposed, as if they were made but to be tinkered, one scarcely can help exclaiming, what a paradox is man! In apprehension how like a ——!

Before we plunge into the stormy sea of politics, let us see what men thought of him in the retirement of private life. A just idea of the home of this good man could only be conveyed by a reprint

of the whole of Lloyd's memoirs of him, who, as we think, wrote many things of his own knowledge, rather than from hearsay or tradition; but, as the design of this work will not admit of such a course, we must content ourselves with a few of the crumbs that have fallen from his table. He tells us, amongst other things, that Potter was so good a master of his family, that his house was a church; that family duties [constant prayers, catechising, reading Scriptures, expounding Godly conferences, speaking to one another in psalms and spiritual hymns] were performed so regularly, and so constantly, that it was called the *praying family;* and that in the neighbourhood where he lived not a house was to be had; nay, that the very necessaries of life were affected in value from the consequent increase of his followers. That he was a most affectionate husband; more a friend to his servants than a master; To the fatherless children and widow the faithful guardian; To the poor and needy a ministering angel; In his carriage so exemplary that several recusants that could not go with him to church, yet conversed much with him, because (said they) they would go with him to Heaven.

From a man so fully employed in practical Christianity, we could not look for much of the metaphysical; though no man more able to demonstrate its great truths. It appears, however,

that he published Lectures on the 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 Chapters of Genesis. On the Plagues of Egypt from Exodus; and on the Beatitude from part of St. Luke; and several sermons, as (1.) The Baronet's Burial; or a funeral sermon at the solemnities of that Honorable Baronet Sir Edward Seymour's burial, on Deut. 34, v. 5. Oxon. 1613. (2.) Sermon on Easter Tuesday at the Spital, &c.

As in 1628 he was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle, and died in January 1642, about fourteen years may be assigned to this period of his life—a period big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome! To be a bishop was to be a culprit with the mob; there needed no other evidence of a man's treason against the majesty of the people; from the virtuous and liberal-minded, and once popular Abbot, to the Court Evangelist, Dr. Mainwaring, one and all might say *populus me sibilat.* Nay, such was the *Civium ardor prava jubentium* that poor Ecclesiasticus (whoever he might be) was not allowed to escape Scot free. "What trou ye make (said King James to Dr. Reynolds at Hampton Court) these men so angry with Ecclesiasticus; by my sol I think he was a bishop, or else they would never use him so." What this fury led to in the end, we shall presently see. His Episcopal Palace was, like his house in Devonshire, the centre of all that was good. There he resided for the most part,

taking lodgings only in Covent Garden, London, for an occasional attendance in Parliament. Enough has been said to shew that he was a man pre-eminently gifted with the faculty of speech, yet, as a spiritual peer he was silent, "and so he was the cause others spoke not so much as they intended, awing the zeal of the most unruly to a moderation, by the discretion, good advice, and management of his own." He was naturally indeed a man of few words; for, as we have seen, King Charles loved him the more for this good quality. This was the calm, and sober, and judicious course he pursued amid the difficulties and dangers that surrounded the Established Church. That jealousies and animosities were easier raised than allayed, was as much a rule of his own life as a precept of wisdom for others to go by. Had the rest of his Episcopal brethren followed his example and his admonitions they would have deferred, if not avoided, the impeachment for High Treason; and perhaps their exclusion as members from the Upper House of Parliament. He was not one of the twelve bishops who signed the petition, which was made the pretext and groundwork of the prosecution, and therefore escaped the popular violence and the dangers of the Tower*; but his prudence and

* See Trial of the Bishops in State Trials. Whitelocke, p. 51.

moderation did not save him from that infernal engine, which on January 9, 1641, swept them, one and all, like a whirlwind from their legislative seats. Fuller says "that he was the last bishop that dyed a member of Parliament in the year of our Lord 1642." He certainly died in that year, but he did not die a member of Parliament, for he fell with the rest. The plea of Puritanism, to use a Red-Republican phrase, was now *too late*. Besides, the offences usually in times of strife imputed to men of rank in the Church, were now imputed to him, and he was set down as a Papist, merely because he was a Bishop. When in London he preached much and often. He was accounted a Godly and powerful preacher; and his sentiments were generally approved of. "There need (concludes Lloyd) no more added to his life, or written on his grave, than that this was the man—1. That had been a constant preacher, and reputed at his death that he had not been a more constant catechist. 2. That interceded for liberty of conscience so long for non-conformists with the King, till he saw that neither the King nor himself could enjoy their own consciences. That feared the pretence of religion would overthrow the reality of it, and that the divisions in his age would breed Atheism in the next." Naturally of a weak constitution, still more enfeebled by hard study, broken-hearted, and broken down by the

accumulated and accumulating calamities of his country; spared, however, the murder of his Sovereign, he at last sunk under them;

> "And to add greater honours to his age
> Than man could give him, he died, fearing God."

As his gifts, like those of the Primitive Christians, had ever been in common, he died poor—poor in worldly goods, but rich in blessing; his richest legacies were his precepts and his example; his best monument the hearts of his people. And as his goods were in common, so was his house a common sanctuary; numbers fled to it for protection against the persecuting spirit of the Commons. He gathered non-conformists and recusants under his wings as a hen gathers her chickens, and they were as safe in person, as free in conscience. His wife lost in him one of the best of husbands; his servants one of the best of masters; the orphan a father; the widow a friend; the poor and needy a comforter; the persecuted and oppressed a protector.

He died at his lodgings in Covent Garden, in January 1642, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, where the monument erected to his memory was, with the sacred edifice, destroyed by fire in 1795.

Until the hand of Charity, or the generosity of

his fellow-countrymen, put up some storied urn or animated bust to mark his resting place, let this serve as his Epitaph and Elegy—

"Alas! poor POTTER!"

Robert Dawson*.

BISHOP OF CLONFERT, DEAN OF DOWN, PREBENDARY OF DONOUGHMORE.

1589—1643.

"Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ."

THE bulk of mankind are either knaves or fools, and, like the fly in the fable, are never so much pleased, nor yet so much admired, as when the wheel of life is spinning round, and they fancy they are the prime movers of the dust that envelopes them. The void is filled up by the good, who (ordained by Providence as a compensating

* See Mant's Hist. of the Irish Church, 237 (London, 1840.) Wood's Ath. Oxon. in Life of Dr. Wm. Bayley, his successor in the See of Clonfert. Cotton's Fasti. Eccl. Hib. Eicke's Eccl. Reg. Nicolson's Annals of Kendal.

power) perform like Nature's self the great offices of life without noise or tumult.

Robert Dawson falls within the latter species of the genus Man. With half the ambition of Baynbrigg, or apostacy of Curwen,—with a tythe of the vanity of Watson,—he might in the drama of life have played the lion with success, and left his impression on the womb of Time. But as he performed the great offices of life without noise or tumult, governing his actions by the rules of virtue, and regulating his thoughts by those of reason, this memoir can have no attraction but for those who derive enjoyment from the contemplation of Virtue, and of a life spent in her service.

He was born at Kendal in 1589. He was of a highly-respectable family, holding, from the first incorporation of the borough to the beginning of the present century, the highest municipal offices. On a monument to the wife of Jacob Dawson—one of the family—is written the fulsome trash "who by a free and cheerful resignation of herself, *even in the midst of this world's affluence*, has left us just grounds to hope she is now happy:" and hence arose the well-known Kendal toast,—"May we live as Jacob Dawson's died."

As he was on Dr. Lupton's foundation in St. John's College, Cambridge, the presumption is, that he was educated at Sedbergh School. The

first entry in the College books is of the date of Nov. 8, 1604, and is as follows: "Ego Robertus Dawson, Westmorlandiensis, admissus sum in discipulum hujus Collegii pro Doctore Lupton," —"*non juratus.*" The other entry is of the 5th April, 1609: "Ego Robertus Dawson, Westmorlandiensis, admissus sum in perpetuum socium hujus Collegii pro Doctore Lupton." From the words *non juratus* in the first entry, it is pretty clear that he had not then completed his sixteenth year; because the scholars before that period were not required to take the oath of admission. We are indebted for this suggestion about age to the present obliging and gifted President of St. John's, Dr. Tatham. The Baptismal Register at Kendal had misled us many years. There is no record of his first entry as a member of the College, but we shall not be far wrong in supposing it to be on or about the date of the first entry above referred to. On Dr. Lupton's Foundation, he became Scholar and Fellow. He graduated in Divinity.

In 1624 he was made Prebendary of Donoughmore, and in the same year Dean of Down. In 1626 he was consecrated to the See of Clonfert. Here he remained until the Irish rebellion broke out, when he made his escape, and retired to his father's house in Kendal, where he died in 1643. He was buried in the Chancel of Kendal

Church; on a brass plate we find the following simple

Epitaph:

"HIC JACET REVERENDUS IN CHRISTO PATER, ROBERTUS DAWSON, EPISCOPUS CLONEFERTENSIS ET DUCENSIS HIBERNICUS, QUI OBIIT DIE DECIMA TERTIA APRILIS, 1643."

Thomas Barlow*.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN, ARCHDEACON OF OXFORD,
MARGARET PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.

1607—1691.

"Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore."

HUDIBRAS.

THIS man had a very—very large share of knowledge in the latin and greek tongues; it is said also of school divinity, and of the civil law: but, withal, a man whom truth and justice bid us to describe as a time-server and a sycophant. Be assured, that the plant which supplied the material for the web of his life wanted the staple of honesty.

Fuller speaks of him, it is true, in another and different tone, and exclaims "O that I had but re-

* There is a very fine portrait of him in Queen's College, Oxford.

ceived some information from my worthy friend Dr. Thomas Barlow, Provost of Queen's College in Oxford, who for his religion and learning is an especial ornament of Westmorland." Our amiable and intelligent friend, Mr. John Barnabas Maude, the present Senior Fellow of the same College, has also a high regard for his memory. May we ask him, and those who think so, to reconsider their verdict.

Barlow was the son of Richard Barlow, and born in 1607, at Lang-hill, in the parish of Orton. He several times told Anthony Wood (from whom this Memoir is for the most part taken) that he sprung from the ancient house of Barlow, in the county of Lancaster.

He was educated at Appleby School under Mr. Pickering. In 1624 he went thence to Queen's College, Oxford, where he became Fellow in 1633. In 1635 he was Metaphysic Reader of the University, and his lectures, being much approved, were afterwards published. When the garrison of Oxford was surrendered for the use of the Parliament in 1646, he sided with the men then in power, and by the favor of Colonel Thomas Kelsey, Deputy-Governor of the said garrison, to whom he made application, he kept his Fellowship during the Parliamentarian visitation in 1648; as, in like manner, did Job Houghton of Brasen-nose, and Tim Baldwin of All Souls, *who, with Barlow, had presented to the wife of the said Kelsey certain*

gifts. In 1652 he was elected Head Keeper of the Bodleian Library; and about the same time Lecturer of Churchill, near Burford, in Oxfordshire. In 1657 he was elected Provost of his College, upon the death of the learned Gerard Langbaine. After the Restoration, he procured himself to be one of the Commissioners appointed first by the Marquis of Hertford, Chancellor of the University, afterwards by King Charles II., for the restoring those members unjustly ejected in 1648. In 1660 he was not only actually created D.D. among the Royalists, but designed Margaret Professor, and upon the ejection of Wilkinson, was afterwards elected thereto*. Barlow was next made Archdeacon of Oxford, respecting which a law-suit arose between him and Dr. Thomas Lamplugh, which was decided in Barlow's favor, at the March Assizes at Oxford, in 1663. He was installed in that dignity on the 13th of June 1664, and after long expectation he procured the Bishoprick of Lincoln: though, as was then said, not by the consent of Archbishop Sheldon, but through

* In 1627 King Charles the First annexed to this Professorship a Prebendary Stall in Worcester Cathedral, since commuted by a recent Act of Parliament for a Canonry in Christ Church, and he must have held this also, although not mentioned by Wood. He seems to have been Margaret Professor from 1660 to 1676. The election for it is for *two* years, but by re-election sometimes continues for life. The stipend was then twenty marcs. Dr. Collinson, Provost of Queen's, was elected Margaret Professor in 1798.

the entreaties of certain temporal Lords attending his Majesty, and by the endeavours of both the Secretaries of State, Hen. Coventry Esq., and Sir Jos. Williamson*, both sometimes of his College, and the first his pupil, before he was elected Fellow of All-Souls. On the 22nd of April, 1675, being the very day that Dr. Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln, died, after several discourses that passed between his Majesty and certain persons of honor then present, concerning the person to be preferred, Dr. Barlow was introduced into the presence of his Majesty, and forthwith kissed hands on the grant of the See. On the 27th of June following, he was consecrated, not in Lambeth Chapel, but in that belonging to Ely House, in Holborn. All the while he was a Bishop, he never was at Lincoln, or visited this part of his diocese in his own person. The reason of the former was, as he said, because he had no house there, and that Bugden was in the centre of his diocese! Yet that Lincoln might not think him unkind, or that he neglected them, he once sent them £.100, of which £.50 was to go to the Church, and the other £.50 to the city. At

* This is *the* Sir Jos. Williamson who wrote to the Countess of Pembroke to induce her to return a Court Candidate for the Borough of Appleby, and who received from that extraordinary woman the following answer:—"Sir, I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man sha'nt stand.

"Yours, &c."

another time he gave the city £.20 towards their expenses in renewing their charter. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, as we shall find, eased his conscience much in the self-same way, and with the self-same excuse, and with the self-same liberality. What a revolting sense of duty such men must have! A visit now and then might be well enough to awe the little boys and girls into an idea of what a Bishop may be; a paltry cheque once in a lustrum might remind the citizens of Lincoln that the Episcopal Palace at Bugden was not uninhabited; but such things will never rescue his memory from that contempt his conduct brought upon it. Such are the men who have brought our Church to what it is! To speak otherwise than plainly and fearlessly of them, would be treason against our Holy Religion, against all that is worth living for.

When the Popish plot broke out in September 1678, Barlow, who had before been a seeming friend to the Papists, became then a bitter enemy to them, and to the Duke of York. But when the Duke was proclaimed King, after the decease of King Charles II., he took all opportunities to express his affection towards him; among others wrote, as was said, "Reasons for reading his Majesty's declaration for Liberty of Conscience." After King James II. withdrew himself into France, in December 1688, he was one of those Bishops that very readily voted that he *abdicated* his

kingdom, took the oaths to King William and Queen Mary; and no Bishop was more ready than he to put in and supply the places of those of the clergy of the diocese that refused the oaths just after the time was terminated for them to take the same, which was the 2nd of February, 1689. We have before spoken freely of Curwen's apostacy, religious and political; what shall we say of this man?

He was esteemed (adds Anthony Wood) by those that knew him well, to have been a thorough-paced Calvinist, though some of his writings show him to have been a great scholar, profoundly learned, both in Divinity, and the Civil and Canon Law. Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, in his Memoirs, p. 20, says:— "I never think of this Bishop, and of his incomparable knowledge, both in Theology and Church History, and in the Ecclesiastical Law, without applying to him in my thoughts the character that Cicero gave Crassus, viz., *Non unus e multis, sed unus inter omnes, propè singularis.*" He published—

1. "Pietas in Patrem, or a few tears upon the lamented death of his most dear and loving Father, Richard Barlow, late of Langhill, in Westmorland, who died 29th December, 1636, Oxon. 1637." In this little book are copies of verses, also on the death of the said Richard Barlow, made by Matthew Wilkinson, Thomas Tully, Lancelot Davies, and Thomas Smith, nephew to the said

Richard Barlow (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), all which were then members of Queen's College.

2. " Exercitationes aliquot Metaphysicæ de Deo, Oxon. 1637, and 1658."

3. " Pegasus, or the Flying Horse, from Oxford, bringing the proceedings of the visitors and other Bedlamites there, by the command of the Earl of Montgomery, printed at Montgomery, heretofore called Oxford." It is written by way of Letter, dated at Oxon. 18th April, 1648. With this is printed another Letter, in one sheet and a half, dated Oxon. 17th April, 1648, and subscribed by Basileus Philomusus, but who that was, Dr. Barlow did not know.

4. " Popery, or the Principles and Positions approved by the Church of Rome are very dangerous to all, and to Protestant Kings and supreme powers more especially pernicious, &c., in a Letter to a person of honor. Lond. 1678, and again in 1679."

5. " The Rights of the Bishops to judge in Capital Cases in Parliament cleared, &c. Lond. 1680, 8vo." This book, which contains much reading in the Common Law, was an answer to two books then lately published, the first of which was entitled " A Letter from a Gent. to his friend, shewing that the Bishops are not to be judges in Parliament, in cases capital; printed 1679, Oct. written by Denzill, Lord Holles;" and the other, " A discourse of the Peerage and Jurisdiction of the Lords Spiritual in Parliament,

&c." Though no name was set to this book, yet many reported that it was written by Dr. Barlow.

6. "Brutum Fulmen; or the Bull of P. Pius Sextus, concerning the damnation, excommunication, and deposition of Queen Elizabeth, as also the absolution of her subjects from the oath of allegiance, with a peremptory injunction, upon pain of an anathema, never to obey any of her laws and commands, with some observations and animadversions upon it. Lond. 1681." To this (of which there are two editions) is annexed the Bull of P. Paul the Third, containing the damnation, excommunication, &c. of King Henry viii.

7. "A discourse concerning the Laws Ecclesiastical and Civil made against Heretics by Popes, Emperors, and Kings, Provincial and General Councils, approved by the Church of Rome, shewing (1) What Protestant subjects may expect to suffer under a Popish Prince acting according to those laws; (2) That no oath or promise of such a Prince can give them any just security that he will not execute the laws upon them. Lond. 1682." There is a pretty large preface to it against persecuting and destroying heretics, and some things said in favor of dissenters. To this discourse and preface, though there be no name set, yet when they were published, in November 1681, the public and constant report was that they were written by Dr. Barlow.

8. "Letter for the putting in execution the laws against Dissenters, written in concurrence to that which was drawn up by the Justices of the Peace of the county of Bedford, dated 14th of Jan. 1648."

9. "A few plain reasons why a Protestant of the Church of England should not turn Roman Catholic. Lond. 1688." Dr. John Batteley, the licenser, would not suffer several sheets to pass, and thereupon they were omitted.

10. "Several Miscellaneous and Weighty Cases of Conscience, learnedly and judiciously resolved, viz. (1) of Toleration of Protestant Dissenters; (2) the King's power to pardon Murder; (3) Objections from Gen. ix. 6 answered; (4) Mr. Cottington's Case of Divorce, with the Judgments of Dr. Allestrey, Dr. Hall, Sir Richard Lloyd, Sir Richard Raines, Dr. Oldys, and the Doctors of the Sorbonne upon the same; (5) For Toleration of the Jews; (6) About setting up Images in Churches; (7) An Dominium fundatur in gratiâ? &c. Lond. 1692." Dr. Barlow's picture (as Anthony Wood remarks, not at all like him) is set before this book, which was published by Sir Peter Pett, without the knowledge of his domestic chaplains, Will. Offley, and Hen. Brougham, M.A.s and Prebendaries of Lincoln, who had all Dr. Barlow's original manuscripts.

11. "Genuine Remains, containing divers discourses, Theological, Philosophical, Historical, &c.,

in letters to several persons of honor and quality, &c. Lond. 1693." This book, which was published by Sir Peter Pett, with an Epistle to the Reader before it of his writing, begins with a large Treatise containing Directions to a young Divine for his study of Divinity and choice of books, &c.

12. He also, it seems, wrote a letter in defence of Anabaptism, which is to be found in a treatise on the same subject (8vo. London 1674) by D'Anvers.

13. Also a tract, to prove that true grace doth not lie so much in the degree, as in the nature of it; which forms the sixteenth chapter of Sheppard's book on "Sincerity and Hypocrisy," Oxon. 1658; —that is, of Mr. Serjeant Sheppard, a distinguished law-writer in the time of the Commonwealth, and a Judge, in Wales. This Serjeant Sheppard was also an intimate friend of the prelate.

14. Barlow also wrote a preface, touching the conspiracy of gunpowder treason, to a book entitled "The Gunpowder Treason," with a discourse of the manner of its discovery, 8vo. London 1679; the substance of this preface is in his "Genuine Remains," pp. 383, 384, &c.

Dr. Barlow died at Bugden, in Huntingdonshire, on the 8th day of October, 1691; and was buried on the 11th of the said month, on the north side of the chancel belonging to the church there, near to the body of Dr. Robert Sanderson, some time Bishop of Lincoln, and, according to his own

desire, in the very grave of Dr. William Barlow, some time Bishop of the same place; to whose memory, as well as his own, is erected a marble monument, with the following Inscription:—

"Exuviæ Thomæ Barlow, S. T. P. Collegii Reginensis, Oxon. præpositi, Protobibliothecarii Bodleiani, Archideaconi Oxoniensi, pro Dom. Margareta Comitissa Richmondiæ S. Theol. Professoris Episcopi (licet indigni) Lincolniensis in spem lætæ resurrectionis Epitaphium hoc moriens composuit tumulum sui prædecessoris Gulielmi Barlow rabie fanaticâ ruiturum sumptibus propriis extruxit, Obiit 8 die October 1691, an. ætatis suæ 85."

This strange elegy he composed himself a few days before his death.

He gave all such books in his own library to that of Bodley, which were not there already at the time of his death; and the remaining part he gave to Queen's College, Oxford, where the Society erected in 1694 a noble pile of buildings, on the west side of the College, to receive them; since enlarged to receive one of the most munificent bequests of books in modern times, made by Dr. Mason, an Incumbent of the College. The Library is not only valuable as a collection, but fitted up with great judgment. Dr. Barlow gave all his MSS. of his own composition to his two domestic chaplains, Offley and Brougham, and desired that they would not make public any of his writings after his decease. He also gave to them all his Greek, Latin, and English Bibles, &c.

Appleby School, where he received the first rudiments of his education, in its daily orisons, remembers him as one of its benefactors. The College also has sundry weighty reasons for doing likewise. But the Church of England, the Diocese of Lincoln, his native county, and the world at large, can (as we think) afford to forget him.

Thomas Smith.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE, CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND, &c.

1614—1702.

"He that trusteth in his riches shall fall: but the righteous shall flourish as a branch."—PROV.

THE family of Smith (as Byron somewhere tells us) is very prolific and numerous in England; (whereof the gallant Sir Harry, of Aliwal renown, is, perhaps, the *spem gregis* or hope of the flock just now), yet we doubt whether the great family of man can boast of a more generous, of a nobler-hearted, of a more liberal-minded soul than Thomas Smith, Bishop of Carlisle. Within his diocese what village has not some substantial mark of his munificence? The school and college in which he was educated remember him in their prayers, as among their greatest benefactors. The public edifices, to which he was officially attached, retain

the most lasting memorials of his taste and nobility of soul. These were the distinctive features of his character, but not all. He raised himself from the middling ranks of life to the supreme honours of the Church; and he did so as an honest man. He was first cousin in blood to Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, but in soul they were as the Poles asunder :—

> " Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
> By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
> Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
> More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise!"

He was born at Whitewall, in the parish of Asby, on the 21st of December, 1614. He was also educated at Appleby School, and in the sixteenth year of his age was admitted into Queen's College, Oxford. His early proficiency in his studies quickly gained him a singular repute in the University; one instance whereof was remarkable in the performance of his Lent exercise; for, at that time, and for several years after, the fond humour of one college's engaging another in brawling disputations, which they called *coursing*, being fashionable in the University, his questions were, unknown to himself, sent by Mr. Thomas Crosfield, senior Fellow of his College, to the young students of Brasen-nose, with the following challenge, subscribed: *Prodeat aliquis è vobis Æneus qui*

Fabrum hunc Reginensem ad angustias (si possit) redigat. Though this procured him a surprising assault from the gentlemen, who looked upon themselves as provoked, and obliged in honour to enter the lists; yet he so prudently managed the matter, that the engagement ended much more amicably than was expected, and indeed than had been usual upon such occasions. After he had taken the degree of M.A. and was, before several of his seniors, preferred to a Fellowship, he became an eminent tutor, most of the gentlemen of the college being committed to his care. He was (continues Wood, from whom this is mainly taken) doubly qualified beyond any of his contemporaries for such a charge; as having had the opportunity of travelling for some time in France, and also being particularly skilled in a methodical and easy way of grounding young men in the principles of philosophy; insomuch that some systems of his composure were long after used by the best tutors in that college. The loose way at that time of "slabbering over the public exercises for degrees" offending him, as it did everybody else that understood and valued the honour of the University; he chiefly complained of the empty formality of examinations, and so far prevailed for a redress, that himself was the first man who examined publicly in the Physic School, after the method in part still observed. When King Charles the First resided at Oxford,

he was one of those who were appointed to preach before his Majesty, at Christ Church, and the Parliament, at St. Mary's. When afterwards faction, and the fanatical and furious zeal of a new set of visitors had rendered Oxford as uneasy to persons of loyalty and generosity, as before it had been acceptable, he withdrew into the North, where he married Catherine, widow of Sir Henry Fletcher, of Hutton, in Cumberland: and lived there in a quiet privacy, till, upon the happy restoration of King Charles the Second, his Majesty's pleasure was intimated to the University that there should be a creation of all Faculties of such as had suffered for his cause. Whereupon, on the 2nd of August, 1660, he was with many more of his fellow-sufferers created D.D., and on the 11th of December following diplomated Doctor in the same faculty. The King was also pleased to make him a sharer, with others, of his royal bounty, in the disposal of vacant benefices and dignities in the church, and to honor him with being one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary. A prebend in the church of Carlisle was what he had first given him, into which he was installed the 14th of November, 1660. At the same time he had the offer of a good living in the King's disposal, the distance whereof not suiting with his other circumstances, he declined it himself, but procured it for his friend. Within a few months after this, he was

collated by Bishop Cosins to a good prebend in the church of Durham, where, looking upon himself as invested with a preferment, as agreeable as his modesty would give him leave to wish for, he began immediately to repair his prebend house, sparing no costs to make it a dwelling suitable to the honor and endowments of that cathedral. Nor were his benefactions confined to what justly claimed his first care—the seat of his preferment; he gratefully remembered the first foundations of his growing honors were laid at the school of Appleby, and therefore very bountifully expended several large sums in raising the schoolmaster's salary considerably beyond that of any other in the diocese of Carlisle, and in building a dwelling-house adjoining to the school. Upon the promotion of Dr. Carleton to the Bishoprick of Bristol*, he had the Deanery of Carlisle conferred upon him, into which he was installed on the 14th of March, 1671. And now he had opportunities enough to show his public spirit. He was indeed from that day a continual benefactor to that cathedral, as will be at once apparent from the following account of his expenditure:—

	£.
Building the Deanery at Carlisle	600
Organ at Carlisle £.220, Communion Plate £.100	320
Prebendal house at Carlisle	50

* See Life of Bernard Gilpin, "The Northern Apostle."

	£.
Altering house, and building stables at Rose	300
New Tower there, and court walls	167
School at Dalston £.30, Tenement there £.80	110
Court House at Dalston	50
Library and Register's Office, at Carlisle	120
To the Dean and Chapter	100
Pigeon-cote at Rose	53
To several parishes in his diocese, by will	230
School at Carlisle	500
Vicarage of Penrith	500
Vicarage of Dalston	300
The Schoolmaster's House at Appleby, and Cloisters there	626
The Poor and School at Asby	100
Towards building St. Paul's	150
New Library at Queen's College	100
More to the said college	500
Other Colleges and Chapels	50
Prebendal House at Durham, and Organ	300
Total	£.5226*

He left the revenues of that church in the best condition they had been in since the Restoration. Upon the death of Bishop Rainbow, he was (to his own great surprise, and no less satisfaction of the whole diocese,) recommended by King Charles to the Chapter for their Bishop, and by them unanimously elected on the 3rd day of May, 1684. On the 29th of June following (being St. Peter's day) he was consecrated in St. Peter's Church, at

* See Jefferson's History of Carlisle.

York, by Bishop Dolbin, assisted by the Bishops of Durham and Man; and about the middle of July did his homage at Windsor, and had restitution of the temporalities of his See. He bestowed on the public library built by him at Carlisle for the use of the clergy of the diocese many valuable books, in which his autograph may be seen.

There is an engraved portrait of him in the vestry of the cathedral at Carlisle; the original, probably, is at Rose Castle.

He died at Rose Castle on the 12th day of April, 1702, aged 87, and was buried in the Cathedral at Carlisle; over his remains are his armorial bearings, and the following inscription, according, as it is said, to his own instructions:—

D. S.

THOMAS SMITH, S.T.P. hujus Ecclesiæ primum Canonicus, dein Decanus, tandemque Episcopus, placide hic in Domino requiescit; vixit annos LXXXVII. Obiit duodecimo die Aprilis anno Christi MDCCII. Moriens qui maxima meruit D.S. plura hic dici negavit.

And, by the side of it, the following to his wife:—

D. S.
Hic intus jacet
ANNA SMITH,
R.P.D.D. Thomæ Carliolensi Episcopi,
Conjux Charissima,

Quæ sincera erga Deum Pietate
Indefessa erga pauperes Liberalitate
Et singulari erga omnes
Morum candore et benevolentiâ
Posteri præluxit.
Magnum Christianæ virtutis exemplar
Vixit annos LXVII
Obiit sexto die Octobris MDCXCVIII
Et hic requiescit in Domino.

John Waugh*.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE, PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN,
AND DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

1660—1734.

. . . . "Genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco."—OVID.

Nought from my birth or ancestors I claim,
All is my own, all self-acquired fame.

POPE SEXTUS the Fifth, as stout a Pope as ever wore the Triple Crown, but a poor man's son, used to say in contempt of the sneers raised against him, that he was born of an *illustrious* house; because the sunbeams passing through the broken walls and ragged roof *illustrated* every corner of the homely cottage in which he was born.

In this wise John Waugh's House was indeed

* There is a fine engraved portrait of him in St. Peter's, Cornhill, and in many houses in Westmorland; it is by Faber from an original by Vanderbank, to be found, as we believe, at Rose Castle.

of the cathedral at Carlisle, behind the Bishop's throne*.

The Bishop is said to have published eleven occasional sermons, but we have never seen them.

He, like the good Barnaby Potter in St. Paul's Covent Garden, lies in St. Peter's Cornhill, without even a mark to indicate his resting-place! Will no kind soul lend a helping hand to a work of common justice?

* Jefferson's Hist. of Carlisle.

Sir George Fleming, Bart.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

1667—1747.

"Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus." —JUV.

Virtue is the only source of true nobility.

In these days of Red Republicanism we often hear the threadbare phrase, "*Nature is favorable to democracy!*" Without stopping to examine into its truth or falsehood, we must content ourselves with saying, that the subject of the present memoir was not of that self-satisfied order, but of the ancient house of Le Fleming of Rydall Hall; and by his virtues proved himself worthy of the name and arms he bore.

He was born in the hall of his ancestors in 1667; and was the fifth son of Sir Daniel Fleming, Knt.,

afterwards Bart. He seems to have had his school-education at Appleby. From school he went to Edmund Hall, Oxford. After leaving the University we find him under the fostering wing of that noble and generous soul Dr. Thomas Smith, Bishop of Carlisle, who made Fleming his domestic chaplain; then Vicar of Aspatria; and, in 1700, Prebendary of Carlisle. His great patron died, as we have elsewhere recorded, in 1702; but Dr. Smith was happily succeeded by the learned Dr. Nicholson (afterwards Archbishop of Cashell) and Dr. Waugh. The former, in 1705, raised Fleming to the Archdeaconry. The latter in 1727 promoted him to the Deanery, upon whose death, in 1734, he was consecrated to the see of Carlisle.

He, in his turn, was the patron of Edmund Law, the father of Lord Ellenborough. Thus was true merit called forth and rewarded within the diocese of Carlisle in days that are past!

William Fleming, Archdeacon of Carlisle (1734), was the Prelate's only son. He married a Wilson of Dallam Tower, and left several daughters*. He died (in 1743) before his father, and was interred in the cathedral there.

Sir George Fleming, Bart. died at Rose Castle, July 2$^{d.}$ 1747, in the eighty-first year of his age, and in the thirteenth of his consecration. He was

* See Burn, 172.

buried in the Cathedral at Carlisle, where at the top of the south aisle are two marble monuments, the one to his memory, and the other to that of his wife Catherine, daughter of Mr. Thomas Jefferson of Carlisle. The inscription to the memory of the aged Prelate seems a faithful summary of his life and death :—

Here is deposited till a general resurrection
whatever was mortal of
the Right Revd. Father in God
Sir George Fleming, Bart., late Lord Bishop
of Carlisle,
whose regretted dissolution was July 2, 1747,
in the 81st year of his age and the 13th of his consecration.
A Prelate
who by gradual and well merited advancement,
having passed through every dignity to the Episcopal,
supported that
with an amiable assemblage of graces and virtues
which eminently formed in his character
the Courteous Gentleman and the Pious Christian,
and rendered him a shining ornament
to his species, his nation, his order.
His deportment
in all human relations and positions
was squared by the rules of morality and religion.
Under the constant direction of a consummate prudence,
whilst his equanimity
amidst all events and occurrences,
in an inviolable adherence to the golden medium

made him easy to himself and agreeable to others,
and had its reward
in a cheerful life, a serene old age, a composed death.
His excellent pattern
was a continual lesson of goodness and wisdom,
and remains in his ever reverable memory
an illustrious object of praise and imitation.

Edmund Gibson*.

BISHOP OF LONDON, DEAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPEL ROYAL, AND ONE OF THE LORDS OF H. M. MOST HONORABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.

1669—1748.

"Genius is patient labor."—BUFFON.

CETTE goutte de semence, de quoy nous sommes produits, porte en soy les impressions non de la forme corporelle seulement, mais des pensements et des inclinations de nos pères? Cette goutte d'eau où loge elle ce nombre infini de formes? et comme port-elle des ressemblances d'un progrez si téméraire, et si desréglé, que l'arrière-fils respondra à son bisayeul, le nepheu à l'oncle?" Montaigne, (one of the best and oldest of the French moralists) pursues these philosophical inquiries by ascribing

* There is a very fine portrait of him in the Library at Fulham Palace by Vanderbank. Amongst other arms in the windows are, Az. 3 Storks rising Arg. for Gibson impaled with the See of London. In another window Gibson impaled with the See of Lincoln. There is also a portrait of him in the Hall of Queen's College, Oxon.

his *qualité pierreuse* to hereditary causes; as the descendant of *Boltfolt* of Harden did his own deformity*; and as the world at large do a like one in the Greys of Howick to Grey of Berwick, surnamed *de torto pede*. Indeed the frequency of the fact makes the philosopher's expression intelligible, and is more or less exemplified in some shape or other in every family in the kingdom from the prince to the peasant. Whether he reasoned like a philosopher in thus passing from matter to mind, from finite to infinite, we need not now stop to inquire; it is enough to say, that he thought the laws of the two analogous, and remember that *he* was Montaigne! Run, thou sceptic, to Hanwell and to St. Thomas', and there learn wisdom! The lunatic asylum will teach thee the laws of the one, the hospital the laws of the other! Indeed, if self-knowledge does not teach thee this all but *self-evident truth—that talent runs in families*—go and search the family history of any distinguished man; consult the family history of Edmund Gibson; in few channels have the ennobling currents of the soul run deeper, in none more uniform†. Edmund Gibson!

"Clarum et venerabile nomen,
Gentibus et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi."

* Sir Walter Scott, and transmitted it to one of his grandchildren.——Lockhart's Life, 64—90.

† Thomas Gibson, author of Gibson's Anatomy, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians, Physician General to the Army, and

Ye craggs, and gills, and tarns, and fells, wherein our boyish childhood strayed—a stranger yet to pain! though lost to sight to memory dear! and still dearer for those sublime and hallowed associations thrown around you, by the industry of your stalwart sons, sent forth to run the great career of life, themselves impatient to be free! Men whose noble rage chill penury could ne'er repress, on wings plumed with the dews of Heaven (all, perhaps, they could truly call their own) bounding forth and sweeping through the boundless firmament of intelligeuce, amazing the world with the vigor of their wing and the boldness of their flight! Now asserting eternal Providence, and justifying the ways of God to man; now amidst the army of martyrs braving the dungeons of the Tower and the fires of Smithfield; here in the sacred robes of Justice administering her decrees; there bleeding in their country's cause; now unfolding the arcana of Nature's laws; now, like the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, flinging from the living lyre thoughts that wander through eternity; there embracing into life the dull, cold marble; there throwing over the lifeless canvass

Husband of Anna Cromwell, sixth daughter of Richard Lord Protector. He died in 1704; she in 1727. John and Edmund were his nephews: John was Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and Edmund Bishop of London; and last, though not least, of the same family, Willy Gibson, *alias* "Willy at Hollins," the distinguished mathematician, author of, &c. &c.——See Life.

the mystery of colours. But, as no praise can be lasting but what is rational, let us subdue our tone awhile, that the facts may, in living language, speak for themselves. Thus far, however, we will venture to predict in Edmund Gibson's case, that the reader of his life will say of him that he was at once a great and candid Churchman, an industrious and accomplished scholar, a profound antiquary, a respectable lawyer, an active man of business, and, above all, emphatically an honest man. As a pastor he was most exemplary, as a bishop affable and dignified. A most unflinching champion of the rights of the Established Church; yet withal, neither an enthusiast nor a bigot. In public or private matters no prospects of advantage could ever shake his integrity, no temptations corrupt his heart; and to these noble qualities may be added, the tenderest sentiments of generosity, benevolence, and compassion. When outraged morality demanded his aid and protection, with admirable fearlessness he rebuked, in turn, his sovereign and the people. Hence his high reputation, and the universal esteem for him; hence too, his Wolsey-like power in Church and State—power withal borne so meekly, that Princes respected him, and Ministers thought they loved him. Though beyond the reach of fortune, he was not free from its malice, especially in matters of church discipline; all assaults upon him, however, were no more than Xerxes' arrows—they darkened the day, but they could not strike the

sun*. "Enfin représentez-vous toutefois en lui seul, tout ce que l'église a de grand, tout ce que le ciel a de pompeux, et de magnifique, les biens, les honneurs, les dignités, le crédit, les prééminences, et tout ce qui suit ordinairement la faveur et la réconnoissance d'un roi juste et puissant, lorsqu'elles tombent sur un sujet capable, fidèle et nécessaire†."

In Bampton Church there are the two following Epitaphs—

M. S.
EDMUNDI et JANÆ GIBSON
Charissimorum Parentum
Monumentum hoc posuit
Edmundus Episcopus Londinensis
Anno Domini M.DCCXLIII.

M. S.
THOMÆ JACKSON in vicinia nati
Qui scholam hanc, cui circiter annos
XLIV vigilantissimè præfuit,
Commendavit adeo
Ut non tenuis fuerit gloria
Inter Bamptoniæ educatos numerari
Utrumque docuit Gibsonum
Alterum Cl. Lincolniæ præsulem
Alterum Coll: Reg: Oxon: præpositum
Et aliquos plurimos, qui patriæ simul
Et scholæ sunt ornamenta
Obiit pridie Kal. Junii
Ann: Dom: M.DCCXXIX
Ætatis suæ LXIV.

* See "An Apology for Dr. Codex" (Dr. Gibson, author of the Codex), and several other pamphlets in the British Museum, bound together under the name of "Tracts on Gibson's Eccl. Jur." 1733, 1736.

† Flechier.

The above melancholy records serve at once as the registers of his birth, and the history of his early life, especially of his parentage and education; and these ought to suffice if no further information were forthcoming; but we know from other sources that he was born in the year 1670 at Knipe, in the parish of Bampton, where the family had lived for ages. The family was in the condition, provincially speaking, of a small and humble *statesman;* humble! Shade of Gibson forgive us! Can there be aught humble about the curtilage that cradled thee and thine? As far as the aristocracy of talent surpasses the aristocracy of birth or wealth, in our sight does that old dwelling-house exceed in beauty the palaces of the great. The family, to speak as a Roman, "*equestrem locum medium inter Patres et Plebem obtinuit.*" In the scurrilous and anonymous pamphlet (already alluded to) entitled "Apology for Dr. Codex," the writer says, "he was a man of mean parentage, born near Westmorland, and the son of a fisherman!" To retort this writer's own motto against him,

"Vis dicam quid sis? Magnus es Ardelio*."

He was educated as the latter inscription informs us by Thomas Jackson at Bampton School: a man to whose memory, judging the tree by its fruit, no more than justice is done on the stone that marks

* Martial.

his resting place. His brother John, afterwards Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, was educated there at the same time*.

Dr. Watson (Bishop of Llandaff, himself from Heversham in Westmorland,) in writing to a friend, about the beginning of the present century, says, "In the North of England there was, fifty years ago, a good grammar school almost under every crag, the schools remain, but the *spirit of trade* has frightened away all the Muses. Cocker's Arithmetic has taken precedence of Lilly's Grammar!" Alas how infinitely more painful is the reflection now! Bampton school stands, but stands the ghost of a great name; it stands amid ruins! How long is this ostracism to last? This intellectual leprosy, this blight, this withering desolation of our village schools? Is the worm that dieth not at the root of the oak? Has the cursed ivy of trade, as Richard of Llandaff suggests, strangled the tree in its embraces; or is its sap but dormant for a while to burst into life again under the quickening rays of returning philosophy? May the father of the present National Education scheme be the prophet destined to strike the rock for the living water! But has Dr. Watson saddled the right horse? Is not effect mistaken for cause? Be it even conceded that the spirit of trade had some share in ostracising

* They for once give the lie to the Cumberland saw "Ye make yeah son a Priest, an t'rest mowdywarp catchers."——Satan correcting Sin!

the liberal sciences from our village schools, the Bishop of Llandaff, while he was throwing stones at our merchant princes, seems to have forgotten that he lived in a house of glass himself; the end of the fabled wallet, which contained the peccadilloes of tradesmen he slung before him, but that which contained the offences of the bishops he studiously threw behind him. Convenient policy! but not much in the spirit of truth or charity; for we cannot help thinking, that a man less shrewd than Dr. Watson could see that the rule which they had promulgated and acted upon as to the admissibility of none but graduates or literati into the Church, would far outstrip the spirit of trade in the race of annihilation. A moment's reflection would have taught him that such a system would of itself, even before his generation passed away, have sealed the intellectual destiny of the North, especially of a county so poor as Westmorland*. While wisdom's voice was heard in the councils of the Church she embraced all that embraced her; the village school-man and the graduate met together in her cloisters, and merit alone decided her preference. Every village school then prided itself in its name; could boast of some distinguished man in Church or State; in villages, family vied with family in sacrificing their comforts even to their sons' education, and teacher with teacher for the

* Dr. Watson, to his honour, did object to this.

honour of their schools and scholars; and so an universal spirit of improvement and love of learning, with all their consequences, became diffused among a class of men where nothing of the kind, to say the least of their absence, now remains. But the book of knowledge was to be sealed! and for what end? Has the Church gained by it? Has the world at large profited by it? Were the sons of *statesmen* educated at village schools less moral, less learned, less pious than graduates or literati? We affect no levelling principle (Heaven forbid! the world has had enough of it!) but we do presume to say, that such a rule argued little wisdom in the resources of our native county, however applicable it might be to the more southern provinces of the kingdom; and that it required no prophet to come from the grave to tell its authors the result. For truth's sake then, let the bishops be joined in the bill as accomplices in treason against the empire of learning, and, if convicted, let them lose the benefit of clergy.

In 1686 he was admitted into Queen's College, Oxford, on the old foundation. Hence it appears that he went to college at the raw and beardless age of sixteen. The University statutes or ordinances would lead one to infer that it was not an uncommon practice, in those days, to convert those time-worn and venerable fabrics into infant gymnasia or nurseries for children of tender years; ordinances, if there be any truth in Dryden's saw

that *Men are but children of a larger growth,* still observed there with some degree of religious reverence and respect. However his earliest productions (his Chronicon Saxonicum, for instance) afford the most conclusive evidence that, at this early age, he had a mind thoroughly disciplined and cultivated, especially in classical knowledge. We are not with some inclined to ascribe to his style the purity of Cicero, or the elegance of Pliny, or the playful turns of Terence, neither can we submit to the puerile sarcasm of Dr. Ingram. Perhaps in this, as in most things of the kind, truth lies between. His style and command of language lead one to suppose that he *spoke* Latin with great fluency; for he made almost a living language of it.

His early matriculation however, was not owing so much to this development of understanding, precocious as it was, as to the system which then, and to a very recent period prevailed, with regard to the election of members on the old foundation of Queen's;—the ——— system, by which persons, one after another, acquired scholarships, taberdardships, fellowships, &c., merely because they chanced to be *dropped* in one or other of the two counties of Westmorland or Cumberland! A system which placed the fool on a footing with the philosopher, the sluggard with the ant, the prodigal with the prudent, reversing the order of every principle upon which an educational institution (that deserves the name) can endure, and converting what its founder

intended as the pure rewards of merit, into little better than sops of servility or the prescriptive rights of drivelling idiots. A system, as affecting the college itself, at once a breach of trust, the derision of the rest of the University, the abomination of every well-regulated mind, and the secret, or one of the main secrets, of its fallen state, indeed of its degraded condition; until the spirit of improvement and the fresh blood recently infused into the body corporate partly succeeded in restoring it to its pristine vigor, and its former prestige. This noble institution once held a dignified rank in the University; many truly great and learned men were educated there, and the blaze of intelligence continued steady and pure until about a century and a-half ago, when its glory, like the last gleam of the dying embers, flashed for an instant with amazing brilliancy and power in Edmund Gibson, and expired. Why is this?

Causa latet, res est notissima.

Some go to college to learn, and some to unlearn, and at times it is difficult to say whose success is the greatest; in point of numbers, to use a parliamentary phrase, the latter have it: Gibson falls within the former category.

"With prospects bright to college walls he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make."

Whilst the Platonist consumed the midnight oil in learning how to prove a mouse a syllable, and a syllable a mouse; and the Socratic his days in looking through a gnat's intestines, or calculating how many steps a flea might leap that bit the brow of Chærephon, and thence alighted straight upon the sage's head*; Gibson kept steadily up the steep to the Temple of knowledge, which he reached with amazing rapidity and success; and where he paid not his stated devotion for form's sake, nor for its éclat or its recompence, but where in truth he lived, and had his being for the last fifty years of his well-spent life.

At this time the study of the Northern languages was in fashion in Oxford, especially in Queen's College. To this he seems at once, upon matriculation, to have devoted himself; for, while yet an under-graduate, he published several ingenious as well as useful books on the subject. The first instance of which, though comparatively of less importance, is a new edition of W. Drummond's Polemo-Middiana, and James the Fifth's Cantilena Rustica with notes. A juvenile excursion indeed, but suited to his standing. Besides a considerable knowledge of the northern languages shewn in his notes, it is apparent from his observations (as Dr. Smallbrook observes†) that if he

* Aristophanes.

† "Some account of the Rt. Reverend Dr. Edmund Gibson, late

had thought fit to apply himself further to performances of the witty kind, he was as well qualified for them, by his fine parts, as for more solid studies. Luckily, however, he soon directed the course of his studies to matters more useful, and more beneficial to the world at large. Soon after taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts he translated into Latin the *Chronicon Saxonicum*, and published it together with the Saxon original, and his own learned notes on the whole*. Although a truly magnificent and national work is now in the course of publication by command of Her Majesty, (entitled "*Monumenta Historica Britannica, prepared and illustrated with notes by the late Henry Petrie, Esquire, F.S.A., Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London, assisted by John Sharpe, B.A., Rector of Castle Eaton, Wiltshire,*" and which in design and execution surpasses all that has gone before it;) yet as Gibson's accuracy, learning, and industry are there fully acknowledged, and no less used for building up the gigantic and noble fabric, it would be most unjust to slight them as things of no value. The Chronicon Saxonicum, every reader should know, is a collection of Chronicles containing the original and

Lord Bishop of London." By Bishop Smallbrook, and the intimate friend of Gibson. See Whiston's Life, 253. London 1749, British Museum. From this point passages are taken from it, word for word, and substantially the whole of it.

* Oxon. 1692. 4to.

authentic testimony of cotemporary writers to the most important matters of our history, from the first landing of our Saxon forefathers to the accession of Henry the Second (1154); containing likewise interesting facts relative to architecture, agriculture, commerce, coinage, our liberty, and our religion, together with some specimens of Saxon poetry. "In the Saxon Chronicle and the Doomsday Book, England may boast of two substantial monuments of its early history; to either of which it would not be easy to find a parallel in any nation ancient or modern. * * Philosophically considered, this ancient record (*Chronicon Saxonicum*) is the second great phenomenon in the history of mankind, for if we except the sacred annals of the Jews, contained in the several books of the Old Testament, there is no other work extant, ancient or modern, which exhibits at one view a regular and chronological panorama of a people described in rapid succession by different writers through so many ages in their own vernacular language. Hence, it may safely be considered not only as the primæval source from which all subsequent historians of English affairs have principally derived their materials, and consequently the criterion by which they are to be judged, but also as the faithful depository of our national idiom; affording at the same time to the scientific investigator of the human mind a very interesting and extraordinary example of the changes incident to a

language, as well as to a nation, in its progress from rudeness to refinement*." And when we call to mind that the largest portion of the Westmorland dialect is pure Anglo-Saxon, to say nothing of local customs, and local habits of the same origin, it does indeed surprise us that these *diggings* are so much neglected. Let us hope for better days, and a more enterprising spirit in this vein. Saville, and many others, had gone over the ground before him†. Wheloc, too, in his Chronologia Anglo-Saxonica, published in 1644, had far advanced the landmarks of Saxon literature‡; but it remained for our countryman, with Wheloc as his text book, and with Laud as his favorite guide, to add to a preface of (what he conceived) an entire collection of these manuscripts, *nunc primum integrum edidit;* and to be identified with them when Dr. Ingram's puerilities are forgotten§. It remains a living proof of his unwearied industry, his uncommon accuracy, and extensive learning. This work he attempted by the advice of the excellent Dr. Mill, whose Memoirs will be found in a succeeding page. It seems, however, to have been under Dr. Hickes, the then great promoter of Northern languages, that

* Dr. Ingram's Edit. Pref.

† There are about 150 in all, see Monumenta Hist. Brit. Intr. 27.

‡ The learned Spelman had established a Professorship in Cambridge, and Wheloc was made Professor.

§ An Anglo-Saxon Professorship was established in Oxford in 1750. Dr. Ingram was Professor in 1803.

his studies in this way were directed. The Saxon Chronicles being printed, he prepared himself for more exact researches into the antiquities of his own country, to the pursuit of which he had a natural inclination, and to the study of which he applied himself for some years with the greatest diligence. With this view, he withdrew for a while from the University to reside in London. There he became Librarian at Lambeth Palace, and Lecturer at St. Martin's: the one gave what his heart yearned after, plenty of black-letter books; the other a small competency, and an opportunity of distinguishing himself as a preacher, which soon presented itself, followed with the most marked success. As his salary at Lambeth was but £.20 a year, and probably his lectureship not much more, he (as it is said) was forced to bow and sue for grace, and deify the power of those kings of literature, the metropolitan booksellers, and so eke out his lazar-like pittance with crumbs from the tables of the mighty Tonsons of the day! After all, what a sublime spectacle, to behold such a man wrestling with the powers of this world, and with the strength of his own arm crushing them one by one under his feet! Upon taking his degree, he might (alas! how often it is done!) have rested on his oars, and drifted quietly down the stream of time, thinking of nothing but a Fellowship, or a College Living, and ended his days as one of the many useless drones of society; or employed in

sucking his thumbs in a state of drivelling idiotcy. But no! he had seen within the college walls too much of monastic life to respect it; his heart recoiled from the thoughts of it; he aspired after human good, and his aspirations were as happy as they were noble. But let us proceed to examine in their order the fruits of his labours:—In 1692 he also published a Treatise entitled *Librorum MS. in duabus insignibus Bibliothecis altera Tenisoniana Londini, altero Dugdaliana Oxonii Catalogus,* dedicated to Dr. Tenison, (then Bishop of Lincoln, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury,) which was the first step he took to be introduced to that learned prelate; and which, together with a series of subsequent recommendations of the latter kind, contributed to his obtaining the Archbishop's favor, and prepared the way for his successive preferments, and indeed for the happiness of his whole life. In the following year he published, or rather edited, two treatises on the antiquities of his country, viz.: *Julii Cæsaris Portus Iccius illustratus,* Somner's Tract (1673); and a *Treatise on the Roman Ports and Forts of Kent.* But while so engaged, the cultivation of the Roman authors was by no means neglected by him. For we find that in the very same year, he obliged the world with a beautiful edition of the great master of the rules of oratory, *Quintilian de arte oratoricâ,* in 4to., with emendations from several MSS., and the earliest editions of that admired work. It is very

surprising indeed how, with all his diligence, he could engage in and finish the several books now mentioned, and those on subjects so different, within the narrow compass of a year or two. But, in truth, nothing was too difficult for his studious ardor and uncommon industry in the promotion of learning. This edition of Quintilian at once stamped him as a critic of the highest order; it still remains without an equal. However, he soon left that task to others, and returned to the gratification of his own genius, and the improvement of the learned world, by his further application to the study of the antiquities of his own country. He accordingly chose, with great judgment, the best account extant of our own United Kingdom, viz. *Camden's Britannia*, a treatise so much celebrated by the world as to supersede the necessity of enlarging upon it; more than to repeat what has so often been said of its author, that "he has been to our late Antiquarians the same thing as Homer was of old to the Poets of Greece, they have usually borrowed or stolen the whole stock from him." Another enlarged and improved edition of this valuable work he again, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, and when Bishop of Lincoln, communicated to the world, with a life of the Author*. Then followed his *Vita Thomæ Bodleii Equitis Aurati*, together with his *Historia Bibliothecæ*

* 2 Vol. fol. 1722.

Bodleianæ, prefixed to a large volume intituled *Catalogi Librorum MSS. in Angliâ et Hiberniâ in unum collecti;* and the *Reliquiæ Spelmannianæ**, being the posthumous works of Sir Henry Spelman, relating to the laws and antiquities of England, with his life†; dedicated also to his Mecænas—the great and good Dr. Thomas Tenison, (now Archbishop of Canterbury,) whose patronage and encouragement he very gratefully acknowledges in his dedication. It was probably about this time, or soon after, that he was taken into the Archbishop's family as a domestic chaplain. His next treatise was the *Synodus Anglicana, or the Constitution and Proceedings of an English Convocation, shewn from the Acts and Registers thereof to be agreeable to the principles of an Established Church, with an Appendix of the Registers of the Upper House, and two entire Journals of the Lower House*‡. In consequence of recent controversies this work has been much sought after. Its object was to explain the constitution of the Convocation, or the Ecclesiastical Synod; (aiming at the same time to vindicate the power and prerogative of the Archbishop as President, against the attacks of Tindal, Collins, and the Freethinkers of the age; a set of men who seemed to think that no one could be a friend to liberty who was not an enemy

* 2 Vol. fol. 1697, Oxon. † Folio 1698, Oxon.

‡ London 1712.

to the Established Church;) and to compose, if possible, the unseemly conflicts which then took place between the Upper and Lower House of Convocation—conflicts which in the end proved fatal to their very existence. Although this synod was practically suspended in 1717, yet we must not hastily take for granted that the learning conveyed to us by this work thereby became worthless. By no means let us suppose so; for it is, believe us, one of the main fountains of the sacred Nile we must explore, if we really wish for a just conception of the judicial and ministerial duties of the Archbishops, their courts, and the like; and not wholly a barren field for those who love to revel in the *vexata quæstio* of the union of Church and State; or that of the power of Parliament over matters termed purely spiritual, as marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the like. Judging, too, from appearances on the political horizon, it may become ere long as useful as it was in the Author's day, to set at rest differences amongst the clergy themselves quite as unseemly, and, it is to be feared, quite as fatal in the end. It is a remarkable fact, and a proud boast for us, that two Westmorland-born men, viz. Dr. Gibson and Dr. Burn, in all matters Ecclesiastical, give laws to Westminster Hall; whence their opinions circulate as from the heart to the utmost extremities of the land—to the extremities of dominions upon which the sun never sets. It has been said that Gibson studied for the

bar, and intended to make the law his profession*; but we feel justified in disputing this, and in asserting, that neither of these men were trained up in the science or practice of the law. Their works are received on the bench, and at the bar, with a degree of reverence little short of those of the great oracle himself, Sir E. Coke. Such are the glorious results of studious ardor and unwearied industry in a free and enlightened nation! What a noble and soul-stirring spectacle, to behold two men rearing themselves by dint of personal prowess from a lowly condition of life, and sitting, though no longer present, in our ancient sanctuaries of Justice, administering her decrees, and with an authority of well-nigh infinite wisdom, speaking to the remotest lands and to ages yet unborn! Let us ask with the old moralist, "Who is the greater man, he that pronounces a sentence on the bench, or he that in his study reads us a lecture of justice† ?" But to return: On the convocation question, in which he took so lively an interest, many anonymous pamphlets are attributed to him, and seemingly on good authority‡; in this anony-

* See Memoirs of Dr. Codex, 1733.

† Seneca.

‡ A Letter to a friend in the Country, concerning the proceedings in Convocation in the years 1700, 1701—1703.

The Right of the Archbishop to continue or prorogue the whole of the Convocation, London 1701, 4to.

A Summary of the arguments in favor of the said rights.

mous warfare he seems to have had for the most part Mr. Foster, (afterwards Sir Michael Foster, the great crown lawyer,) as his chief antagonist; to whom it was an honor to be opposed on such a question, much more so to be opposed to him with anything like success.

We now come to his great work, the Codex; the title of this great work is "*Codex Juris Ecclesiastici Anglicani*, or the Statutes, Constitutions, Canons, Rubricks, and Articles of the Church of England, methodically digested under their proper heads; with a Commentary historical and judicial, and with an introductory discourse concerning the present state of the power, discipline, and laws of the Church of England; likewise with an Appendix of instruments, antient and modern, by Edmund

A Parallel between a Presbyterian Assembly and the New Model of an English Provincial Synod, London 1702, 4to.

Reflections upon a paper entitled "The Expedient Proposed," London 1702, 4to.

The Schedule of Prorogation Reviewed, London 1702, 4to.

The Pretended Independence of the Lower House upon the Upper House a groundless notion, London 1703, 4to.

A short Statement of some present questions in Convocation, London 1704.

The Marks of a Defenceless Cause in the Proceedings and Writings of the Lower House of Convocation, London 1703.

An Account of the Proceedings in Convocation in a cause of Contumacy upon the Prolocutors going into the Country without the leave of the Archbishop, commenced April 10, 1707.

Then follow his visitation, parochial and general, Sermons de excommunicatione, and Tracts relating to the Government and Discipline of the Church of England 1717.

Gibson, D.D., Archdeacon of Surrey, Rector of Lambeth and Chaplain to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, London, 1713." This celebrated work was formed and carried on under the eye of Archbishop Tenison; and the author had the benefit of the advice of some of the most eminent lawyers of the age. Indeed, as the learned concur in saying, if he had prepared nothing else he might be justly said to have spent the best of his days in the service of the church and clergy. His Biographer, Dr. Smallbrook, gives a decided preference to Gibson over Watson and all other writers on the same subject; and perhaps present opinion on the bench and at the bar confirms him in this choice; not to omit the approving tone of Sir William Blackstone. We cannot, however, help thinking that Watson's book (whether written by Watson or Page) is generally estimated far below its intrinsic worth: it is the book of a highly disciplined mind, thoroughly soaked in law. As judges on the bench have said that it was written by Mr. Page, we must kiss the rod; but it certainly bears the strongest impress of a civilian's pen, as Dr. Watson, the Dean of Battel, originally was. Perhaps both were concerned in it; if so, like the joint productions of Rubens and Snyders, of Turner and Landseer, it becomes doubly valuable, as the joint production of two master-minds. Two editions of this work having appeared before the Codex, the author of the latter had great advantages. Although Lyndwood's was the book upon

which Gibson pinned his faith, as, in his view, the best English canonist, yet in outline the Codex substantially resembles that of Watson, differing in this only, that the Codex contains the statutes and judicial authorities on reported cases in extenso, the other gives the legal effect. The one, in short, is the work of a well-trained lawyer; the other of a clergyman, but of a clergyman of the most profound, erudite, and extensive reading. Burn's Ecclesiastical Law, (which is now in its ninth edition, and which has in a manner superseded both,) adopts Gibson's plan as regards the statutes and decided cases, and arranges (if A, B, C, D, can, with any grace, be called arrangement) his matter alphabetically; but of this we shall have to write more at large in the life of Dr. Burn.

Before, however, we leave the subject of his works, we must take a glance at the "Life of Oliver Cromwell." It is suggested in Noble's House of Cromwell that he was the author of it; but independently of internal evidence derived from style, &c., the author's ignorance of Richard Cromwell's family, and especially of the connexion of the Bishop himself with the House of Cromwell, seems decisive in the negative; for it must be always kept in mind that Anna Cromwell, sixth daughter of Richard Cromwell, the widow of his uncle Thomas, lived till 1727, and lived with the Bishop on terms of nearest relationship*.

* See Life of Dr. Thomas Gibson.

It would seem that Gibson also proposed to draw up an Ecclesiastical *Institute* in imitation of Justinian's Institutes, as drawn from the vast digests of the Civil Law, but did not live to complete it. It would also seem that, while in the decline of life, he carefully examined all the records and registers of the cathedrals in England and Wales, with a view to a work, as it is supposed, on what he termed the Ecclesiastical Common Law before the Reformation. He made large collections and digested them, but did not publish them: where these manuscripts are we have not been able to discover.

Having rendered an account of some of his principal works, passing over the rest by a bare reference*, let us direct your attention to other matters—different, but of no less important a kind. Two years after the publication of his Codex, namely on the 14th December 1715, his friend Tennyson died, and was succeeded in Canterbury by Wake Bishop of Lincoln; who was succeeded in the latter See by Edmund Gibson, at the mature age of fifty-four. He held the Rectory of Lambeth, said to have been worth £.800 a year, for three years *in commendam*. At Lincoln he remained until April 1723, when, on the

* Sermons 1717; Assize Sermon 1702; Pastoral Letters 1728; Visitation Charges, &c.; Family Devotion; Treatise against Intemperance; Admonition against Swearing; Advice to persons who have been Sick; Trust in God; Sinfulness of neglecting the Lord's Day; Against Lukewarmness in Religion; A Collection of the Principal Treatises against Popery, 1738.

death of Dr. Robinson, he was translated to the See of London. The celebrated Dr. Cobden, Archdeacon of London, and Prebend of St. Paul's, was made his chaplain. It is well known (says Dr. Smallbrook) that he had a very particular genius for the right management of business, which he happily transacted by means of a most exact method that he used on all occasions. This is a talent that rarely falls to the share of men of great learning, who are generally better suited to matters of a speculative, than of a practical nature; and this he pursued with great advantage, not only in the affairs of his own diocese, which he governed with the most exact regularity, but of a vastly large district, by his great care in promoting the spiritual affairs of all the Church of England colonies in the West Indies: and indeed the Walpole administration were so sensible of his great abilities in transacting business, that there was committed to him a sort of Ecclesiastical Ministry for several years, and more especially on occasion of the long decline of body and mind in Archbishop Wake; when almost everything that concerned the Church was, in great measure, left to the care of the Bishop of London. On this high eminence he did as became a christian bishop, and has left the most lasting testimonials of his head and heart. He recommended several worthy and learned persons to the favor of the secular ministry; employed his interest in procuring an ample endowment from the Crown

for the regular performance of divine service in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall, and for the maintenance of a competent number of select preachers selected out of both Universities, with proper salaries; that men of worth might have an opportunity of being known, and that there might always be a due supply of persons to fill the pulpits of the metropolis.

Again, he was constantly on the watch against the repeated attempts to procure a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; which he considered the fences of the Church of England: for he was of opinion that it was unjustifiable to arm those hands with power that might possibly employ it, as was done before, against the ecclesiastical constitution itself: that there ought always to be a legal establishment of the Church, to a conformity with which some peculiar advantages might be annexed; and at the same time, with great moderation and temper, he approved of a toleration of all dissenters, except that *artful sect* which, under the appearance of an uncommon simplicity, wished to deprive the clergy of their legitimate emoluments and vested rights. But this proved his great stumbling-block; for in March 1736, a bill for the relief of the Quakers, as regards tithes, &c., was warmly supported by Sir Robert Walpole, and on the 3rd May was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 164 to 48; but was successfully opposed in the House of Peers by the churchmen and the lawyers, especially

by the Bishop of London, Lord Chancellor Talbot, and Lord Hardwicke. The rejection of this bill by a majority of 54 to 35, so ruffled the temper of the first minister of the Crown (according to Pulteney the hardest of men to provoke), that he bitterly complained of the vindictive spirit which reigned in the House of Lords, and was so acrimonious against the Bishop of London, to whom he attributed its defeat, that he withdrew from him the confidence which he had up to that time placed in him; and transferred into other hands the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs, with which he had been chiefly entrusted. The inveteracy displayed against this eminent prelate (as his biographer is bound to acknowledge) for the conscientious discharge of his duty, reflects no credit on the memory of Sir Robert Walpole. His esteem for the Bishop of London had been so great that when he was reproached with giving him the authority of a pope, he replied *and a very good pope he is*. Even after their disagreement he never failed to pay an eulogium to the learning and integrity of his former friend.

The scurrilous and anonymous pamphleteer, to whom we have before alluded, insinuates that at his first appearance in life he was a Tory, and continued so until he was made Chaplain to Archbishop Tennyson; which (adds he) occasioned the reflection *that he was a Tory by nature, and a Whig by grace*. He also says that at college he was *so hot*,

that he got the name of Jacobite. But as it is the author of "An Apology for Dr. Codex," that also says of our distinguished countryman, that he was a man of *mean* parentage, born *near* Westmorland, and the son of a fisherman! we may throw his authority to the idle winds, and retort upon him his own irony,

. . . . . Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. . . . . .

He declined a translation to Winchester; and was once esteemed, as Whiston says, *heir apparent of the Archbishop of Canterbury.* But his conduct on the Quakers' Bill had frustrated all his well-grounded hopes. On the death of Wake, the See of Canterbury was conferred on Potter: and when, on his death, in 1747, it was offered to Gibson he declined it, on account of his advanced age and increasing infirmities.

As we have already said, his heart was as sound as his head; attend, if you please, in this to one who had no other love for him than what was extorted by true merit. "And now (says Whiston*) I have spoken so much of Bishop—Archbishop Hoadly, of ———, I must say somewhat of Bishop Gibson; one of quite another character than the forementioned bishop and archbishop: one that I think married but once, and changed his diocese but once, viz. from Lincoln to London; one who

* Whiston's Life, by himself, 253.

has written several devotional and practical manuals with good reputation; one who performed divine offices in a sober, and grave, and solemn way, becoming a christian bishop; one of such great generosity that he freely gave the £.2,500 left him by Dr. Crow, once his chaplain, to Dr. Crow's own relations; and one who, in the reign of George the First, preached against that gross Court foolery of masquerades, and procured an address to the King from several of his brethren, the bishops, to put them down, though without effect: which in my opinion was an action both very bold and very meritorious." We know no higher praise than this from a man like Whiston, who knew him intimately, and who had no inclination to flatter him, as is self-evident; for amongst other severe remarks he says, "This bishop seemed to think the Church of England, as it just then happened to be established by modern laws and canons, came down from Heaven with the Athanasian creed in its hand." He used to call him "the heir apparent of the Archbishop of Canterbury;—the grand recommender to ecclesiastical preferments at Court," and the like; and winds up the whole by expressions of inward satisfaction (akin to revenge tinged with monomania), with respect to Gibson's exclusion from Court in Whiston's great astronomical year 1736; as if Gibson had been excluded from Court in that very year to prove the truth of Whiston's reveries respecting the influence of the heavenly bodies in that

year*. Reading the story of Dr. Crow's relatives and the good bishop, one cannot help repeating the aphorism, that the greatest actions of our lives are those we do in private; and his bold and fearless onslaught upon the Court for their gross tom-fooleries in masquerades and the like, recal to mind the brightest passages in the life of Bernard Gilpin; and the sublime truth, *that an honest man 's the noblest work of God.* How long his exclusion from St. James's continued does not satisfactorily appear; the fair inference, however, from the facts seems to be that many overtures were made to him, which he steadily refused to the hour of his death.

And admirable as were the general traits of his character, none were more so than his social virtues. Pride and haughtiness of demeanour were, it is true, imputed to him; but, as one might expect, such idle suggestions are only found sprouting on the congenial soil of anonymous publications; in the crapulous remains of men who batten on the ruined reputation of others. If any such impulse ever moved him it was what Pope expressed, when he said—

> " Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
> As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
> The centre mov'd a circle straight succeeds,
> Another still, and still another spreads;

* Whiston's Life, 255; and " Essay on the Revolution," 320, 324.

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast."

He was naturally a man of strong and vigorous constitution, but his health for a year or two before his death, had been giving way; if we look back to his Herculean labours, the surprise is how he stood up so long. He went to Bath in search of health, but—as many more have—found a grave.

He left behind him a large family well provided for. Whom, or when, or where, he married we know not.

The Right Rev$^{d.}$ Christopher Wilson, Lord Bishop of Bristol, married one of his daughters; and from this union sprung the present family of Upton of Ingmire Hall*. The Rev$^{d.}$ Dr. Edmund Gibson, a son, was buried at Fulham, April 21st, 1771; and George Gibson, Esq., his grandson, in 1782; a Mrs. Dorville, a grand-daughter, also lies buried there, with others of the same family.

* See Lysons's Environs of London, Fulham, 393. John Upton, whose birth was fatal to her, is still living. Whether Bishop *Wilson* was Westmorland-born, we cannot ascertain; Mr. Wilson of Ledstone Lodge, near Pontefract (formerly much engaged on the Turf), was his eldest son. The families at Casterton Hall and Dallam Tower are in no way connected with them, as the present venerable head of the former house has kindly informed us.

His remains were removed from Bath to Fulham Churchyard, September 17th, 1748, where, at the east end of the Church, he lies side by side with Robinson, Randolph, Louth, Sherlock, and others whose names will live when the fabric itself is no more. Near to them lie the remains of one of a different life and conversation—Theodore Hook. What a mighty leveller, what a great teacher is Death! On the tomb is inscribed

EDMUNDUS GIBSON, D.D.
Londinensis Episcopus obiit
6o Sept. A.D. 1748
ætat 79.

And upon a handsome marble monument inside the church, at the east end thereof, is the following truthful description of his character and virtues:—

To the memory of
That excellent Prelate,
Dr. EDMUND GIBSON,
Lord Bishop of London,
Dean of His Majesty's
Chapels Royal,
And one of the Lords of
His Majesty's most honorable Privy Council.
In him
This Church and Nation lost an able and real friend
and
Christianity a wise, strenuous, and sincere advocate.

His Lordship's peculiar care and concern for the constitution and discipline of the Church of England were eminently distinguished, not only by his invaluable Collection of her Laws, but by his prudent and steady opposition to every attack made upon them.

His affection for the State and Loyalty to his Prince were founded on the best principles; and therefore were upon all occasions fixed and uniform, and his zeal to establish the truth and spread the influence of the Christian religion displayed in their most instructive defence of it.

His pastoral letters will ever remain as the strongest testimony of the conviction of his own mind and of his affectionate attention to the most important interests of mankind.

Thus lived and died this good Bishop,
A great and candid Churchman,
A dutiful and loyal subject,
An orthodox and exemplary Christian.
Obiit Sept. 6, 1748, ætat 79.

William Preston.

BISHOP OF KILLALA, AND OF FERNS AND LEIGHLIN.

1730—1789.

"The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind."——ARMSTRONG.

WILLIAM PRESTON is one, and not the least, of that bright galaxy of talent which appeared all at once in Heversham School; Backhouse*, Preston†, Watson‡, Sir John Wilson§, and Ephraim Chambers‖, are names which must, so long as education endures, throw over the Vale of Levens intellectual sunbeams of no ordinary attraction and renown. And what, above all, shall we add of Thomas Watson, who gave to all of them (except to his son, the Bishop of Llandaff) the first rudiments of wisdom? May he rest in peace!

* Head Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge.
† Bishop of Ferns.
‡ Bishop of Llandaff.
§ Judge of the Common Pleas.
‖ Author of, &c., &c. See Lives.

And may the school which has contributed so largely to the advancement of knowledge and to the happiness of mankind, regain its ancient strength and prestige under the fostering control and management of its present obliging and able master* !

But Preston's intellectual powers were among the meanest of his virtues. He was a man whose life was pious, whose mind was enlightened by genius, enlarged by travel, softened by benevolence, and accomplished by society†. By his happy career and great success in life, he roused the jealousy of his old school-fellow and townsman, Watson, of Llandaff; which (for reasons better to be understood after reading Watson's own Memoirs) we class high amongst the excellencies of Preston's life; for there are many men whose censure is better than their praise,—whose jealousy is preferable to their love.

Preston was born at Endmoor in the township of Preston Patric, in the year 1730; and as already stated he was sent as a boy to the neighbouring school of Heversham. He was educated under Thomas Watson (the father of Richard Bishop of Llandaff), and, after his retirement, by Mr. Nicholson. From this school he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, with the exhibition of £.50 a-year, which belongs

* The Rev. J. H. Sharples; as to the endowment of it, &c. see p. 192.

† See Epitaph.

to this school; and in which he was a few years afterwards succeeded by young Watson. In time he became Scholar and Fellow of his College. The official entries in the College books are few and far between; but they show that he took his Bachelor of Arts' degree in the year 1753, and that of Master of Arts in 1756, and lastly, that he gave up his Fellowship in September 30, 1765, while Backhouse was tutor of the College. To this date his residence in college seems almost without a gap.

He now went upon his travels, visiting nearly every capital in Europe. He seems to have lived some years in Vienna, the capital of the Austrian Empire. The probability is, for we can produce no positive evidence of the fact, that he went as tutor to some scion of the house of Rutland. Watson, in a letter hereinafter mentioned, tells us that he *solicited* for Preston during his absence the Professorship of Modern History in the University of Cambridge; but as Professor his name does not appear in the Cambridge Calendar.

The Duke of Rutland had been, as the reader will find, the pupil of Watson, in Cambridge; but whether he introduced Watson to Lord Granby, or Watson was the true Mecænas, we are unable to determine. According to Watson's own account the credit was due to him; but so inordinate was the man's vanity,—so abominably conceited and selfish,

that when self or politics were concerned, he was not (as the Spectator says of Will Honeycomb in matters of women) he was not a very honest man.

But to return : The Duke of Rutland succeeded Lord Northington in the vice-royalty of Ireland, in June 1784, and continued there till October 1787. Preston went over with the Lord Lieutenant as his domestic chaplain; or, as the Duchess of Rutland has caused to be recorded on his monument, *Private Secretary* to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was probably both, and this will reconcile all the authorities on the point. His Grace, to mark his esteem for our countryman, conferred upon him the only vacant See during his administration, namely, the Bishopric of Killala. Gore, Bishop of Limerick, died, and Pery of Killala was translated to fill his place; then in 1784 Preston was consecrated Bishop of Killala. According to the college books, this took place December 24th, 1784. Here he remained until June 1788, when he was translated to the Sees of Ferns and Leighlin.

Now, in the order of time, falls a very important passage from the Anecdotes of Bishop Watson, written by himself, and which throws considerable light upon the characters of both. "About this time (says he), hearing that my old friend Preston, then Bishop of Ferns, was dangerously ill in Ireland, I felt my regard for him (*which had been*

lessened by his acceptance of a bishopric) returning with all its force, and I wrote the following letter to him:

"*Cambridge, April* 6, 1789.

"My Dear Lord,

"You have never written to me since you went to Ireland; I know nothing of you except by report. I cannot however suffer an ardent friendship of many years' standing to cool so suddenly, as not to be greatly interested in what I hear of you, and they tell me that you are ill, and dangerously ill. If the fact is so, and you think my consolation can be of any use to you, command me in any way, and to any extent you judge fit. Some twenty years ago, you were then, I believe, at Vienna, I preferred your interest to my own, in soliciting for you the Professorship of Modern History, and you wrote me word that you should die contented in having met with a true friend: that friend is still what he was then, and, though both our situations are mended, yet the principle of regard remains the same,

"I am," &c.

By way of breviary, as a postscript often is, follows this:—

"I ought not to give you advice, for you have not consulted me; and if you had, our feelings

may be different; but nothing should induce me to embitter the rest of my life in the squabbles of a college."

After the letter he makes this remark :—

" It was then reported that Preston was to have been translated to an English bishoprick, and to have been made Master of Trinity College."

How the dying prelate received this gentle reminiscence of supposed benefits conferred, and of college squabbles, we know not, but we do know how Hotspur would have received it and read it; how any well-regulated mind would have reflected on it. *His regard for Preston had been lessened by his acceptance of a bishopric!* Good Heavens! and yet he himself a few years before had accepted the Bishopric of Llandaff; and would have accepted any other he could have clutched from that time until the last moment of his earthly existence. But it was quite in the style of that Diogenes. The truth will out! nature will return in spite of every effort—

" Quamvis repellas furcâ tamen usque recurrit."

" It was reported (says he) that Preston was to have been translated to an English bishopric, and to have been made Master of Trinity." Here lies the mystery of his writing at all,—the pith and marrow of his tale: jealousy and disappointment

were the prime movers, at the bottom of this cool, cruel, hard-hearted, selfish, and unprovoked letter! Nothing would have stung him to the quick so keenly as such a translation, or of his succeeding to the Mastership of Trinity. The very idea, the very report was, like a piece of red cloth to a certain animal, enough to goad him to madness. "I ought not (adds he) to give you advice, for you have not consulted me." Why should the Bishop of Ferns consult a man who had no correspondence with him; who had no sympathies in common with him, who could have no love for him, and who was many years his elder in age? When he tells him that he solicited the Professorship of Modern History for Preston, to the neglect of his own interest, we must beg to say *Credat Judæus Apella!* Watson was the Professor of Chemistry, Professor of Divinity, and of other things, more particularly alluded to in his life; and therefore (assuming its truth) not to fill the chair of Modern History was an act of sublime self-denial, which none but a man of Watson's egotism would dare to talk of. He would have been fitted for it, just as well as he was for the University laboratory of chemistry,—we had almost said for the chair of Divinity.

However, notwithstanding this entire estrangement for so many years, they contrived to repair at their joint expense the school where they had been

educated, as appears by the following Inscription drawn up by Watson :—

Hanc scholam fundavit
Amplisque reditibus annuis dotavit
EDVARDUS WILSON,
De Heversham-Hall, Armiger,
MDCXIII.
Elapsis centum et amplius annis
Sepe et vallo conclusit
Et circumcirca arboribus consitis condecoravit
THOMAS WATSON,
Ab anno 1698vo usque ad annum 1737um
Ουχ ο τυχων διδασκαλος,
Vetustate tandem fere collapsum
Suis sumptibus refici curaverunt
Ejusdem olim simul alumni
RICARDUS WATSON, Episcopus Landovensis,
et
GULIELMUS PRESTON, Episcopus Fernensis,
MDCCLXXXVIII.

Watson was right in the report he heard of the dangerous illness of the Bishop of Ferns; for, in truth, at the date of the above letter he was on his death-bed, as appears by the following memorandum recorded in the Register of Ferns* :—

" The Right Reverend William Preston, Lord Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, died at the house of John Tidd, Esq., Clare Street, on Sunday the 19th day of April, 1789, at three o'clock in the morning."

* See Eicke's Eccl. Reg. 6 Vol. 255; see also Ib. 238.

Mr. Tidd was a barrister, and then resided in Clare Street, Dublin; but how connected with our countryman does not appear.

We do not find that the Prelate was ever married, although a gentleman of great intelligence and research, and in daily intercourse with the present Bishop of the See, appears to think otherwise. There are certainly, as he suggests, two or three clergymen of the same name within the Diocese; but if descendants in blood they have not inherited much, if any, of that which in him was "so enlightened by genius, enlarged by travel, softened by benevolence, and accomplished by travel;" in other words, they seem one and all devoid of the commonest rules of civility, and of intercourse with mankind. Perhaps, in charity be it said, our letters were intercepted and used as cartridge-paper by the rebellious army of the *King of Munster*. May those who follow be more fortunate in their inquiries, and succeed in wiping the cobwebs from his manuscripts and correspondence! We have sought in vain, too, for Mr. Tidd's descendants to clear up this difficulty. If we have only put future inquiry on the right track, we can then say with one whose name and writings will endure for ever, "we could wish to read one page more, but this is enough for our measure; we have not lived in vain."

The Duchess of Rutland caused a monument to be erected to his memory in the Cathedral, at Ferns:

as she was a woman graced with every virtue that adorns human nature, the inscription on his monument, recorded at a time when all was hushed but the voice of Truth, speaks volumes to his praise. The following is the

Inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. WILLIAM PRESTON, who was Private Secretary to Charles Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was promoted by him to the See of Killala, in 1785; to that of Ferns in 1787; and after a long and painful illness, which he sustained with the patience of a Philosopher and the resignation of a Christian, he died on the 19th April, 1789, in the 60th year of his age. He was a man whose life was pious, whose mind was enlightened by genius, enlarged by travel, softened by benevolence, and accomplished by society. This monument is erected to his memory by Mary Isabella Duchess of Rutland, as a memento of those virtues and talents which she respected and admired, and as a testimony of gratitude for a friendship most valuable to her in his lifetime, and which in its effects extended beyond the grave."

Richard Watson*.

BISHOP OF LLANDAFF, ARCHDEACON OF ELY, F.R.S., &c.

1736—1816.

. . . . . Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a Churchman, better than ambition.

SHAKSPEARE.

We often hear it said of a man of parts, "that he would have been conspicuous in any thing" he had undertaken; and the frequency of the fact makes the expression intelligible. Æsop was distinguished as a slave, and Shakspeare was not the least amongst poachers, as well as amongst poets; and had the lot of Newton, or of Napoleon, been cast amongst hewers of wood and drawers of water, they would have overtopped their fellows. Byron and Coleridge are not exceptions, although the one never reached mediocrity in the House of

* There is a fine portrait of him by Romney; an engraving of it forms the frontispiece of his Anecdotes.

Peers, nor the other could ever get out of the awkward squad of his regiment; and simply because neither would have elicited, nor deserved the compliment. The remark, however, might have been honestly made of the subject of the present memoir; for *in illo viro* (as Livy says of Cato Major) *tantum robur corporis et animi fuit, ut quocunque loco natus esset, fortunam sibi facturus videretur.*

But as John Locke (whose disciple in politics he always plumed himself on being) says, there is scarce any one without some idiosyncracy that he suffers by; so, indeed, had our fellow-countryman his, which he suffered by, and will seriously suffer from in the judgment of Time. There is one word in the English language, in which all that was mortal of him might be expressed, but which, at present (for in dispensing justice, the forms of trial cannot be dispensed with) we forbear to use. The curious, however, may like to know that the epithet alluded to was the *casus belli* between Mr. Alderman Blotten and Samuel Pickwick Esquire, and is found recorded in the first of the Posthumous Papers of the immortal Pickwick Club, to which these worthies in a Pickwickian sense belonged.

Dr. Johnson seems to have thought that to be the best memoir or life of a man which was written by the man himself. Whether he, with all his gigantic powers of pen and penetration, could have done what Boswell has done for him, or whether the opinion is conformable to general experience,

we need not now stay to inquire; seeing that Watson has written his own under the popular title of Anecdotes, and that no Boswell has entered the lists to contest the prize with him. The merits of the book itself we leave for review to a more seasonable moment. Suffice it now to observe, that it admits posterity behind the scenes on many interesting subjects, especially as to his own motives, and those of his order, on the most important concerns of the day; and which must have passed away as a shadow, or been left to deduction, if not so industriously recorded by his own hand: it also raises us, as to himself, to that height whence we ought to survey so vast a subject—to the vantage-ground of truth; whence we may see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below; whence we may track him through the windings of his varied life; watch his progress from youth to manhood; from Heversham school to the See of Llandaff; explore the mysteries of his fortune; detect the sources of his power; and the disturbing influences of his being. In a few words, whence we may survey the parts he sustained in the great drama of civil and religious liberty; tragedy rather let us call it, in the age in which he lived, wherein the destruction of the Altar and the Throne was the plot, the strongest men Europe ever saw were the actors, with the civilized world for their audience.

The anecdotes narrated of his swaddling days are

as extravagant, and as numerous, as any told of remarkable men. But such nursery tales are beneath the dignity of Biographical record; and although they might amuse some children of larger growth, as they could improve and instruct none, we shall not condescend to repeat them.

He begins the narrative of his own life thus: "I was born at Heversham, in Westmorland, in August 1737." This is one of the many inaccuracies in which the book abounds. The following is the register of his baptism from the church books, "Richard, son of Mr. Thomas Watson of Heversham, September 25, 1736." His mother's maiden name was Newton. He had a brother and sister both older than himself. The brother was afterwards a curate at Kendal, and died at an early age. For the place of his birth he ever retained a strong partiality; and his marriage into the ancient family of Wilson of Dallam Tower, while it flattered his vanity, added vastly to that love of fatherland, which nature has planted in the bosom of every one, and preeminently so, or they are much belied by the world, in the stalwart sons of Coniston, and Skiddaw, of Stainmore and Helvellyn.

Watson was educated at the village school of Heversham. This school had been, for many years, under the rod of his father the Reverend Thomas Watson, with no less credit to himself than to the benefit of the grey-coats around him; many of whom, with an astuteness beyond their kind, took

the happy tide that led on to fortune, and lived to see their sons, educated by him, deserving and honoured dignitaries in Church and State. He was master of this school from 1688 to 1737; and therefore the son is again in error when he says that his father had resigned before he was born. There is a monument to him in Heversham Church, with the following

Inscription:

Juxta hoc marmor
S. E.
Revdus. Thomas Watson,
Annos prope quinquaginta ludimagister
Haud inutilis
Obiit Nov. 12, { Ætat. 81. / Salut. 1753.

Whether, in truth, Mr. Watson found the school in that high condition in which he left it to his successor*, after near fifty years' superintendence, our present information leads us to no safe conclusion: if a conjecture might be hazarded, that would be, that he found it a cold statue and embraced it into life. Certain it is, that its habit and repute were good, and stretched far beyond the Vale of Levens, when the rod of power fell from his hands.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of the

* The Revd. Thomas Nicholson.

human race, that at stated intervals (the age of Pericles, Augustus, Leo X., and Louis XIV.) different parts of the civilised world have, at one and the same time, been lit up with such a pure, steady, and intense blaze of intellectual fire, that the glorious millenium seemed nigh at hand, when man's imperfect sight was to be superseded by immediate vision,—which blazed awhile, and then re-sank below the horizon, leaving the earth again to darkness, and to man. Let us pray, if ever again those glorious rays of the Sun of Light should reach this earth, that a second Newton be vouchsafed to us,—be generated in the midst of them, to explore the hidden mysteries of these wonderful phenomena, and to vindicate the ways of God to man. Is there aught of extravagance, of impiety, or of materialism in the conjecture, that the Intellectual of man has its diversities of seasons,—its spring-tide and harvest, its summer and winter, its day and night,—after the manner of the baser bodies describing its orbit around one common centre, whence its light is borrowed? But we will not pursue the thought,—may the spark fall where it will kindle! Again, what is true of the whole is also true of its parts. What has been predicated of the world at large, may be predicated of the narrow circle of a village school. From Litchfield Grammar School, for instance, there were, at one and the same time, about a century ago, no fewer than *five* Judges on the bench of the superior courts in

Westminster Hall. The lives of Gibson, Langhorne, and Dr. Burn, will afford other happy illustrations of our meaning. And this brings us to Heversham School; where we find about the same time William Preston, afterwards Bishop of Killala, and of Ferns and Leighlin; Richard Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff; Sir John Wilson, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas; Backhouse, afterwards Fellow and Head Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; and though last, not least in the scale of intellect and usefulness, Ephraim Chambers, the author (amongst other works) of the "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences."

At this school Watson was educated, and under Mr. Nicholson. It is possible that he might be, during a portion of the time, under Mr. Lee, but of this we are not quite sure. The increasing infirmities of the father, after his resignation, were such as to disable him from giving to his children the benefit of his experience. Indeed, in citing a passage from Erasmus' *Antibarbarorum*, Richard makes a touching allusion to his own mother, and to mothers in general; and assures us, that in after-life he looked back to her as the being who had

> " . . . . . led his tender years,
> With all a parent's pious fears,
> That nursed his infant thought, and taught his mind to grow."

Perhaps all, more or less (if they would but own

it), feel the quickening energies, the benign influence of a mother's care; the returning tides of time cannot efface it; death itself, that destroys all, has no dominion over it,—over the first impressions of the love of that mother that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness; of her, who first tuned the little tongue to lisp, and the little knee to bend in prayer to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

His father died on the 12th of November, 1753; having been afflicted much with palsy for several years. Richard's fortune was £.300.

About a year after this event, namely, on the 3rd of November, 1754, he was removed from school

> "To Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
> Where Science called him to her studious quire,
> And met him musing in her cloisters pale."

As luck would have it, an exhibition in Trinity from this school, enjoyed by Preston, at this moment fell in; and to this accident, rather than to any great proficiency in learning, or to any marked precocity of talent, did he owe his early matriculation*. He entered Trinity as a Sizar. He had, it is

* There are two Dallam Tower Exhibitions from this school of the annual value of £.50; namely, one to Trinity College, Cam-

said, three qualifications,—a good constitution, an insatiable ambition, and an obstinate accident: of the value of the last there would be no great harm in evincing a little scepticism; but the former was a mine of wealth if properly worked. He had, too, the advantage, and no mean one, to know Mr. Backhouse, who had been one of his father's pupils, and at that time Fellow and Tutor of the College. He set about his task with a resolution many make, but few fulfil; and he pursued his studies with the most unwearied industry.

The *belles lettres* seem to have affected him, as Toryism ever did in after-life, and as music, according to Pindar, affects a dog,—they disturbed and fretted him. He never had the classical zeal of the Baron of Bradwardine; and, indeed, with it, one may safely assert that he never would have made a Scaliger or a Bentley. The mathematics were more constitutional with him; as they seem

bridge, the other to Queen's College, Oxford. The school also nominates Candidates for the Exhibition on the Milner Foundation, at Magdalen College, Cambridge, of the value of £.80 a-year,; and for Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibition, in Queen's, Oxford, of the value of £.100 a-year, to be shortly increased to £.120. It is also endowed, but to what amount cannot well be ascertained, for there is a discrepancy between Burn and Watson on this point; probably they may be reconciled by adding the value of the land at Kendal, not now seemingly taken into account. Brougham, where art thou? The school is now ably conducted by the Revd. J. H. Sharples.

to be to most of his countrymen, judging from the low ebb of classical honours in that University, where the Muses are thought to reign supreme, and the long and proud list of Wranglers we have to boast of in the Cambridge Calendar. So intense was his application, that for two years and a half he was not from College a single day; he also took pupils as an under graduate. But the time was come when he was to reap the fruits of his amazing industry. In 1759, he obtained the high and distinguished rank of second Wrangler,—the dream, the ambition of many, the proud lot of few, and of still fewer at his early age. In May 1757, it should not be passed over, and before the usual time of a Sizar's sitting, he had obtained one of Lady Jermyn's Scholarships; laurels little inferior in value to those he was destined afterwards to reach; for Scholarships in Trinity, Cambridge, are the pure rewards of merit, and not (as we have had occasion elsewhere to say of another College) not the sops of servility, or the prescriptive rights of drivelling idiots! In his *great go*, or final examination, he was examined by Maseres, the distinguished mathematician, and afterwards Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer; and the first time he himself was Moderator (1763), he examined Paley.

When lolling on a bed of roses in after-life, he used to boast that when he was an under graduate,

he kept good company with Fellow Commoners and the like,—in other words, that he was either a tuft-hunter, or that he

> "Oft resolved,
> To drown his freshness in a pipe of port!"

Arrant nonsense! His tongue was not tuned to courtly lays; and debauchery, or even frivolity, was so inconsistent with his general habits, as to place the anecdote (if intended for one) beyond the pale of serious consideration. What amazing pains some men take to impose on themselves, and themselves on the credulity of mankind, as rakes, or Heaven-born wits! Strange infatuation! as if a sound understanding, with a habit of industry, were not worth more than the most brilliant imagination without it. Genius (says Buffon) is patient industry; and with that Watson was pre-eminently gifted. To use his own phrase, he was never a poet, but a man of prose.

His course of study was admirable. "I generally (says he) studied mathematics in the morning, and classics in the afternoon, and used to get by heart such parts of orations in Greek or Latin, as particularly pleased me. Demosthenes was the orator, Tacitus was the historian, and Perseus the satirist, whom I most admired." Another secret of his success was, that he regarded man as a ruminating animal, and by thinking over again what he had read made it his own; never being satisfied that he

understood a proposition in mathematics, or natural philosophy, until he had *proprio marte* mastered it in a solitary week; drawing the scheme in his head, and going through every step of the demonstration without pen, ink, and paper. Reader, go and do thou likewise. This is the way that leads to the Temple of Honour.

Watson's foot was now fairly on the ladder of fame; with Fortune smiling her happiest looks, and watching over him with the most parental solicitude. The very gossip of the Combination-room seemed to join chorus, and harmonise with his onward movements. Amongst other little circumstances of the kind, a rumour that his Johnian adversary had triumphed over him in his final examination by favouritism, rather than by overwhelming merit, gave him no trifling impetus. In such anxious moments of hope and fear, of joy and disappointment, such insect stories must needs get wing, and that man is not wanting in ability who can readily turn them to advantage. That there was more of truth than scandal in the tale, seemed impliedly admitted by the powers that be, by the subsequent change in the system of examination, and in the establishment of the Smith's prize: a system, odd and roundabout as it is, better adapted to secure to the most worthy the due reward of merit, and to check the petty purposes of such stumbling-blocks of literature as Mr. Moderator *Hog*. In October 1760, he was elected Fellow

of Trinity; and shortly afterwards made Assistant College Tutor. In November 1764, on the death of Dr. Hadley, he was elected Professor of Chemistry; in 1767 Head Tutor of the College; in 1769 F.R.S.; and, in October 1771, he succeeded Dr. Rutherford in the Chair of Divinity, a post of dignity and responsibility inferior only, if at all, to a bishopric. To this was annexed the Rectory of Somersham, in the county of Huntingdon.

We are now on the threshold of his public life, and crave permission to breathe awhile, that we may throw a passing glance back upon the past, and make our step sure for the future. Hitherto we have seen the seed striking root into the clefts of the rock, and almost with the rapidity of thought spreading over its sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation. In the retrospect, the eye delights to dwell on a raw-boned stripling from a village school in Westmorland, forcing his solitary but resistless way through every obstacle, to the summit of intellectual grandeur, and to the enjoyment of the choicest fruits *Alma Mater* has to bestow on her favourite sons. Here and there, too, flickering on the verge of the distant horizon, a glimpse may be caught of those *ignes fatui* that led him astray from the high road of safety, into that Serbonian bog of politics, wherein eventually all his earthly hopes and happiness were engulphed. From the boy let us turn to the man; from the romance of life to its realities.

Had he on taking his degree, following an

example not uncommon, laid his head on the lap of Indolence, and waked to dose again, his *venue* would have been local, and the circle of a snail might have served as the circumference of his being; but "*Cæsar altis rebus intendebat.*" Let us also call to mind, that in his day it was not the battle of the frogs and mice contending with bullrushes for the mastery of the fen; but giants at war with heaven and earth for all that was worth living for. Hence the necessity of a reference to, or brief outline of the *casus belli*, religious and political; of balancing them with care and judgment,—with motives, causes, and consequences, in order to form a just estimate of the character of any one who assumed a prominent part in the stirring scenes of that eventful period of English history.

He may be said to have commenced his public career in 1760, contemporaneously with that great and good man George III.: he died in 1816,—a long life, whether measured by time or circumstances. Cicero has somewhere said, "that true friendships are very rarely found amongst men engaged in posts of honour and concerns of state." That intimacy which cements such men together, by what name soever it may pass current, our countryman had with Grafton, Shelburne, Rockingingham, Rutland, Camden, Thurlow, Gibbon, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Louis Philippe*, Hayley, Cowper,

* The ex-King of France and his brother visited Watson at Calgarth Park, in 1802.

Sinclair, and with nearly all the choice and master spirits of the age,—with the American war, the French Revolution, Union with Ireland, Church Discipline Bill, Fox's India Bill, Representative Reform, the Catholic Question, and Test and Corporation Acts, as the battlefields on which they met to draw their claymores, and measure their strength with their gigantic adversaries. The war of opinion had now broken out, and every man of the age of discretion was a conscript on one side or the other. The questions more immediately pressing on the public mind, and which more or less continued to agitate it throughout the long reign of George III. were the balance of continental power, or the states-system, the balance of power at home, the right of the mother country to tax the American Colonies, and Wilkes's case which involved the legality of general warrants, and the freedom of election; together with the subordinate, but no less important matters referred to, as the India Bill, and the like. Such were the matters on which parties had joined issue, when Watson,

> "Who born for the Universe narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In one and all, either in preaching or pamphleteering, he had his share. He called himself a Whig; others called him a Republican. He called himself a political disciple of Locke; others said

that on reading the works of that great man he had forgot (as Warburton says of Mallet's life of Bacon) that he was a philosopher; above all, forgot that Locke was the author of "The Conduct of the Human Understanding." He certainly had not imbibed its philosophy, for Watson read but in part, and saw but in part, and thought but in part; and from his partial views, partial conclusions followed. Like one of the Marian-Islanders, he thought the spot he set his foot on was the entire world; that beyond the boundaries of the little Goshen cantoned out to him, all was chaos, where the light of truth never broke in; that there was no wisdom but in the books he read, and read through his lens. Hence his ribaldry respecting Johnson, and Burke; hence his admiration of Wilkes, Hoadley, Paine, Robespierre, *et id genus omne;* hence his unmanly and unconstitutional expressions of the King and Queen; hence a life (speaking of him as an ecclesiastic), a life which was one-continued lie to his creed. Nature had designed him for a democrat, and his early connection with Lord Granby, and other pupils from the ranks of the Whig aristocracy, aided by the *liberality* of principle in which the University of Cambridge then initiated her sons, gave a filip to his party prejudices.

He made his *début* on the public stage of politics in an Assize Sermon, preached before the Judges, and the University, in 1769; and as (according to

Seneca) the first breath we draw is but the first motion to the last, this was but one of a series, acquiring in their course the usual violence and acerbity, and the usual amount of notoriety. The political sermons he himself set the greatest value upon were, "The Principles of the Revolution vindicated," and his "Fast Sermon,"—models of composition for the Churchills, the Prices, and Horne-Tookes of his own day, and the Wades of this! Political Sermons! what a paradox! But why, you will ask—why now rake up from the dust of oblivion the putrid ashes of the Vicar of Brentford, or the profligate friend of the profligate Wilkes? Depend upon it, they are but the representatives of a class; a class to which the Professor of Divinity belonged. Their hearts might be coloured gule, and his tinctured sable, but the deep ruling impulse was the same in both. How any man can dare to enter the Holy of Holies with the ribald refuse of political strife in his hands; or even hope by an appeal to the worst passions of the heart, to produce the repose of peace and goodwill towards one another, or to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, has always been a mystery to us. Perhaps the solution is, that they themselves neither know nor care. To move the people to the release of Barabbas is their only study, as well as only pleasure. In few words, to make up a political parson there goes more malice prepense, more selfishness, more hyprocrisy,

more self-conceit, and more cowardice, than to make up any other given character. He who preaches war is the Devil's chaplain, may be a trite, but it is a very true saying.

In our younger days, it came to pass that the sexton of a parish not many miles from St. Giles', in the city of Oxford, had a hopeful son whom he brought up, not as Emanuel Jennings did his, to the safe employ of a corn cutter, but to the precarious one of the prize ring,—a very unsafe one, as events proved,—the young sexton having been obliged ultimately to leave his country for his country's good. This lad, in process of time, aspired to the championship of the light weights. At that time the belt was worn by the late Dick Curtis. A challenge was sent—accepted; the men went into training, as Charles Albert and Radetsky have done of late, and the fight came off, not on the Mincio or the Adige, but at a place called Hurly Bottom, on the banks of the Thames. The Oxford Pet, as he was called, proved the better man. The news of his good fortune was brought to the anxious parent with all the rapidity (remember there was no steam nor telegraphic wires in those days) with all the rapidity of an Oxford hack. Overpowered with joy, he rushed instinctively to the church, and rung the bells a right merry peal. The parson too was overjoyed, for the wish was parent to the thought that the sun of Toryism had set the night before in the Imperial Parliament.

He made no inquiries, and slept upon his innocence. On the following morning, the *Times* brought the news of an adjourned debate. "Why did the bells ring?" exclaimed he. Chagrined, troubled, and disappointed, off he ran to the sexton, and it is needless to add that the gravedigger's occupation was soon gone. On the following Sabbath-day, this worthy divine from the pulpit, as he was wont, poured over a pious and religious congregation the crapulous remains of his over-week's political debauchery. The ex-gravedigger, as a parishioner, remonstrated, but took nothing by his motion, save and except an indictment for brawling, followed by fine and imprisonment. Such are the rewards and punishments when man has their distribution!

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura Columbas;

"The doves are censured, while the crows are spared."

Let us not be misunderstood. The Clergy of this kingdom, as a body, demand our utmost praise. They are for the most part men of learning; men of great purity of life and conversation; men of great earnestness in the cause of Truth. But the rose itself has its cankerworm, and the men we have been writing of are the cankerworms of the Church.

Ambition, Watson's ruling passion, his besetting sin, did not allow him to stop here. The Sermon was but the prologue of the piece. He scrupled not

to turn the Lecture Room of Trinity into a political debating society. He hesitated not to promulgate the "Rights of Man" from the Divinity Chair; he perverted the influence and revenues of that sacred Professorship, extorted by him from the Crown, to corrupt the purity of election, of which he affected to be the champion, and to make the Borough of Cambridge a rotten borough to please the Duke of Rutland. While he was Professor of Divinity, the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, where he had property in right of his office, were through him the hot-beds of disaffection. If the minister for the time being wanted his nominee returned, Watson was ready to lend a helping hand. If the discontented wanted an inflammatory address drawn up to the Crown or to Parliament, Watson's pen was ready dipped in gall. If the Senate at Cambridge was to be divided, that political intrigue might triumph in Whitehall, Watson was ever a ready tool for ministers to work with; and the incense of flattery offered up to him by the great and small made him first a fool, then a knave, and lastly a mitred Jacobin.

But if his evil manners are to be engraved in brass, are his virtues to be written in water? Christianity forbid it! As it would be idle in a work of this description (which at most can be but a summary of individual life) to attempt a critical review of his various works, we must needs make a selection; but still such an one as may prove the tree by its fruits; one that will fairly demonstrate

the bent and powers of his mind; his reflections upon religious, political, and philosophical subjects; their effect upon his own life; and, above all, his authoritative influence upon the lives and characters of his fellow-citizens.

Of his politico-religious writings (and their name is Legion*) two of the most important are those

* "Chemical Essay," 4to. Camb., 1768. "Christianity consistent with every Social Duty," Assize Sermon, 4to. Camb., 1769. "An Essay on the Subject of Chemistry and their general Division," 8vo. Camb., 1771. "Chemical Essay," 8vo. Lond., 1771. "Sermon on the King's Accession Days," 4to. Camb., 1776. "*The Principles of the Revolution vindicated*," *4to. Camb.*, 1776. "A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, 25th Octr. 1776," 4to. Camb., 1776. "A Discourse delivered to the Archdeaconry of Ely," 4to. Camb., 1780. "Fast Sermon," 4th edit., 8vo. Camb., 1780. "A Letter to His Grace the Archp. of Canterbury," 2nd edit., 4to. Lond., 1783. "Sermon on the 30th Janr. before the House of Lords," 4to. Lond., 1784. "An Address to Young Persons after Confirmation," 8vo. Camb., 1788. "A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Llandaff," 8vo. Camb., 1788. "An Address on Confirmation," 12mo. Lond., 1789. "Sermons on Public Occasions," and "Tracts on Religious Subjects," 8vo. Camb., 1788. "*A Collection of Theological Tracts*," 5 *vols. 8vo. Lond.*, 1791. "Charge to the Clergy of Llandaff," 4to. Lond., 1792. "Sermon at the Dispensary, in 1785, with an Appendix," 4to. Lond., 1793. "Two Sermons," and a "Charge to the Clergy," 8vo. Lond., 1795. "*An Apology for the Bible*, *12mo. Lond.* 1796. "An Address to the People of Great Britain," 14th edit., 8vo. Lond., 1798. "A Charge to the Clergy," 4to. Lond., 1802. "Speech in the House of Lords, Novr. 22nd, 1803." "A Sermon preached before the Society for the Suppression of Vice, May 3rd, 1804," 8vo. Lond., 1804. "*Two Apologies—one for Christianity, the other for the Bible* (*Gibbon and Paine*)," *8vo. Lond.*, 1806. "Charge to the Clergy," 8vo. Lond., 1808. "Tracts on various Subjects," 8vo. Lond., 1815. "Anecdotes of his own Life," 4to. Lond., 1816.

which sprung out of the ever-memorable controversies with Gibbon and Paine, entitled "Apology for Christianity," and "Apology for the Bible"—by the bye, two very bad names for two very good books. Gibbon, the intelligent reader will remember, had, in the year 1776, returned from Lausanne, in Switzerland, laden down with the spoils of literature from every age and clime, heralded with all the prestige that the learning of books could give him, and the closest intimacy with D'Alembert, Didérot, Barthélémy, Raynal, Héraud, Helvétius, Voltaire, and others, could throw around him; but above all, with the materials and the avowed resolve to carry out that grand design which, in very boyhood, he had conceived and planned to bridge the great abyss, the dark illimitable ocean that divides the ancient from the modern world. In "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," (that gigantic effort of human genius and human industry, which at once placed posterity on the vantage ground of Truth, England on the proud pre-eminence of learning, and its author on the highest pinnacle of intellectual grandeur,) it was an essential feature in the scheme to trace the origin, progress, and establishment of Christianity, and to point out how and by what causes it stood affected amid the ruins of that last Temple of the ancient world. This was the subject-matter of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of this great work. In general, it was received as it deserved, with the most profound admiration.

With the vast learning, the amazing industry, the power of generalization, the philosophic mind, the surpassing eloquence displayed in the accomplishment of the design, the enlightened—the truly intelligent stood amazed. But the two Universities rose *en masse* against him, and laid to his charge (as he said) things that he knew not of. As the *primary* cause, Gibbon asserted the irresistible evidence of the doctrine itself and an All-wise and over-ruling Providence. As *secondary* or human causes aiding its progress and establishment, he assigned five, namely, the zeal of the Christians, the doctrine of a future state, the miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive Church, the pure and austere morals of the Christians, and the union and discipline of the Christian Republic.

But they charged him with having, from malice prepense, dexterously eluded or speciously conceded the Divine origin of the Christian religion. They charged him with duplicity; that, Janus-like, he had one face beaming with honesty and benevolence, another charged with insincerity and malevolence; that while he gathered together the ashes of St. Cyprian and the Saints under the pretext of worship, it was but in scorn and mockery of their authority. They said, that while the throes of expiring Paganism could touch the tenderest notes of pity's lyre, and the rise of Mahometanism fire his soul to living ecstacies, Christianity was like the dull resting of a stone upon him, and failed to

interest or to move him, except to bile and bitterness. Gibbon's adversaries, in this memorable controversy, seem for the most part to have written their names and matter as the Sibyl did her prophecies, on the loose leaves of trees, and committed them to the mercy of the inconstant winds; for every trace of their existence is well nigh obliterated. At this distant point of view it requires a lens as powerful as that of Lord Rosse—it requires the most microscopic eye to discern their genus and difference. If a conjecture, by way of definition or description, might be hazarded, one would be inclined to class them under the genus *Alogi*, who fed on the husks of Christianity; their difference being plodding mechanics, lynx-eyed grammarians, and ill-tongued reptiles, who took raillery for reasoning, the rules of grammar for the rules of logic, and the acracadabra of presumption for common sense; who thought that the grandeur of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" could be detected by the sense of smell.

> . . . . "Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is Man*!"

Had its author been encountered in the mild, and forgiving, and charitable spirit of that Gospel they professed to believe and advocate, in all human

* We must except Sir D. Dalrymple and Dean Milner.

probability the magnetic needle, when its disturbing influences had been removed, would have settled on the true point of quiet. Truth once more might have fondly clasped the supposed prodigal in her arms; and he, by a life of repentance, might have done her more honour and service than the most violent of his opponents, certainly more than their idol St. Cyprian ever did. But he was to be treated as an alien enemy, as an infidel, as one beyond the pale of the Church, and Lynch-law was their rule of action. This was the treatment Gibbon met with, especially in that University where he had received a part of his education; and thenceforth his memory, until later travellers—the learned Guizot and their gifted Milman—following the same track in the mighty desert, have demonstrably shown, that if Gibbon had not traced to their sources all the streams of our sacred Nile, that he had, at least, been at the source of some of them, and that his account was true. Milman! the University of Oxford owes thee an eternal debt of gratitude. But let us turn to the sister University, and, above all, to the Professor of Divinity. Watson at once stood forth and took up a bold, a manly, and dignified position; he went not into the purlieus of Billingsgate for his rhetoric, nor into St. Giles's for his arguments; he cared not whether Eusebius was correctly translated, whether this was a mis-statement or that was a mis-statement, this a misprint or that a misprint; he felt his cause was

just, and was animated to action. In a series of letters to Gibbon, replete with manly sense, he defended, as he supposed it to be, his assailed and insulted Church. He reviewed, one after another, the various causes assigned with such ease and temper, that they who wavered before wavered no more, and induced even Gibbon himself to solicit his friendship. Placing the hand over the ill-starred title-page to hide it from view, these letters may still be read with great interest and advantage. We now come to his *Apology for the Bible*, (what a title!) or his answer to *Paine's Age of Reason*. Twenty years had now rolled over his head since his controversy with the author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" and such twenty years! Time, too, had not been idle with Watson; for, amongst other changes in life, he had been married (21st Decr. 1773) to Dorothy, eldest daughter of Edward Wilson, Esq., of Dallam Tower. In 1774 he had been made Prebend of Ely, and in January 1780, Archdeacon of Ely; in August 1780, Rector of Northwold, in Norfolk; in 1781, Rector of Knaptoft, in Leicestershire; and in 1782, elevated to the Episcopal Bench as Bishop of Llandaff. Not that his promotion in the Church aided him at all in strangling this horrid monster from the den of Trophonicus; nay, if at all, it operated as a drawback on his energies. In the year 1795 the second part of the *Age of Reason* was thrown by Paine upon the world, as he was on

his way to the Luxembourg prison, in Paris—a book, the contents of which are so awful, so abhorrent to all our ideas of things in Heaven and things on earth, that the very recollection of them brings on a shudder and makes the very flesh creep on the bones of a sentient being; the concentrated essence of blasphemy and atheism, the most disgusting, horrible excrement of a depraved mind that ever issued from the pen of man or the public press; a book, come hot from hell with Atè by its side, that Satan might have written with Belial for the scribe. This was printed and circulated with such industry amongst the lower orders as to endanger the common safety of the realm; scarcely a pothouse was without one, and no few had been, to use a Tyburn phrase, planted in the cottages of the poor. The common hangman had, *ex officio*, burnt the book; but its very ashes had spread a pestilential malaria around. The arm of the law was paralysed, the passions of the rabble were excited, the foundations of morality undermined, and Jacobinism was making a dangerous inroad into the State; but there was ground to hope that the national character was sound at core, and that reason and morality, if appealed to, would not be appealed to in vain. Watson, taking this manly view of it, with feet shod with Truth, stepped forth at his country's call, and with a giant's arm laid the audacious fiend at his feet. In the same free, easy, and popular style, and with the same good temper

as evinced in Gibbon's Controversy, he detected and neutralized, by the tests of reason and common sense, the subtle and deadly poison. In all human probability, if the antidote had not been thus timely and effectually administered, nothing could have saved this country from the anarchy and confusion of the French Revolution. George the Third, Burke, and Pitt, were the master-minds of the age, the generals that planned the lines of our defence; yet the services of Watson rise to view, and demand our homage and our prayer. Some there were, and some there are, who still think that what was imputed to Gibbon might be so equally to Watson. Bishop Hurd, amongst others, used to say of his answer to Paine, that *it was well enough if he was in earnest.* He certainly wrote as if he neither believed nor felt; but it was his misfortune, not his fault. There is now a man high in the legal profession whose language is pure and, at times, eloquent, yet with a face so humorously set that jurymen who are strangers to him never believe him to be in earnest; and yet not a man in Court feels more intensely, or has a more just sense of his duty to his client. We find no fault with those upon whose minds Watson's language produces a like effect; but, as in the advocate alluded to, we think there is no ground for the suspicion of insincerity, or want of zeal for the cause of true religion. Being naturally a strong-minded man, free from the leaven of the schoolmen, for he never read or

thought much about their divinity, his style of diction corresponded to his views, and, by its popular form, increased the suspicion. Gibbon, we suspect, fell under the same imputation, but in another form; and in our time has Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, in his celebrated Essay, entitled *Historic Doubts relating to Napoleon Buonaparte*—a work of signal merit, and a thorough refutation of Hume and the Scotch philosophers on miracles. In answer to Paine no other style would have answered the purpose; even that of the divine Hooker would have failed. Thousands could have written more learned things on the subject; Watson alone could write an answer to Paine's "Age of Reason;" and, as a fact, was the only man who did so. In America, as well as in England, the "Apology" was hailed with joy; and, to show their gratitude to the author, our brethren across the Atlantic elected him a Fellow of the American Society of Arts and Sciences, and Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society; in England, he got—nothing but kicks and halfpence.

His Chemical Essays may be reviewed in a few words. On the 19th November, 1764, he was, as already mentioned, elected Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge; and within a few months, not knowing anything of the subject before, wrote some of them. The rest were published later in life; but none of them, devoted as he was

to the laboratory, show either originality or power in any way to extend the landmarks of the science. They are written in his usual off-hand style; indeed, he could embody his thoughts in no other, upon such subjects, and may be read with pleasure by the general reader; but the man of science will hunt in vain for new or great ideas. He esteemed himself the Prince of Chemists; he arrogated to himself the honour, not only of recommending it to the University of Cambridge, but to the notice of the kingdom in general. Depend upon it, if he found the science in its infancy, he left it in its cradle. He was wont to boast much and often of his knowledge of salts, and about some supposed suggestion as to the manufacture of gunpowder, that is, the making charcoal by distilling the wood in iron cylinders or close vessels; and used to complain that he had not a pension from Government for it. Probably for the same reasons, and upon the same grounds, that the wife of Sir William Hamilton afterwards claimed an annuity from the public purse, for being the cause of the victory of the Nile. He seemed to have some compunctious visitings of conscience about this supposed discovery, as he deemed it, squaring with his duty as a minister of peace, but with a man so liberal-minded any qualms of the kind that started up in his breast were easily charmed again. He was one of the Trustees of the Hunterian Museum. For this Professorship of Chemistry he obtained from

Government, through his political influence, a stipend of £.100 a-year. Pray how many professorships are paid out of the public purse? and how are the enormous revenues of the Universities applied?

Nearly allied to those are his mineralogical pursuits—allied in degree and in kind. After his marriage into the Dallam Tower family, he was a constant visitor there, especially during the University long vacation. Whilst there, he used to ramble about the hills and dales with a hammer in his pocket, as the Sedgwicks and Bucklands do now-a-days, chipping any little pebble he stumbled over; probably to see whether it was the philosopher's stone, or contained any appearances of that precious metal which has been recently discovered in such quantities in California. In one of these rambles it chanced that he got to the top of Helm Crag, not many miles from Kendal, and picked up a substance, which he at once pronounced to be thrown from Ætna or Vesuvius, or some volcanic crater. On his way home he came, naturally enough, to the conclusion (naturally we say, for what we wish we readily believe), that Helm Crag itself was an extinct volcano. At the dinner table he produced this piece of lava as proof conclusive of his amazing discovery. The authority of a professor fresh from his laboratory and still fresher from the University of Cambridge, could not be gainsayed; the gentlemen too well bred,

the ladies too gallant to attempt it. There was one man, however, within hearing on whom all this excited but pity and a smile—the old family-butler. Of course he said nothing then, and Watson's discovery was all in all: but on the following morning, finding the Doctor in the library poring over the lava and taking notes, thinking probably that the honours of Dallam Tower were now at stake, and with the privilege of his order, administered to him this salutary information:—"Dr. Watson, excuse me, but I thought I heard you say at the table yesterday that Helm Crag was an extinct volcano. I don't know what an extinct volcano is, as I never saw one, but I do know that when I was a lad, my father and I had a blast-furnace on Helm Crag, and that 's a piece of the cinder from the very spot." Facts are stubborn things: the Doctor looked aghast over his spectacles, put up his note-book, and with a gold guinea silenced, at least until the Doctor's departure, the discovery of the Doctor's ignorance.

> "Non meus hic sermo, sed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
> Rusticus, abnormis, sapiens."

Seriously speaking, these and such as these are the facts and deductions and levers by which the Watsons of the present age threaten to overthrow the Mosaic account of the world's creation! May Heaven have heard, without offence, their arrogant pretensions!

His Agricultural Essays are characterized by a like barrenness of invention, and observation. His inordinate self-conceit made him boast what great things he had done for the County of Westmorland in the way of agriculture—

. . . "risum teneatis, amici?"

It was a boast near akin to that of his being the father of English chemistry: without doubt, he had told it so often that at last he honestly believed it himself; like the Marian-Islanders spoken of by Locke, he probably thought that the County of Westmorland was enclosed by the mountain girdle that encircles Lake Windermere; or did not, in fact, extend beyond the palings of Calgarth Park*. Certain it is, that the state of agriculture of the County of Westmorland, whether it consisted (to use his own words) "in building farm-houses, blasting rocks, enclosing wastes, making bad land good, or in planting larches," owed and owes no more to the Bishop of Llandaff, than the Goodwin Sands do to Tenterden steeple. As Wordsworth says of Peter Bell—

"A primrose on a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

He gained, it is said, in 1789, a premium from

* See his calculations of rain in Anecdotes, 301.

the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

His private letters are admirable; elaborate in composition, especially those to Lord Granby and other noble pupils, but full of instruction; we know no letters that could be read with greater edification and advantage by those destined for the higher walks of life. His suggestions on the Government of Ireland, and its Church, the Discipline of the Church of England, the equalizing of its revenues and its duties, are still valuable.

It has been already noted that in 1782 he became a spiritual peer; and as he died in 1816, he had a seat in Parliament about thirty-four years. During this long and unparalleled period of England's History, he took little part in the general debates of the House—demeanour not unusual and not unwise in those of his order. But in a Writ of Error on General Resignation Bonds,—on the Commercial Treaty with France,—the Regency Bill,—the Peace with France,—and the Union with Ireland,—he took a prominent part. He always spoke like a man of sense, and the House respected him; individual members complimented him. His speeches were, however, too elaborately prepared to be effective; in a word, as Plutarch says of Themistocles, "*quamvis naturæ suffragio adjuvaretur, tamen eloquentiæ eruditionis expers erat.*" The principles of the Revolution were his darling topics, which Whigs and Tories received, as Whigs

and Tories receive everything, just as they please. His pulpit-eloquence was much admired; his voice was full, his action graceful, and his delivery correct.

We must now hark back upon the morning quest. We will begin with the year 1781, when he had fairly "ventured, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, on a sea" of politics. In that year the Duke of Rutland gave him the Rectory of Knaptoft, in Leicestershire. On the 26th July, 1782, through the same family influence, he was promoted, as already stated, to the See of Llandaff. He was also Archdeacon of Ely, having before that purchased a prebendal stall there, with a sinecure Rectory in North Wales given him by the same good-natured, easy, liberal-minded gentleman. That his political sermons, his *cacoethes scribendi*, his devotedness to the Rockingham Administration, his profligate prostitution of his sacred office to please the Duke of Rutland and to aid the cause of the Heaven-born Wilkes, were amongst the causes of these successive promotions, no thinking man can waver about. He seems anxious in after-life, as appears from his own Memoirs, to get rid of the soft impeachment; but his very effort carries conviction with it—the natural effect of a guilty conscience. For fear of mistake, let us sum up his various official appointments. He was Bishop of Llandaff, Archdeacon of Ely, Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and *in com-*

mendam Rector of Knaptoft, and Rector of Somersham, producing together a very large income. Besides this, an old pupil, a Mr. Luther, of Ongar, in Essex, had bequeathed to him, in 1786, a legacy in all of £.26,500. Here was wealth for the wealthiest and honours for the most ambitious, even for a Wolsey; yet they satisfied not Watson's hunger, nor slaked his thirst. He kept grumbling and growling to all around him of his own unbearable poverty, and the neglect of him by the powers that be. He left no stone unturned to heap Pelion upon Ossa of his already abundant stores; above all, to be translated to a wealthier diocese. And yet he could use this expression,—"The highest offices in Church and State resemble a pyramid, whose top is accessible to only two sorts of animals —eagles and reptiles. My pinions were not strong enough to pounce upon its top, and I scorned, by creeping, to ascend its summit. Not that a Bishopric was then or ever an object of my ambition*." His true temper and frame of mind now began to show itself against friend and foe; his *vehementissima gloriæ cupido*, which had been his polar star and had led him on to fortune, took its natural course, and ended in its natural way. "Wisdom for a man's self (says Bacon) is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house some time

* See Life, 71.

before its fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes sine rivali* are many times unfortunate: and whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned."

Finding his friends in power unwilling or unable to gratify his restless ambition, he turned to the rising sun of William Pitt; hoping by that means to soften down, or remove from the Royal mind, the barrier against his further progress to wealth and power. But Pitt was born for a higher destiny than to play second fiddle in the overture of William Tell. As it is no mean part of worldly wisdom to convert the elements of resistance into a friendly power, some might blame the Prime Minister for the rejection of this proffered armistice; as Watson could have written on one side as fast as on the other, as he could be a Hoadley or a Jenyns at will. But Pitt knew his man, and preferred honesty in rags to knavery in lawn. Thus a political outcast, fallen like Lucifer never to hope again, he resolved, *under the pretence of ill health*, to withdraw from the world to Calgarth Park, on the banks of Windermere Lake, and there spend the

remainder of his days in the service of himself—a service one and undivided for upwards of thirty years. Had the shade of Alexander visited the cynic in this spot, like his great prototype Diogenes in the tub, he would have ordered him to stand off, that he might see the sun—not the sun of Heaven, but the sun of his own creation.

The question will naturally suggest itself, what became, during all this time, of his Diocese of Llandaff? What became of his parishioners at Knaptoft and Somersham, and of his duties in Ely? Pause awhile, and then—read on. There were in those parishes of which he was Rector, as well as in Ely, full-grown men and women (horresco referens!) who did not even know him by sight. They knew him by name, but they knew no more of him. The sinecure Rectory in North Wales, which he gave in exchange for his Prebendal Stall, he saw once. From 1786 the Chair of Divinity was filled by deputy. As regards the Diocese of Llandaff it may safely be asserted that, from 1782 to 1816 he was not within it more than *ten* times, and then only for a few days for the purposes of visitation, confirmation, and the like. From 1789 to 1816 between eight and nine months in the year he lived nearly two hundred miles distant, blasting rocks, planting larches, and writing anecdotes of himself. We look in vain for one single act of charity; we listen in vain for even the vague tradition of one within the ambit of his Diocese, or

of the parishes whence his income was derived, or where he lived. The remainder of the year was spent, for the most part, in London, as a spiritual Peer of Parliament. How he demeaned himself there in general has been partly stated; but we must now add that he never of himself introduced any measure to carry out his views. He always came up to town, however, with something ready cut and dried *to remedy the evils of non-residence, and to improve the poorer Bishoprics from the spoils of the wealthier ones*, which, from prudential motives, were delivered to the pious keeping of some less interested law-giver. Of course, livings held *in commendam* were excepted*! His non-residence was attributed to the want of an Episcopal Palace within the Diocese. In the name of our native county, was there no house within the Diocese of Llandaff suitable for the son of a village schoolmaster? His Lord and Master was laid in a manger! At Knaptoft there was a residence†, in Ely there was a residence, in Somersham there was a Rectory House; the pretext, therefore, was too flimsy to be believed. It was not true, it was false; and yet when it suited his purpose he could say, "Pluralities and non-residence are scandals in the Christian Church as a Church, and injurious to those interests of the State, for the promotion of

* See Gilpin's Life.

† See in "Gent. Mag.," 1816, a wood-cut of it.

which it is at the expense of maintaining a Clergy*." Bernard Gilpin, *the Northern Apostle*, thought it was well nigh as lawful to have two wives as two livings; but Gilpin was an honourable man, a sincere and devout Christian, and one whose life never gave the lie to his creed. Watson now hated the Church and all that belonged to it, except its revenues; and his commands to the poor parson of Windermere Church, never to read the Athanasian Creed in his presence, were given in pride of power rather than from any thought or anxiety for the souls of others. His proposed legislative enactments proceeded from the same, or from meaner motives. What a paradox is man! How infinite in contrarieties! As Dr. Watson he panted for an equality of ecclesiastical property, yet as a Peer of the Realm his heart was cold and his tongue listless! To Dr. Watson non-residence was an abomination, yet to the Bishop of Llandaff absenteeism was a virtue, and planting larches on the banks of Windermere a conscientious discharge of his duty as a Bishop of the Church of Christ.

Before we leave this part of his character, we must notice the insinuation or rumour that he had, during Pitt's administration, the offer of the See of Carlisle. We ourselves would rather believe that Sir James Lowther never existed, than believe that he either directly or indirectly countenanced such

* See Life, 159.

an idea. There is no positive evidence of the fact; and probabilities amounting to moral certainty are not to be outweighed by the bare suggestions of a distempered will.

When the tone of the mind, the source of all thought and action, is once lowered or disordered, irregularity becomes the rule of life. He disposed of the estate Luther had devised to him almost immediately. Gibson and Gilpin would have returned it to the poor man's wife and family! He sat to Romney the painter, with a full knowledge that the man had deserted his poor wife in Kendal, to live in adultery with that Phryne—Nelson's evil genius. When a bishop, he collected together and published a volume of sermons, written by dissenters. He quarelled with, and insulted on his very death-bed, that mild and benevolent Christian—Preston, Bishop of Ferns, for accepting a bishopric. He revelled in the spoils of a Christian church, and yet accounted an Unitarian a Christian. He wrote of Pitt, after the grave had silenced all enmity but *his*, in the spirit of a relentless fiend. He wrote and spoke of the most virtuous of Queens in language that Paine would have scrupled at. He insulted the best of kings to his face, while he bowed and sued for grace at the levees of the Duke of York for his son's promotion. For every See that was vacant he directly or indirectly made application, and hated

the man who got it, though he did not know him. He saw none but great people; he talked of none but great folks. In dress and in demeanour to the country people he was a coxcomb. He lived and died without one act of charity, friendship, or benevolence, to show that he had ever lived. Yet in his day he was a conspicuous man, and might have been a great one. *Amentes estis, si multos in Cæsare Marios non videtis; Cavendum est a puero male succincto.*"

As he had lived all his life for himself, and for himself alone, he did by the spoils of the Church, by legacies, and by his writings, amass a very large fortune—very large for one who began the world with a clog and a shoe (£.300), and was the founder of his own fortune. Calgarth Park and demesnes are now the property of his grandson.

We have seen how he lived, let us now see how he died; for

> " A death bed's a detector of the heart;
> Truth is deposited with man's last hour,
> An honest hour and faithful to her trust;
> Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die**."

We frequently find from his own pen the expression, *the original disease never left me*, and the like; what this was in reality†, we know little

* Young. † See 221.

more than what we have before suggested, and the fact that by means of James's Powders its attacks were defied, until he reached the venerable age of near threescore years and ten. In 1809, however, he was struck with paralysis, and from that time at intervals these strokes returned upon him; at last he sunk under them on the 4th July, 1816, and in the 79th year of his age. His son, Richard Watson, LL.B., Prebendary of Llandaff and Wells, who published his father's Life in 1817, says, "From this period (October 1813) the health of the Bishop of Llandaff rapidly declined; bodily exertion became extremely irksome to him; and though his mental faculties continued unimpaired, yet he cautiously refrained from every species of literary composition. The example of the Archbishop of Toledo was often before him, and the determination as frequently expressed, that his own prudence should exempt him from the admonition of a Gil Blas."

He left a numerous issue well provided for; some of whom are ecclesiastics, and seem to have inherited, as regards non-residence and the like, the mantle of their late father. The man who can leave his Diocese to blast rocks on the banks of Windermere, or who can absent himself for twenty years together at the expense of the Church to live a life of frivolity at Boulogne, deserves the condemnation of every well-regulated mind. *Les*

Evêques à la lanterne will not, *rebus sic stantibus,* be confined long to the streets of Paris. May our prophecy never be fulfilled!

As we saw not the death-bed, we must reason from a knowledge of the human heart. But that knowledge assures us that if some Eugenius, when life's last tide was ebbing, in that honest hour,—that hour so faithful to her trust,—had drawn the curtain to take his last farewell, he would have heard the last breath, hanging on the trembling lip, struggling into accents not unlike these :—

" Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a rip'ning, nips his shoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers on a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomps and vanities of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Ne'er to hope again.

* * * * *

Mark but my fall and that which ruined me!
My friend, I charge thee, fling away Ambition:
By that sin fell the Angels; how can man, then,
Though th' image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then, if thou fall'st—
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr* !"

The following is the Inscription of the Tablet in Windermere Church:—

Quod mortale fuit
RICARDI LANDAVENSIS
Juxta Cœmeterium habet
Quod immortale est
Faxit Deus
En ΧΡΙΣΤΩ Cœlum habeat,
Vitam obiit IV. Non. Jul. A.D. MDCCCXVI.
Ætat LXXIX.
Hoc marmor, parvulum licet, egregii in conjugem
Amoris monumentum poni curavit, DOROTHEA WATSON:
Et ipsa
Ævo haud brevi sine labe perfuncta
Tumulo eodem sepulta requiescit
Excessit III. id. April. A.D. MDCCCXXXI.
Ætatis suæ LXXXI.

* Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell, in Shakspeare's Henry VIII.

Inscription of the Tomb in the Churchyard :—

RICARDI WATSON,
Episcopi Landavensis,
cineribus sacrum,
Obiit
Julii 4o. A. D. 1816o.
Ætatis 79o.
Hic etiam conjugis, prope
Depositæ sunt reliquiæ
DOROTHEÆ WATSON,
Maximæ natarum
EDVARDI WILSON, de Dallam Tower Arm.
Vitam obiit III. id. April. A. D. MDCCCXXXI.
Ætatis suæ LXXXI.

Bernard Gilpin.

BISHOP-NOMINATE OF CARLISLE*, ARCHDEACON OF DURHAM, &c.

1517—1583.

"These are the best instructors that teach in their lives, and prove their words by their actions."——SENECA.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT commanded that no one should make a portrait of him except Apelles, nor any one attempt a statue of him but Lysippus. None but an artist of the highest powers should dare to sketch the portrait or mould the statue of *The Northern Apostle*. In Hugh Carleton†, Bishop of Chichester, and William Gilpin, M.A.‡, our great countryman has found an

* A *congé d'élire* issued for his election to the See, and he refused it. *Nolo episcopari* was a practical truth with him, and not a mere matter of form. Dean Barwick did the like. See Life.

† London, 1636, 12mo, 4th edition.

‡ London, 1753, demy 12mo, 2nd edition, to which is prefixed a fine line-engraved portrait of him; one of the most intelligent heads the eye can rest upon.

Apelles and a Lysippus; and to their handiwork more than to our own, do we now invite your attention.

Bernard Gilpin, say they, was born in the year 1517, at Kentmire Hall, in Westmorland; which, in the time of King John, had been given by a baron of Kendal to Richard Gilpin, as a reward for his services, from whom the estate descended to the father of Bernard, Edwin Gilpin, who became prematurely possessed of it by the death of an elder brother, killed at the battle of Bosworth.

Edwin Gilpin had several children, of which Bernard was one of the youngest; an unhappy circumstance in that age, which, giving little encouragement to the liberal arts, and less to commerce, restrained the genius and industry of younger brothers. No way, indeed, was commonly open to their fortunes, but the church or the camp. The inconvenience, however, was less to Bernard than to others; for that way was open, to which his disposition most led him. From his earliest youth he was inclined to a contemplative life, thoughtful, reserved, and serious. Perhaps no one ever had a greater share of constitutional virtue, or through every part of life endeavoured more to improve it. The bishop of Chichester hath preserved a story of him in his infancy, which will show how early he could discern, not only the immorality, but the indecorum of an action. A begging friar came on a Saturday evening to his

father's house, where, according to the custom of those times, he was received in a very hospitable manner. The plenty set before him was a temptation too strong for his virtue; of which, it seems, he had not sufficient even to save appearances. The next morning, however, he ordered the bell to toll, and from the pulpit expressed himself with great vehemence against the debauchery of the times, and particularly against drunkenness. Bernard, who was then a child upon his mother's knee, seemed for some time exceedingly affected with the friar's discourse, and at length, with the utmost indignation, cried out, "*He wondered how that man could preach against drunkenness, when he himself had been drunk only the night before.*"

Instances of this kind soon discovered the seriousness of his disposition, and gave his parents an early presage of his future piety.

His first years were spent at a public school; but at what school has not been recorded. From school, at the age of sixteen, he was removed to Queen's College, Oxford, where he was entered on the Old Foundation.

He had not been long in the university before he was taken notice of. He was looked upon as a young man of good parts and considerable learning; and they who were not so well qualified to judge in either of these points, admired and loved him for a remarkable sweetness in his disposition, and unaffected sincerity in his manners. At the usual

term he took the degree of master of arts, and about the same time was elected fellow of his college. The reformed doctrines had hitherto made no progress in England; and, as Gilpin had been bred up in the Romish church, he still continued a member of it. But though in appearance he was not dissatisfied with Popery, yet it is not improbable that at this time he had his suspicions of it. The writings of Erasmus (who about this time drew the attention of the learned world) had put him upon freer inquiries than were common in those days. He had the discretion, however, to keep to himself whatever doubts they might have raised in him; and before he said anything which might shake the faith of others, he determined to establish his own. He had not been long settled in his fellowship, before a very public testimony was given to the reputation he had acquired. Cardinal Wolsey was now at the head of the affairs of England; a minister, who, notwithstanding his many vices, would sometimes entertain a noble design. He saw the corrupt state of monkery in the nation, was scandalized at it, and began to think of some method to check its progress. The monastic revenues he was convinced might easily be applied to better uses; particularly in raising the credit of the two Universities. He was resolved, therefore, to make a trial; and with this view obtained bulls for the supression of several monasteries. Being thus enabled

to carry on his design, he laid the foundation of Christ Church College in Oxford, and about this time finished it. But his care extending farther than a mere endowment, he had his agents in many of the universities in Europe, to procure him men of eminence, whom he might transplant thither; and copies of the best books then extant: for he designed that his college should be the means of the restoration of learning in England. Gilpin's character was then so great, that he was one of the first in Oxford to whom the Cardinal's agents applied. He accepted their proposal, and removed to Christ Church. Here he continued his former studies; from the nature of which, and the ingenuity and honesty of his disposition, it is highly probable he would in time have been led by his own reasonings to that discovery of truth he aimed at; but Providence rewarded a pious endeavour, by throwing in his way the means of an earlier attainment of it. King Henry VIII. was now dead; and his young successor began in earnest to support that cause, which his father had only so far encouraged as it contributed to replenish an exhausted exchequer, and break a yoke which sat uneasy upon him. Under this prince's patronage Peter Martyr went to Oxford, where he read divinity-lectures in a strain to which the university had been hitherto little accustomed; the consequence of which was a formidable opposition to him and to his doctrines; which ended, as such

things do often now-a-days at Exeter Hall, in an intellectual combat between Bernard, on the side of the Popish party, and Peter on the side of the Reformers. We are told that the disputation was soon over, our fellow-countryman giving up the cause with that grace which always attends sincerity. Peter Martyr henceforth became much attached to him; and often told his friends "it was the subject of his daily prayers, that God would be pleased at length to touch the heart of this pious papist with the knowledge of true religion." And he prayed not in vain; for Gilpin from this time became every day more reconciled to the Reformers. It was not, however, until the Council of Trent (wherein it was decreed that the traditions of the Church should be esteemed of equal authority with the scriptures themselves), that he took the alarm, and forsook all Communion with the Church of Rome.

While at Oxford, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age, the vicarage of Norton, in the diocese of Durham, falling vacant, his friends, who had interest to obtain it for him, renewed their solicitations, and at length prevailed upon him to accept it. Before he went to reside, he was appointed to preach before the king, who was then at Greenwich. Strype, in his annals, seems to intimate, that Gilpin was at that time famous for his preaching in the North, and that it was upon this account he was called upon to preach at court. But there is little

authority for this. He does not seem to have been yet a preacher at all; at least, of any note. It is rather probable, the only reason of his being sent to upon this occasion, was that he might give a public testimony of his being well-inclined to the Reformation: for the heads of the Protestant party were at this time very scrupulous in the disposal of livings. "It was then ordered," says Heylin, in his church history, "that none should be presented unto any benefice in the donation of the crown, till he had first preached before the king, and thereby passed his judgment and approbation." Gilpin's plainness and uncommon fearlessness on that occasion, in rebuking the vices of the age, were very well taken, and recommended him to the notice of many persons of the first rank; particularly to Sir Francis Russell and Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earls of Bedford and Leicester, who from that time professed a great regard for him, and when in power were always ready to patronise him*. Gilpin is said likewise at this time to have been taken notice of by Secretary Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, who obtained for him a general licence for preaching. In granting these licences great caution was then used: none but men of approved worth could apply for them with success†.

* His brother, George Gilpin, seems to have lived on intimate terms with these men.

† Upon looking over King Edward's grants, it does not appear there were more than two or three and twenty thus licensed during that king's reign. Among these were the Bishops Jewel, Grindal, and Coverdale.

While he was in London, he frequently visited Cuthbert Tunstal Bishop of Durham (who was his *uncle*, and had always expressed a great regard for him.) It is probable, indeed, his parents intended him a churchman, with a view to his being advanced by this prelate. But the bishop was at this time in no capacity to serve him: he was disgraced, and in the Tower.

He now repaired to his parish, and immediately entered upon the duties of it. But so strongly did the tide of Popery set in upon him, and the responsibilities of his charge sit heavily on him, that he became uneasy, and wrote to Tunstal an account of his situation, the result of which was a resignation of his living, and a resolution to travel into Germany, France, and Holland, in search of the truths of the Gospel. He first went to Mechlin to visit his brother George, a man of eminent virtue and ability; thence to Louvain, which he made his head quarters for two years, making occasional excursions to Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels, and other places.

While at Louvain revelling in magnificent libraries, in the society of the most eminent divines, and the discussion of the most important topics of religion, the news arrived of Queen Mary's accession, of Tunstal's release from the Tower and re-establishment in his Bishopric, with the offer of a benefice of considerable value from his uncle. This he peremptorily refused. "Which of our modern gaping rooks (exclaims the Bishop of Chichester)

could endeavour with more industry to obtain a benefice, than this man did to avoid one!"

He had been now two years in Flanders, and had made himself perfect master of the various points of religious controversy which had so long distracted him, and the learned world at large. He left Louvain, therefore, and took a journey to Paris. Passing through a forest in his way thither, he was attacked by highwaymen, from whom, being very well mounted, he escaped to a cottage by the road side. The rogues pursued him to the house, and declared they would pull it down, or set it on fire, if he did not immediately come out. The family was in great consternation; in vain did he represent that these were only idle threatenings, that on so public a road they durst not meddle with the house, and that they would presently be gone. All availed nothing. To quiet, therefore, the disturbance he had occasioned, he went out and gave the rogues his money.

When he got to Paris the first thing he set about was printing the Bishop of Durham's book. This Prelate, as hath been observed, was a very moderate man; no favourer of Protestantism, yet no friend to some of the grosser tenets of the Romish Church, particularly to its extravagant doctrine of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and this book, which showed the moderation of its author, gave much offence to all the more zealous Papists, and drew many severe reproaches upon him, who was gene-

rally supposed to have corrupted the Bishop's work. Of what was said his friends gave him notice, particularly Wickliff, who desired, if the charge was unjust, that he would purge himself of it. Gilpin told him, that was easily done; and opening a desk, "See here (says he) a letter from my Lord of Durham himself, in which he thanks me for my care and fidelity in this business."

While he staid in Paris he lodged with Vascosan*, to whom he had been recommended by his friends in the Netherlands. This learned man showed him great regard, did him many friendly offices, and introduced him to the most considerable men in that city. Here Popery became quite his aversion; he saw more of its superstition and craft than he had yet seen—the former among the people, the latter among the Priests, who scrupled not to avow how little truth was their concern. He would frequently ask, "Whether such and such bad consequences might not arise from such and such doctrines?" But he was always answered, "That was not to be regarded. The Church could not subsist without them, and little inconveniences must be borne with." He remained about a year in Paris, and then returned to England.

Upon his arrival he went immediately to his uncle, who was then in his Diocese. The Bishop received him with great friendship, and, in a very short time, conferred upon him the Archdeaconry

* An eminent Printer.

of Durham, to which the Rectory of Easington was annexed.

Upon removing to his parish he found it, like the rest, in great disorder; and he at once resolved to lay the axe at the root of the tree, by imputing the principal sources of corruption to the Clergy themselves—to pluralities and non-residence*. The pastoral charge all over the kingdom, especially in the province of York, was most scandalously neg-

* Bishop Latimer relates a story of a Bishop of this kind, which is worth transcribing. "I heard of a Bishop (says he) that went on a visitation; and (as it was the custom) when the Bishop should be rung into the town, the great bell's clapper was fallen down, so that he could not be rung in. There was a mighty matter made of this, and the chief of the parish were much blamed for it at the visitation; and the Bishop was somewhat quick with them, and signified that he was much offended. They excused themselves as well as they could; but one among them wiser than the rest, comes up to the Bishop: '*Why, my Lord,* (saith he) *doth your Lordship make so great a matter of the bell that lacketh a clapper? Here is a bell* (saith he, and pointed to the pulpit) *which hath lacked a clapper these twenty years.*' I warrant you this Bishop was an unpreaching Prelate. He could find fault with the bell that wanted a clapper to ring him into the town, but he could not find any fault with the Parson that preached not at his benefice."——"*Latimer's Sixth Sermon before the King.*"

Again, in speaking of a Clergyman who was made Controller of the Mint. "Is this a meet office (says he) for a Priest who has cure of souls? I would ask one question: I would fain know who controls the devil at home in his parish while he controls the Mint? If the Apostle might not leave his office of preaching to be a Deacon, shall one leave it for minting? I cannot tell you; but the saying is, that since Priests have been minters, money hath been worse."

lected; to use his own words, "while three parts out of four of the Clergy were picking what they could get off a common, the rest were growing wanton with stall-feeding." He thought, as every honest man must do, that it is well-nigh *as lawful to have two wives as two livings*—an admirable saying of his, especially of and to those who boast they are denied the rites of marriage, in order that they may be wedded to the Church! It was presently the popular clamour, that he was an enemy to the Church, a scandaliser of the Clergy, a preacher of damnable doctrines, and that religion must suffer from the heresies he was daily broaching if they spared him any longer. In short, he raised a flame which nothing but his blood could quench. Many articles were drawn up against him, and he was accused in form before the Bishop of Durham. The prosecution was managed chiefly by one Dunstal, a Priest in those parts, who had always distinguished himself as the Archdeacon's implacable enemy. The Bishop dismissed the cause, telling the accusers, "he was afraid they had been too forward in their zeal for religion, and that heresy was such a crime as no man ought to be charged with but upon the strongest proof." About the time of this persecution it was suggested to him by his enemies, or by the dictates of his own conscience, that his own practice should be first made conformable to his own preaching before he undertook to cast stones at others; and that it would

become him to cease his heresy, or cease to be a pluralist. He went to his uncle (apparently under the plea of ill-health) and told him that he must resign either his Archdeaconry or the Rectory of Easington. "Have I not repeatedly told you (said the Bishop) that you will die a beggar? Depend upon it you will, if you suffer your conscience to raise such unreasonable scruples. The Archdeaconry and the living cannot be separated; the income of the former is not a support without that of the latter. I found them united and I am determined to leave them so." Gilpin, like an honest man, immediately resigned both. After this it seems for a while he lived with his uncle as one of his Chaplains, until the Rectory of Houghton-le-Spring (a living of considerable value) fell vacant, which he accepted. A Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral of Durham was also offered to him, which he refused. We now find him at Houghton pursuing the same manly, fearless, and Christian-like career as he did at Easington, with the same consequences, especially as regards the relentless enmity of Dunstal and his abettors; and this time, although their appeal was dismissed as before, they in fact succeeded—succeeded in *making his uncle blot him out of his testament;* and finally in prevailing upon Bonner, Bishop of London, to give ear to their accusation. Here they went the right way to work. Bonner was just the reverse of Tunstal; formed by nature for an inquisitor, and

the properest agent their malice could have employed. The fierce zealot at once took fire, extolled their laudable concern for religion, and promised that the heretic should be at a stake in a fortnight. Gilpin's friends in London trembled for his safety, and instantly despatched a message, that he had not a moment to lose. He received the account with great composure; and immediately after called up William Airay, a favourite domestic, who had long served him as his almoner and steward, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, "At length (says he) they have prevailed against me. I am accused to the Bishop of London, from whom there will be no escaping. God forgive their malice, and grant me strength to undergo the trial." He then ordered his servant to provide a long garment for him, in which he might go decently to the stake, and desired it might be got ready with all expedition, "For I know not (says he) how soon I may have occasion for it." As soon as this garment was provided, it is said, he used to put it on every day till the Bishop's messengers apprehended him. His friends in the mean time failed not to interpose, earnestly beseeching him, while he had yet an opportunity, to provide for his safety. But he begged them not to press him longer upon that subject; should he even attempt it, he said, he believed it would hardly be in his power to escape, for he questioned not but all his motions were very narrowly observed. Besides, he would ask, how

they could imagine he would prefer the miserable life of an exile before the joyful death of a martyr? "Be assured (says he) I should never have thrown myself voluntarily into the hands of my enemies; but I am fully determined to persevere in doing my duty, and shall take no measures to avoid them." In a few days the messengers apprehended him, and put an end to these solicitations. In his way to London, it is said, he broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon him an observation he would frequently make, "That nothing happens to us but what is intended for our good," asking him, whether he thought his broken leg was so intended? He answered meekly, "He made no question but it was." And indeed so it proved, in the strictest sense; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, and he was set at liberty. Whatever truth there may be in this relation, thus much, however, is certain—the account of the Queen's death met him upon the road, and put a stop to any farther prosecution.

Thus providentially rescued from his enemies, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people expressing the utmost joy, and blessing God for his deliverance. This Rectory was of considerable value, but the duty of it was proportionably laborious. It was so extensive, that it contained no less than fourteen villages; and having been as

much neglected in that dark age as the cures in the North then ordinarily were, Popery had produced its full growth of superstition in it. Scarce any traces, indeed, of true Christianity were left. Nay, what little religion remained, was even Popery itself corrupted. All its idle ceremonies were here carried higher than you would, perhaps, anywhere else find then; and were more considered as the essentials of religion. How entirely this barbarous people were excluded from all means of better information appears from hence, that in that part of the kingdom, through the designed neglect of Bishops and Justices of the Peace, King Edward's proclamations for a change of worship had not even been heard of at the time of that Prince's death. Such was the condition of the parish of Houghton when it was committed to his care—a waste so miserably uncultivated, that the greatest industry seemed but sufficient to bring it into any kind of order, and the greatest resolution only to make the attempt. But when the good of mankind was concerned, this true Minister of the Gospel had resolution enough to attempt whatever industry could accomplish. He was grieved to see ignorance and vice so lamentably prevail; but he did not despair. He implored the assistance of God, and his sincere endeavours met with it. The people crowded about him and heard him with attention, perceiving him a teacher of a different kind from those to whom they had hitherto been accustomed. Upon his

taking possession of Houghton, it was some mortification to him that he could not immediately reside. His Parsonage House was gone entirely to decay, and some time was required to make it habitable. Part of it was fitted up as soon as possible for his reception; but he continued improving and enlarging it till it became suitable to his hospitable temper—a proper habitation for a man who never intended to keep what he had to himself. "His house (says the Bishop of Chichester) was like a Bishop's palace, superior indeed to most Bishop's houses, with respect both to the largeness of the building and the elegance of the situation."

Though deprived of the assistance of his uncle, who, on refusing the oath of supremacy had been deprived, and committed to the Tower, he soon experienced, however, that worth like his could never be left friendless. His merit raised him friends wherever he was known; and though his piety was such that he never proposed reputation as the end of his actions, yet perhaps few of his profession stood at this time higher in the public esteem. "He was respected (says the Bishop of Chichester) not only by the more eminent churchmen, but by those of the first rank in the nation."

When the Popish bishops were deprived, and many sees by that means vacant, his friends at court, particularly the Earl of Bedford, thought it

a good opportunity to use their interest in his favour. He was recommended accordingly to the Queen as a proper person for one of the void bishoprics; upon which, as he was a north countryman, she nominated him to that of Carlisle; and the Earl took immediate care that a *congé d'élire*, with her Majesty's recommendation of him, should be sent down to the Dean and Chapter of that See. Gilpin, who knew nothing of what was going forward in his favour, was greatly surprised at this unexpected honour, yet could not by any means persuade himself to accept it. He sent a messenger therefore with a letter to the Earl, expressing his great obligations to her Majesty and his Lordship for their favourable sentiments of him, but begged they would excuse his accepting their intended kindness; they had really thought of placing him in a station which he did not merit; he must therefore remove from himself a burden to which he, who was best acquainted with his own weakness, knew himself unequal: in the meantime he would not fail to do his utmost for the service of religion in an inferior employment. The Earl, upon the receipt of this letter, went immediately to Dr. Sandys, Bishop of Worcester, who was intimately acquainted with Gilpin, and *nearly related to him*, the Earl supposing he could not be without his influence over him; and therefore earnestly desired he would endeavour to persuade his friend

to think less meanly of himself. The Bishop readily undertook the office, and wrote the following letter to him :—

" My Much-Respected Kinsman,

" Regarding not so much your private interest, as the interest of religion, I did what I could that the Bishopric of Carlisle might be secured to you : and the just character I gave of you to the Queen has, I doubt not, had some weight with her Majesty in her promoting of you to that See, which, not to mention the honour of it, will enable you to be of the utmost service to the Church of Christ. I am not ignorant how much rather you choose a private station ; but if you consider the condition of the Church at this time, you cannot, I think, with a good conscience, refuse this burden ; especially as it is in a part of the kingdom where no man is thought fitter than yourself to be of service to religion. Wherefore I charge you, before God, and as you will answer to him, that, laying all excuses aside, you refuse not to assist your country, and do what service you can to the church of God. In the meantime, I can inform you, that by the Queen's favour *you will have the bishopric just in the condition in which Dr. Oglethorpe left it ; nothing shall be taken from it, as hath been from some others.* Wherefore exhorting and beseeching you to be obedient to God's call

herein, and not to neglect the duty of your function, I commend both you and this whole business to the Divine Providence.

" Your kinsman and brother,

" EDWIN WORCESTER."

London, April 4, 1560.

This letter, notwithstanding the pressing manner in which it is written, was without effect. Gilpin returned his thanks; but as for the bishopric, he was determined, and he thought for very good reasons, not to accept it. Nor could all the persuasions of his friends alter this resolution.

The vexation which the Popish party was likely to give to any one placed in the See of Carlisle, is imagined, by the author of Archbishop Grindal's life, to be a principal reason why he refused it. But this would have been as good a reason for his refusing the Rectory of Houghton, or any other employment in the church, for Popery prevailed universally over the country, and he could be placed no where in the north without experiencing a toilsome opposition to the bigotry and prejudices of it. But his own ease and convenience were never motives of the least weight with him, when any service to mankind could be balanced against them. The accounts given us by Bishop Nichol-

son and Dr. Heylin of his behaviour upon this occasion are still more disingenuous; they both ascribe it chiefly to lucrative motives. The former intimates that the good man knew what he was about, when he refused to part with the Rectory of Houghton for the Bishopric of Carlisle*: the latter supposes that all his scruples would have vanished, might he have had the old temporalities undiminished†. Both these writers seem to have been very little acquainted with his character, in which disinterestedness bore so principal a part: it will hereafter appear, that he considered his income in no other light than that of a fund to be managed for the common good. The bishop's insinuation therefore is contradicted by every action of Gilpin's life; and as for Dr. Heylin's, it is most notoriously false; for the bishopric was offered to him with the old temporalities undiminished‡.

The year after his refusal of the Bishopric of Carlisle, he had an offer of the Provostship of Queen's College, Oxford, which he also refused.

The great ignorance which at this time prevailed over the nation, afforded a melancholy prospect to all who had the interest of religion at heart. To it was owing that gross superstition which kept reformation every where so long at a stand; a

* In his Historical Library. † In his Church History.
‡ See the Bishop of Worcester's Letter, p. 249.

superstition which was like to continue; for all the channels through which knowledge could flow were choked up. There were few schools in the nation; and these as ill supplied as they were endowed. The Universities were in the hands of bigots, collecting their strength to defend absurdities, neglecting all good learning. At Cambridge indeed some advances in useful literature were made; Sir John Cheke, Roger Ascham, and a few others, having boldly struck out a new path through that wilderness of false science which involved them; but they were yet lazily followed.

The great care of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, his frequent and strict visitations, his severe inquiries into the ministry of the clergy, and manners of the laity, had made a very visible alteration for the better in the southern parts of England: but in the North reformation went on but sluggishly. The indolent Archbishop of York slept over his province. In what great disorder the good Bishop Grindal found it, upon his translation thither, in the year 1570, appears from his episcopal injunctions, among which are these very extraordinary ones,—that no pedlar should be admitted to sell his wares in the church-porch in time of service,—that parish clerks should be able to read; that no lords of misrule, or summer lords and ladies, or any disguised persons, morrice-dancers, or others, should come irreverently into the church, or play any unseemly parts with scoffs, jests,

wanton jestures, or ribald talk, in the time of divine service; from these things we may conceive the state of the parish of Houghton when he came there*. Amidst such ignorance to introduce a knowledge of religion was a laborious work; as difficult as a first plantation of the Gospel. There was the same building to raise, and as much rubbish to clear away; for no prejudices could be stronger, and more alien to Christianity than those he had to oppose. This weighed him down with sorrow; but to promote, as far as he was able, the great work of the Reformation, he built and endowed a Grammar School, at Houghton, and procured the ablest masters from Oxford, as well as superintended it himself.

One method used by him to fill his school was a little singular. Whenever he met a poor boy upon the road, he would make trial of his capacity by a few questions, and if he found it such as pleased him, he would provide for his education. Nor did

* One would imagine it was in this part of the country where Bishop Latimer was travelling, when he gives us the following account:—"I sent word over-night to a town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holiday. When I came to the church, where I thought I should have found a great company, the door was fast locked. I tarried half an hour. At last one of the parish comes to me, and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you: it is Robin Hood's day. The parish is gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you hinder them not.' So I was fain to give place to Robin Hood."—*Sermon vi. before the King.*

his care end here. From his school he sent several to the Universities, where he maintained them wholly at his own expense. To others, who were in circumstances to do something for themselves, he would give the farther assistance they needed. By which means he induced many parents to allow their children a liberal education, who otherwise would not have done it.

Nor was this uncommon care unrewarded. Few of his scholars miscarried: "Many of them (says the Bishop of Chichester) became great ornaments to the Church, and very exemplary instances of piety." Among those of any note who were educated by him, we find these three particularly mentioned; Henry Ayray*, George Carleton†, and Hugh Broughton‡.

In building this school, and purchasing lands for the maintenance of a master and usher, he expended above five hundred pounds. As there was so great a resort of young people to this school, that in a little time the town was not able to accommodate them, he put himself to the inconvenience of fitting-up a part of his own house for that purpose, where he seldom had fewer than twenty or thirty children. Some of these were the sons of persons of distinction, whom he boarded at easy rates: but the greater part were poor children,

* Provost of Queen's. See Life. † Bishop of Chichester.
‡ The Best Hebrew scholar of his day.

who could not so easily get themselves boarded in the town, and whom he not only educated, but clothed and maintained: he was at the expense likewise of boarding in the town many other poor children. He used to bring several every year from the different parts where he preached, particularly Readsdale and Tinedale, which places he was at great pains in civilising, and contributed not a little towards rooting out that barbarism which every year prevailed less among them. For the maintenance of poor scholars at the Universities, he yearly set apart sixty pounds. This sum he always laid out, often more. His common allowance to each scholar was about ten pounds a-year, which for a sober youth was at that time a very sufficient maintenance; so that he never maintained fewer than six. By his will, it appears that at his death he had nine upon his list, whom he took care to provide for during their stay at the University.

This school, situated near his house, afforded him when old and infirm an employment; and he thought he could hardly die in peace till he had settled it to his mind. What he had principally at heart was—to compose for it a set of good statutes, to provide it a better endowment, and to fix all by a charter. As to the statutes, he was daily employed in correcting, adding to, and altering those he had drawn up; advising with his friends, and

doing all in his power to prevent any future abuse of his charity. With regard to a better endowment, it was not indeed in his own power to do anything more. His exhibitions, his other charities, and his generous manner of living, made yearly such large demands upon him, which increased as he grew old, that it became then impossible for him to lay up anything. He would gladly have contracted his hospitality, which he thought his least useful expense; but when he considered that he might probably by that means lose much of the esteem of the people, he could not prevail with himself to do it. Thus unable to do anything more out of his own purse, he turned his eyes upon his friends. There was a gentleman in the neighbourhood, John Heath, Esq., of Kepier, with whom he had lived for many years in great intimacy. He was a man of uncommon worth, was master of a plentiful fortune, and had an inclination to put it to the best uses. He was besides a man of letters, and an encourager of learning. To this gentleman he applied in favour of his school; Mr. Heath came with great readiness into the scheme proposed to him, and doubled the original endowment. Gilpin prevailed upon some others likewise to contribute their assistance, by which means the revenues of the school became at length answerable to his wishes. Having thus obtained a sufficient endowment, he began next to think of a charter. For

this he applied to his friend the Earl of Bedford, and was successful*.

In his pastoral charge he set out with making it his endeavour to gain the affection of his parishioners. Many of his papers show how material a point he considered this. To succeed in it, however, he used no servile compliances; he would have his means good as well as his end. His behaviour was free without levity, obliging without meanness, insinuating without art; he condescended to the weak, bore with the passionate, complied with the scrupulous; in a truly Apostolic manner, he *became all things to all men.* By these means he gained mightily upon his neighbours, and convinced them how heartily he was their friend. To this humanity and courtesy he added an unwearied application to the duties of his function. He was not satisfied with the advice he gave in public, but used to instruct in private; and brought his parishioners to come to him with their doubts and difficulties. He had a most engaging manner towards those whom he thought well-disposed; nay, his very reproof was so conducted that it seldom gave offence; the becoming gentleness with which it was urged made it always appear the effect of friendship. Thus laying himself out in admonishing the vicious and encouraging the well-intentioned, in a few years he made a greater change in his neigh-

* See Surtees' History of Durham, Tit. Houghton.

bourhood than could well have been imagined; a remarkable instance what reformation a single man may effect, when he hath it earnestly at heart!

But his hopes were not so much in the present generation as in the succeeding. It was an easier task, he found, to prevent vice than to correct it; to form the young to virtue, than to amend the bad habits of the old. He laid out much of his time, therefore, in an endeavour to improve the minds of the younger part of his parish. Nor did he only take notice of those within his school, but in general extended his care through the whole place; suffering none to grow up in an ignorance of their duty, but pressing it as the wisest part to mix religion with their labour, and amidst the cares of this life to have a constant eye upon the next. Nor did he omit whatever besides might be of service to his parishioners. He was very assiduous in preventing all law-suits among them. His hall is said to have been often thronged with people who came to him about their differences. He was not, indeed, much acquainted with law, but he could decide equitably, and that satisfied; nor could his Sovereign's commission have given him more weight than his own character gave him. He had a just concern for all under affliction, and was a much readier visitant at the house of mourning than at that of feasting. He had conversed so much in the world that he knew how to apply himself to the most different tempers; and his large

fund of reading and experience always furnished something that would properly affect them. Hence he was considered as a good angel by all in distress. When the infirmities of age came upon him, and he grew less able to endure exercise, it was his custom to write letters of consolation to such as were in affliction.

He used to interpose, likewise, in all acts of oppression; and his authority was such, that it generally put a stop to them.

Every year he used regularly to visit the most neglected parishes in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Westmorland, and Cumberland; and that his own parish, in the mean time, might not suffer, he was at the expense of a constant assistant. In each place he stayed two or three days, and his method was, to call the people about him and lay before them, in as plain a way as possible, the danger of leading wicked, or even careless lives; explaining to them the nature of true religion; instructing them in the duties they owed to God, their neighbour, and themselves; and showing them how greatly a moral and religious conduct would contribute to their present as well as future happiness. When a preacher, though the merest rhapsodist or enthusiast, seems to speak from his heart, from a thorough sense of his duty, what he says will be listened to. The appearance of his being truly in earnest will dispose men at least to give him a fair hearing. Hence Gilpin, who had

all the warmth of an enthusiast, though under the direction of a very calm judgment, never wanted an audience even in the wildest parts, where he roused many to a sense of religion who had contracted the most inveterate habits of inattention to everything of a serious nature. One thing he practised, which showed the best-disposed heart. Wherever he came, he used to visit all the jails and places of confinement, few in the kingdom having at that time any appointed minister; and, by his labours and affectionate manner of behaving, he is said to have reformed many very abandoned persons in those places. He would employ his interest likewise for such criminals whose cases he thought attended with any hard circumstances, and often procured pardons for them.

There is a tract of country upon the border of Northumberland, called Readsdale and Tinedale —of all barbarous places in the North, at that time the most barbarous.

Before the union this country was generally called *the debateable land,* as subject by turns to England and Scotland, and the common theatre where the two nations were continually acting their bloody scenes. It was inhabited, as Camden informs us, by a kind of desperate banditti, rendered fierce and active by constant alarms. They lived by theft; used to plunder on both sides of the barrier, and what they plundered on one, they exposed to sale on the other; by that means

escaping justice. Such adepts were they in the art of thieving, that they could twist a cow's horn, or mark a horse, so as its owners could not know it; and so subtle, that no vigilance could guard against them. For these arts they were long afterwards famous. A person telling King James a surprising story of a cow that had been driven from the North of Scotland into the South of England, and escaping from the herd had found her way home. "*The most surprising part of the story,*" the king replied, "*you lay least stress on, that she passed unstolen through the debateable land.*"

In this dreadful country, where no man would even travel that could help it, he never failed to spend some part of every year. He generally chose the holidays of Christmas for their journey, because he found the people at that season most disengaged, and most easily assembled. He had set places for preaching, which were as regularly attended as the assize-towns of a circuit. If he came where there was a church, he made use of it: if not, of barns, or any other large building; where great crowds of people were sure to attend him, some for his instructions, and others for his charity. This was a very difficult and laborious employment. The country was so poor that what provision he could get extreme hunger only could make palatable. The badness of the weather, and the badness of the roads through a mountainous country, and at that

season covered with snow, exposed him, likewise, often to great hardships. Sometimes he was overtaken by the night, the country being in many places desolate for several miles together, and obliged to lodge out in the cold: at such times he would make his servant ride about with his horses, whilst himself on foot used as much exercise as his age and the fatigues of the preceding day would permit. All this he cheerfully underwent; esteeming such sufferings well-compensated by the advantages which he hoped might accrue from them to his uninstructed fellow-creatures. Our Saxon ancestors had a great aversion to the tedious forms of law. They chose rather to determine their disputes in a more concise manner, pleading, generally with their swords. "Let every dispute be decided by the sword," was a Saxon law. A piece of ground was described, and covered with mats: here the plaintiff and defendant tried their cause. If either of them was driven from this boundary, he was obliged to redeem his life by three marks. He whose blood first stained the ground, lost his suit*.

This custom still prevailed on the borders, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possesion. These wild Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel: each contending party used to muster

* See Spelman, Nicholson, &c.

what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot, when he was at Rothbury in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as he began his sermon the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approach. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, he stepped from the pulpit, went between them and addressing the leaders, put an end to the quarrel for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that, till the sermon was over, they would make no disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that at his farther entreaty they promised to forbear all acts of hostility, while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he

among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy, used to resort where he was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was meant as a challenge to any one that should take it down. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit; and before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. "I hear," saith he, "that one among you hath hanged up a glove even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;" and pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation; and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity; using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them. The disinterested pains he thus took among these barbarous people, and the good offices he was always ready to do them, drew from them the sincerest expressions of gratitude, a virtue perhaps as frequently the growth of these natural soils, as of the best cultivated. Indeed he was little less than adored. How greatly his name was revered among them one instance will show:—by the carelessness

of his servant, his horses were one day stolen. The news was quickly propagated, and every one expressed the highest indignation at the fact. The thief was rejoicing over his prize, when by the report of the country he found whose horses he had taken. Terrified at what he had done, he instantly came trembling back, confessed the fact, returned the horses, and declared he believed the devil would have seized him directly, had he carried them off, knowing them to have been Mr. Gilpin's.

Let us turn awhile to his home. Every Thursday throughout the year a very large quantity of meat was dressed wholly for the poor, and every day they had what quantity of broth they wanted. Twenty-four of the poorest were his constant pensioners. Four times in the year a dinner was provided for them, when they received from his steward a certain quantity of corn and a sum of money; and at Christmas they had always an ox divided among them. Wherever he heard of any in distress, whether of his own parish or any other, he was sure to relieve them. In his walks abroad he would frequently bring home with him poor people, and send them away clothed as well as fed. He took great pains to inform himself of the circumstances of his neighbours, that the modesty of the sufferer might not prevent his relief. But the money best laid out was, in his opinion, that which encouraged industry. It was one of his greatest pleasures to make up the losses of his laborious

neighbours, and prevent their sinking under them. If a poor man had lost a beast, he would send him another in its room; or if any farmer had had a bad year, he would make him an abatement in his tithes. Thus, as far as he was able, he took the misfortunes of his parish upon himself; and like a true shepherd exposed himself for his flock. But of all kinds of industrious poor, he was most forward to assist those who had large families; such never failed to meet with his bounty when they wanted to settle their children in the world. In the distant parishes where he preached, as well as in his own neighbourhod, his generosity and benevolence were continually showing themselves, particularly in the desolate parts of Northumberland. "When he began his journey (says an old manuscript life of him) he would have ten pounds in his purse, and at his coming home he would be twenty nobles in debt, which he would always pay within a fortnight after." In the jails he visited he was not only careful to give the prisoners proper instructions, but used to purchase for them likewise what necessaries they wanted. Even upon the public road he never let slip an opportunity of doing good. Often has he been known to take off his cloak, and give it to a half-naked traveller; and when he has had scarce money enough in his pocket to provide himself a dinner, yet would he give away part of that little, or the whole, if he found any who seemed to stand in need of it. Of this benevolent

temper the following instance is preserved:—One day returning home, he saw in a field several people crowding together, and judging something more than ordinary had happened, he rode up and found that one of the horses in a team had suddenly dropped down, which they were endeavouring to raise, but in vain, for the horse was dead. The owner of it seeming much dejected with his misfortune, and declaring how grievous a loss it would be to him, Gilpin bade him not to be disheartened: "I'll let you have (says he), honest man, that horse of mine," and pointed to his servant's. "Ah, master! (replied the countryman) my pocket will not reach such a beast as that." "Come, come, (said Gilpin,) take him, take him; and when I demand my money, then thou shalt pay me."

His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country. He spent in his family every fortnight forty bushels of corn, twenty bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportional quantity of other kinds of provision. Strangers and travellers found a cheerful reception. All were welcome that came; and even their beasts had so much care taken of them, that it was humorously said: "*If a horse was turned loose in any part of the country it would immediately make its way to the Rector of Houghton's.*" Every Sunday from Michaelmas till Easter was a sort of a public day with him. During this season, he expected to see all his parishioners and their

families. For their reception he had three tables well covered; the first was for gentlemen, the second for husbandmen and farmers, and the third for day-labourers. This piece of hospitality he never omitted, even when losses, or a scarcity of provision, made its continuance rather difficult to him. He thought it his duty, and that was a deciding motive. Even when he was absent, no alteration was made in his family expenses; the poor was fed as usual, and his neighbours entertained.

He was always glad of the company of men of worth and letters, who used much to frequent his house. This sociable temper led him into a very large acquaintance; which, as he could not select his company, became very inconvenient to him when he grew old.

We must close this account of his manner of living with a story, which does no little honour to his housekeeping. Some affairs in Scotland obliging Queen Elizabeth to send thither her Treasurer, the Lord Burleigh, he resolved to take the opportunity of his return to pay a visit to Gilpin. Hurried as he was, he could not resist the desire of seeing a man whose name was everywhere so respectfully mentioned. His free discourse from the pulpit to King Edward's court had early recommended him to this noble person; since which time the great distance between them had wholly interrupted their acquaintance. The Treasurer's

return was so sudden that he had not time to give any notice of his intended visit. But the economy of so plentiful a house as Gilpin's was not easily disconcerted. He received his noble guest with so much true politeness, and treated him and his whole retinue in so affluent and generous a manner, that the Treasurer would often afterwards say, "He could hardly have expected more at Lambeth." While Lord Burleigh stayed at Houghton, he took great pains, by his own and the observation of his domestics, to acquaint himself with the order and regularity with which everything in that house was managed. It contained a very large family, and was besides continually crowded with persons of all kinds—gentlemen, scholars, workmen, farmers, and poor people, yet there was never any confusion; every one was immediately carried into proper apartments, and entertained, directed, or relieved, as his particular business required. It could not but please this wise lord, who was so well acquainted with the effects of order and regularity in the highest sphere, to observe them even in this humble one. Here, too, he saw true simplicity of manners, and every social virtue regulated by exact prudence. The statesman began to unbend, and he could not without an envious eye compare the unquiet scenes of vice and vanity in which he was engaged, with the calmness of this amiable retreat. At length, with reluctance, he took his leave; and with all the warmth of affection embracing his

much-respected friend, he told him, he had heard great things in his commendation, but he had now seen what far exceeded all that he had heard. "If," added he, "Mr. Gilpin, I can ever be of any service to you at court, or elsewhere, use me with all freedom, as one you may depend on." When he had got to Rainton Hill, which rises about a mile from Houghton, and commands the vale, he turned his horse to take one more view of the place, and having kept his eye fixed upon it for some time, his reverie broke out into this exclamation:—"There is the enjoyment of life, indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting of a Bishopric! What doth he want to make him greater, or happier, or more useful to mankind!"

Towards the latter part of his life, he went through his duty with great difficulty. His health was much impaired. The extreme fatigue he had during so many years undergone, had now quite broken his constitution. And while he was thus struggling with an advanced age, and much impaired constitution, there happened a very unfortunate affair, which entirely destroyed his health. As he was crossing the market-place at Durham, an ox ran at him, and pushed him down with such violence, that it was imagined the bruises he received would have occasioned his death. He lay long confined; and though he again got abroad, he never recovered even the little strength he had before, and continued lame as long as he lived.

But accidents of this kind were no very formidable trials to a mind so well tempered as his. It was a persuasion he had long entertained, that misfortunes are intended by Providence to remind us of our neglected duty: and thus he always used them, making self-examination the constant attendant upon whatever calamities befel him. To this it was owing that misfortunes never dejected him, but were received by him rather with thankfulness than repining. But sickness was not the only distress which the declining years of this excellent man had to struggle with. As age and infirmity began to lessen that weight and influence he once had, the malice and opposition of his enemies of course prevailed more. Of all his enemies at this time the most active were Chancellor Barns and Hugh Broughton, the latter of whom had been educated at Gilpin's sole expense both at school and college.

This load of calumny, ingratitude, and ill usage, may justly be supposed heavy upon him, already sinking under a weight of years; yet he bore it with great fortitude, strengthening himself with such consolations as a good Christian hath in reserve for all extremities. His resignation, however, was not long exercised. About the beginning of Feby. in the year 1583, he found himself so very weak that he was sensible his end must be drawing near. He told his friends his apprehensions, and spoke of his death with that happy composure

which always attends the conclusion of a good life. He was soon after confined to his chamber. His senses continued perfect to the last. Of the manner of his taking leave of the world, we have this account:—A few days before his death he ordered himself to be raised in his bed, and his friends, acquaintance, and dependents to be called in. He first sent for the poor, and beckoning them to his bed-side, he told them he found he was going out of the world, he hoped they would be his witnesses at the great day that he had endeavoured to do his duty among them, and he prayed God to remember them after he was gone. He would not have them weep for him; if ever he had told them anything good, he would have them remember that in his stead. Above all things, he exhorted them to fear God and keep his commandments—telling them, if they would do this they could never be left comfortless. He next ordered his scholars to be called in; to these likewise he made a short speech, reminding them that this was their time, if they had any desire to qualify themselves for being of use in the world; that learning was well worth their attention, but virtue was much more so. He next exhorted his servants; and then sent for several persons who had not heretofore profited by his advice according to his wishes, and upon whom he imagined his dying words might have a better effect. His speech began to falter before he finished his exhortations. The remaining

hours of his life he spent in prayer and broken conversations with some select friends, mentioning often the consolations of Christianity, declaring they were the only true ones, that nothing else could bring a man peace at the last. He died the 4th of March, 1583, in the 66th year of his age.

We shall conclude this account of him with a few observations upon his character; and some incidents which we could not introduce properly in any part of the narration. His person was tall and slender, in the ornament of which he was at no pains. He had a particular aversion to the fopperies of dress. In his diet he was very temperate, rather abstemious. His parts were very good. His imagination, memory, and judgment, were lively, retentive and solid. His acquirements were as considerable. By an unwearied application he had amassed a great store of knowledge, and was ignorant of no part of learning at that time in esteem; in languages, history, and divinity, he particularly excelled. He read poetry with a good taste; himself, as the Bishop of Chichester relates, no mean poet. But he laid out little time in the pursuit of any study foreign to his profession. His temper was naturally warm, and in his youth we meet with instances of his giving way to passion; but he soon got more command of himself, and at length entirely corrected that infirmity. His disposition was serious, yet among his particular friends he was commonly cheerful, sometimes facetious. His general behaviour was very affable.

His severity had no object but himself; to others he was humble, candid, and indulgent. Never did virtue sit with greater ease on any one, had less of moroseness, or could mix more agreeably with whatever was innocent in common life. He had a most extraordinary skill in the art of managing a fortune. He considered himself barely as a steward for other people, and took care, therefore, that his own desires never exceeded what calm reason could justify. Extravagance with him was another word for injustice. Amidst all his business he found leisure to look into his affairs, well knowing that frugality is the support of charity. His intimacies were but few. It was his endeavour, as he thought the spirit of Christianity required, to dilate rather than to contract his affections; yet where he professed a particular friendship he was a religious observer of its offices. He was the most candid interpreter of the words and actions of others; where he plainly saw failings he would make every possible allowance for them. He used to express a particular indignation at slander, often saying, it more deserved the gallows than theft. For himself he was remarkably guarded when he spoke of others; he considered common fame as the falsest medium, and a man's reputation as his most valuable property. His sincerity was such as became his other virtues. He had the strictest regard to truth, of which his whole life was only one instance. All little arts and sinister practices, those ingredients of worldly prudence, he disdained. His perse-

verance in so commendable a part, in whatever difficulties it might at first involve him, in the end raised his character above malice and envy, and gave him that weight and influence in everything he undertook, which nothing but an approved sincerity can give. Whatever his other virtues were, their lustre was greatly increased by his humility. To conquer religious pride is one of the best effects of religion; an effect which his religion in the most amiable manner produced. Thus far, however, he hath had many imitators. The principal recommendations of him, and the distinguishing parts of his character, were, his conscientious discharge of the duties of a Clergyman, his extensive benevolence, and his exalted piety. As to the discharge of his function, no man could be more strongly influenced by what he thought the duties of it. The motives of convenience, or present interest, had no kind of weight with him. As the income was no part of his concern, he only considered the office, which he thought such a charge as a man would rather dread than solicit; but when Providence called him to it, (for what was not procured by any endeavours of his own he could not but ascribe to Providence,) he accepted it, though with reluctance. He then showed, that if a sense of the importance of his office made him distrust his abilities, it made him most diligent in exerting them. As soon as ever he undertook the care of a parish, it immediately engrossed his whole attention. The pleasures of life he totally relinquished, even

his favourite pursuits of learning. This was the more commendable in him, as he had always a strong inclination for retirement, and was often violently tempted to shut himself up in some University at home or abroad, and live there sequestered from the world. But his conscience corrected his inclination, as he thought the life of a mere recluse by no means agreeable to the active principles of Christianity. Nay, the very repose to which his age laid claim, he would not indulge; but, as long as he had strength sufficient, persevered in the laborious practice of such methods of instruction as he imagined might most benefit those under his care. Of popular applause he was quite regardless, so far as mere reputation was concerned; but as the favour of the multitude was one step towards gaining their attention, in that light he valued it. He reproved vice wherever he observed it, with the utmost freedom. As he was contented in his station and superior to all dependence, he avoided the danger of being tempted to any unbecoming compliance; and whether he reproved in public or private, his unblameable life and the seriousness with which he spoke gave an irresistible weight to what he said. He studied the low capacities of the people among whom he lived, and knew how to adapt his arguments to their apprehensions. Hence the effects that his preaching had upon them are said to have been often very surprising. In particular it is related, that, as he was once recommending honesty in a part of the country

notoriously addicted to thieving, a man, struck with the warmth and earnestness with which he spoke, stood up in the midst of a large congregation and freely confessed his dishonesty, and how heartily he repented of it.

With regard to his benevolence never, certainly, had any man more disinterested views, or made the common good more the study of his life, which was, indeed, the best comment upon the great Christian principle of universal charity. He called nothing his own; there was nothing he could not readily part with for the service of others. In his charitable distributions he had no measure but the bounds of his income, of which the least portion was always laid out on himself. Nor did he give as if he was granting a favour, but as if he was paying a debt; all obsequious service the generosity of his heart disdained. He was the more particularly careful to give away in his lifetime whatever he could save for the poor, as he had often seen and regretted the abuse of posthumous charities. "It is my design, at my departure, (says he, writing to a friend,) to leave no more behind me, but to bury me and pay my debts." What little he did leave he left wholly to the poor, deducting a few slight tokens of remembrance that he bequeathed to his friends. How vain it was for those who were not in real want to expect anything from him, he plainly showed by his own behaviour, for when a legacy was left him he returned it back again to such of the relations of the legatee as

stood in more need of it. Such instances of benevolence gained him the title of the FATHER OF THE POOR!

Although a constant advocate for the marriage of Priests, he was never married himself.

Thus lived and died the *Northern Apostle!*

Viewed with such a life, how mean and contemptible do the idle amusements of the great appear! How trifling that uninterrupted succession of serious folly which engages so great a part of mankind, crowding into so small a compass each real concern of life! How much more nobly doth that person act who, unmoved by all that the world calls great and happy, can separate appearances from realities, attending only to what is just and right; who, not content with the closet-attainment of speculative virtue, maintains each worthy resolution that he forms, persevering steadily, like this excellent man, in the conscientious discharge of the duties of that station, whatever that station is, in which Providence hath placed him!

In the south transept of the Church at Houghton-le-Spring, is his monument—a massy altar-tomb of freestone, with some ornaments of chain-work on the sides; and on the west end the arms of Gilpin in bas-relief—namely, a boar under a tree. On each side of the escutcheon in raised letters—

BERNERDI GILPIN,
Rector hujus ecclesiæ, obiit quarto die Martii,
An. Dom. 1583.

Henry Airay*.

PROVOST OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, AND VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

1560—1616.

"Bold was the man who durst engage
For piety in such an age."—HUDIBRAS.

MANY men get while alive the dignified title of *learned;* few—very few deserve it: Henry Airay did both,—he acquired and deserved it. Two centuries and a half have swept over his remains, but to give them the hardihood of antiquity. Dr. Collinson, the late Provost of Queen's College Oxford, himself a man of strong head and great industry, used to say, that Henry Airay was the *most* learned man the House (the College) ever had within its walls from Westmorland or Cumberland. Dr. Fox, the present amiable head of that Institution (if we are rightly informed), thinks so too;—

* See Wood's Ath. Oxon.; Annals of Colleges and Halls, Biog. Brit.

indeed, at the Provost's Lodge, it seems to be a matter of tradition. Whether this be his true and proper gradation on the intellectual scale we shall not at this moment step aside to discuss, but content ourselves with the remark, that Bernard Gilpin (the Northern Apostle), Edmund Gibson (the author of the *Chronicon Saxonicum*), Gerard Langbaine, and Dr. Mill, were born in the same county, and educated in the same house. Let us not, from this passing reflection, be suspected of a doubt of Airay's excellence, or of a wish to extenuate his glory, or to set down aught in malice against him, or against his admirers; for—

> "Brutus' love to Cæsar is no less than theirs.
> If then those friends demand, Why Brutus
> Rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:
> Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that
> I loved Rome more."

Be the first College prize awarded to whomsoever it may, the examples of the well-spent lives, and the lessons of wisdom left to the world, will secure for the others the everlasting regard of men, and the high reward—the applauding smile of Heaven!

He was, *ex parte maternâ*, of the ancient family, his mother's blood run on his dexter cheek,—in other words, of Gilpin, of Kentmere Hall. He was the nephew of Bernard Gilpin, being his sister's son;—we state this upon the authority of one of the most accurate, luminous, and learned antiquarians in modern times—Surtees, the historian of

Durham*. Before stumbling on this valuable passage, it must be owned that our own researches had led us to a different conclusion, and to register him on the short and simple annals of the poor; as one of those boys whom the Great Apostle, in one of his holy pilgrimages into the remote corners of the North (pilgrimages worthy of St. Paul himself) had met with, and adopted as his own†. That they were strangers in blood seemed in some degree confirmed by the tenour of Gilpin's correspondence, and especially by his last will and testament (dated 27th October, 1582) in which his foster-child is made a legatee, but rather as a friend, than as a near relative. But we kiss the rod, and at once subscribe to so great an authority. But from which sister is he sprung? According to Dr. Burn, there were sisters of the whole blood, and sisters of the half blood,—one of the latter, namely, Cicely, we are unable to trace, and the probability is that he was her son‡. The alternative is, that some other sister was twice married, and for her second husband married Airay's father.

It is somewhere said, that the natural flights of the mind are from hope to hope: in biographical details they are too often from doubt to doubt. One spectre laid, another more startling rises to

* Surtees' History of Durham, 161. Tit. Houghton-le-Spring.

† See "Life of Gilpin," p. 253.

‡ Dr. Burn's "History" (Kentmere), 137, ch. 6.

thwart and dishearten us. Where was Airay born? That he was born somewhere within the chapelry of Kentmere, in 1559, we have on the concurring testimony of biographers and historians. Kentmere, it will be borne in mind, is bounded on the East by Long Sleddale,—on the South by Stavely and Ings,—on the West by the top of Garburn Fells, and on the North by Patterdale. From Dan to Beersheba of this secluded spot, Industry with her faithful pack has scoured in vain; in vain—save the health a morning quest never fails to give. May the next generation be more fortunate in the quarry! Two things, however, seem pretty clear, —that he was born, and that he was born in Kentmere; and, therefore, a Westmoreland-born Worthy. With these data, let us proceed from matter to mind, and leave the uncertainty of conjecture for the record of facts.

It has likewise been said that Airay was educated at Barton School; but this must be a mistake, probably, for Adam Airay, who, together with Dawes, Langbaine, and Lancaster, many years afterwards founded that school*; or it must have been when he was a very little boy; for certain it is that he was taken by the Great Apostle, as hereinafter mentioned. The charter of the Kepyer School, at Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, bears date April 2nd, 1574†; and it was in that,

* See "Life of Langbaine."

† See Surtees.

or early in the following year, we find under the great founder's roof Henry Airay, Carleton*, and Hugh Broughton, the best Hebrew scholar of his age, "but one of the chickens he had hatched, who did after seeke to pecke out his eyes†." Those who wish to have a just notion of the sublime designs of Gilpin in the foundation, endowment, and superintendence of this school, and above all, in the education of the children of the poor, would do well to consult the work already referred to, namely, the "History of Durham;" and should there be any who think it a modern discovery, to improve the social condition of the people, by enlarging and purifying their minds, will there find that he, nearly three hundred years ago, discovered and attested its truth;—discovered, if Paley's assertion be right, that "*he only discovers who proves*‡." Here Airay remained, being clothed, fed, and instructed by Gilpin, until he was nineteen or twenty years of age. Of the progress he there made in his studies we have no note, in the "Life of Gilpin," or otherwise. But being chosen by him as part of his grand and godlike design to Christianize the world; being educated under his immediate eye, a favourite pupil, and his own nephew, we may safely infer, that it was at Houghton-le-Spring that he laid the solid foundation of his future glory.

* "Gilpin's Life," 254. † Bishop Barnes.
‡ Paley's "Moral Philosophy."

At the age of nineteen or twenty, he was removed from school to St. Edmund Hall, in Oxford, whence he soon removed to Queen's College, in the same University: he was clothed, fed, and educated (with eight or nine others) at the sole expense of Gilpin; to each of whom he allowed £.10 a year; a sum, however small it may seem now, was then, from the difference in the value of money, and from the comparative simplicity of an University life, amply sufficient for every purpose of moral and religious education.

There are two things remarkable respecting Gilpin's scholars: the one is, that most of them entered first of all into St. Edmund Hall, and thence removed to Queen's College; and the other is, that they were four or five years older than others destined for that Foundation. Probably, at that day, the Hall was a mere off-shoot of the mother College,—a mere *diversorium* on man's way to the main establishment. The difference in age does not admit of so easy a solution. It may be that he abhorred the system of sending children to college before they had done with school*. The dates of his degrees and honours are,—B.A. in 1583; M.A. in 1586; B.D. in 1594; and D.D. in 1600; Provost of Queen's in 1598†; and Vice-Chancellor in 1606.

* See "Life of Gibson," 151.

† The "Oxford Calendar" says 1599, *sed. qu.*

After passing through the usual College gradations of *pauper puer serviens, pauper puer,* or Tarbarder, and the like, in 1586 he became Fellow of his College; about this time also, he entered into Holy Orders, and "became a frequent and zealous Preacher." Oxford, at this time, "had a greater resemblance to a colony from Geneva, than to a seminary of Anglo-Catholic Divinity;" and Queen's College was the very hot-bed of dissent—dissent from the canons and discipline of the Church of England, as established in the reign of King Edward VI*. Although Abbott (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) seems to have headed the Puritans, it was in Queen's College where the genius of Calvin presided; it was there where the dark theory of predestination found a congenial soil; where the Established Church found its sturdiest non-conformists, and the church of Rome its fiercest foes. As one of them, from conviction, and with a moral courage inferior only to that of his illustrious uncle, and with ability and a constitution equal to the task, Airay began his ministerial duties in St. Peter's in the East; where he for the most part preached, and became noted and esteemed for his holiness, integrity, learning, gravity, and indefatigable pains in the discharge of his ministerial functions. It was at St. Peter's in the East, that he likewise delivered† his Lectures upon the whole

* Le Bas's "Life of Laud." † See Wood's Ath. Oxon.

Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians*. About the same time he wrote his "Treatise against bowing at the name of Jesus." To be brief, in practice and preaching, from first to last, he was a Puritan and a Calvinist. In 1598, as already stated, he succeeded Henry Robinson in the Provostship of his College, and Calvinism then indeed became rampant with him; for he was always a great maintainer of such as were of his mind, which then went beyond the number of those that were true English Churchmen†.

The hour of persecution at last arrived, when Howson (the fiery controversialist) was made Vice-Chancellor in 1602; a man to whom Calvinists and Papists were alike objects of resentment‡. He is reported to have said, "He would loosen the Pope from his chair, though fastened by a tenpenny nail." Before his elevation, Howson had in vain tried to bring his enemies to terms, by parleying and pamphleteering; they were too numerous, however, to be intimidated, they were too strong to be dislodged: in a spirit of revenge or despair he determined on a *coup de main*, to order the generale to beat, and to put them without mercy or quarter to the sword. The first object of his fury was *John Sprint*, of his own house, whom he called before him to answer for his doctrine; next came

* Bodl. 4to. A. 68, Th. † Wood's Ath. Oxon. 408.

‡ Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Durham; Surtees' Durham, xci.; Fuller's Worthies.

Robert Troutbeck, of Queen's; and then, as he called him, the most Calvinistic Provost—Henry Airay. Sprint, it would seem, found some loop-hole in his conscience by which he made his escape. The two Queen's-men stood to their guns, resolved to conquer or to die for their creed; and did not only maintain in their preachings what Sprint had said and done, but also spoke many things to the disgrace of the Vice-Chancellor; among which was, that he had, to no other end and purpose, got the degree of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity without exercise done for them, only but that he might sooner obtain the Vice-Chancellorship, and, consequently, show his authority in unjust proceedings*. The consequence of this bold defence was, that the Provost was excused and made no submission. Howson's time of office expired, but not the persecutions. The tide had only set in another direction. In 1606, Henry Airay was himself elected Vice-Chancellor, and poor Laud (whose life seemed but a transition from one scrape into another) was summoned to appear and plead before him to a charge of Popery, founded on some expressions in a sermon at Oxford. Whether he chose his arrows from Airay's quiver, or hurled the *argumentum ad hominem* with as vigorous an arm, and with the precision that the Vice-Chancellor had done at the head of Howson, we know not; *fas est ab hoste*

* See Wood's Ath. Oxon.

doceri was a lesson he had no doubt been taught ere this. The story is so well told by Mr. Le Bas, in his "Life of Archbishop Laud," that we will venture to give it at length:—"In the year 1606 Laud was again exposed to the assault of his vigilant adversaries. On the 21st October, in this year (1606), he delivered a sermon at St. Mary's, which was seized upon as an additional proof of his Romish propensities. The Vice-Chancellor in that year was Dr. Henry Airay, the Provost of Queen's College, a man of austere habits, recluse life, and high Calvinistic opinions. Among his publications was a 'Treatise on bowing at the name of Jesus,' a practice in which he conceived there was as much idolatry as in worshipping the brazen serpent. The discourse of Laud had the effect of arraying Dr. Airay among the number of his professed adversaries, with what justice it is impossible for us to judge as the composition has not been preserved. Thus much, however, is known, that in some way or other Laud was questioned by the Vice-Chancellor, but defended himself with such success that the storm, after growling for some time over his head, rolled away and left him untouched by any public censure;" and in a note Le Bas adds:—"This affair is thus triflingly noticed by Laud in his Diary, 'The quarrel Dr. Airay picked with me about my sermon at St. Mary's, Octr. 21, 1606*.'"

* Le Bas's Life of Laud, ch. I., 12mo. 1836.

In 1604, when King James, in commemoration of his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy*, not only appointed an anniversary, but that there should always be a sermon and service on Tuesdays throughout the year, Dr. Airay introduced this last custom into Oxford, first at All Saints' Church and then at St. Mary's, with a rule that the sermons should be preached by the Divines of the Colleges in their respective turns†.

Writers concur in praising him for wisdom, and dexterity in the government of his College; and that in his time many learned ministers were sent into the Church, and many worthy gentlemen into the Commonwealth. He was Provost of Queen's College from March 1598–9 to October 1616, when and where he died, at the age of fifty-seven years.

In addition to the two works already noticed, he wrote a third, entitled "The just and necessary Apology touching his suit in Law for the Rectory of Charlton-on-Otmore, in Oxfordshire‡. His Lectures were published after his death by Christopher Potter, with an Epistle of his own composition prefixed to them. By his will, he bequeathed to the College some lands lying in Garsington, near Oxford‖; and to the Chapelry of Kentmere, his

* In 1582, Hume Hist. † Biog. Dict.
‡ Bodl. 8vo. F. 12, Art. 13, s.
‖ Wood's Hist. and Ant. Oxon.

native place, forty shillings a year for a monthly sermon*.

For aught that we can learn, he was never married. There was afterwards (1621—1670) a Christopher Airay, who was born at Clifton, and was Fellow of Queen's; he was also author of the "*Fasciculus præceptorum logicalium in gratiam juventutis Academicæ compositus*," &c. There was also a Christopher Airay, nephew to Dr. Adam Airay (Principal of Edmund Hall), who in 1660 contributed to enlarge the buildings of the College. Wood seems to think both were related to the Provost†. On a brass plate is the following

Inscription:

D. O. M. S.
Quod mortale habuit hic deposuit
Donec Christo iterum adveniente
Resurgat
HENRICUS AIRAY,
S. T. D. Collegii hujus per annos,
Sexdecim Præpositus
Vivere desiit semper victurus,
A. MDCXVI. VI. Id. Oct.
Reliquias viri
Reverendi ac optime de se
Meriti hoc marmore
texit
Collegium.

* Dr. Burn's History, 137.
† Wood's Ath. Oxon. Annals of Colleges and Halls; Biog. Dict.

In the College Chapel there is a black marble monument, erected to his memory by the College. The figure of him is most striking, bending in a most sublime posture of devotion, with the words *Te Sequar* ascending to Heaven in prayer; above his head are the forms of clouds, and the figure of Elias in the act of translation to the world of spirits. The following words are written underneath:—

> "Ignis et efflantes purgant aëra venti,
> Transitus in cœlum promptior inde patet."

There is a line engraving of it in the College, executed with equal fidelity and power, a proof copy whereof is in our possession.

On the South wall of the Chapel there is another, put up by Christopher Potter, with the following

Inscription:

Memoriæ viri sanctitate et prudentiâ clarissimi HENRICI AIRAY, S. Theol. D. hujus collegii Præpositi vigilantiss. Reverendi ROBINSONI, [ut Eliæ Elisha] successoris et æmuli, Clariss. Patruelis CHRISTOPHER POTTER, hujus Coll. Socius, hoc amoris et observantiæ testimonium M. Q. posuit.

> Non satis Elishæ est Eliæ palla relicta,
> Dum [licet in cœlum raptus] amicus abest,

Tristis agit quæritque amissum turturis instar
Consortem, ac moriens TE SEQUAR orbus, ait.
Splendeat ut mundo pietas imitabilis AIREYE,
In laudem Christi hoc ære perennis erit.

Mortalitatem exuit anno 1616, 6to. Idus Octob. natus an. 57 et hic sepult. alterum Messiæ adventum spectat.

Christopher Potter*.

DEAN OF WORCESTER AND DURHAM,—CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO KING CHARLES THE FIRST, &c.

1590—1645.

. . . . . "This zealot
Is of a mongrel divers kind.
Clerick before and lay behind,
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another:
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always prays on Grace or Sin,
A sheep without, a wolf within†."

THAT industrious and exact Antiquary and Biographer, Anthony Wood, says of this our fellow-countryman, "that he was a person esteemed by all that knew him to be learned and religious,—exemplary in his behaviour and discourse,—courteous in his carriage, and of a sweet and obliging nature and comely presence." And (upon the authority of Fuller) let *us* add, a friend to the poor;—yet, withal, a man with faults *unwhipped of justice*. One who so acted—

"As if hypocrisie and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience;"

* See Wood's Ath. Oxon. † Hudibras.

whose defects were in the heart, not in the brain. He crawled into the Provostship of his College by some underhand dealing with his unsuspecting uncle; he became a dignitary of the Church by the sacrifice of his creed; from a Puritan he became an Armenian; from a Roundhead he became a Royalist,—*changes brought about by court influence, and put on to please Archbishop Laud**. We love the man who has the moral courage to think for himself, and to reduce his thoughts to practice; whether right or wrong, he is entitled to respect, if not sympathy: such a man is indeed worthy of Reason,—Reason the last and best gift of Heaven! But the world expects him in such a crisis to be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion. He must rebut the presumption arising from his fallen nature, or expect its penalties. Laud's creature, as Potter is sometimes called, was not beyond suspicion. Although in a letter to Mr. Vicars, he says he was more sinned against than sinning, and elaborately denies the desertion of his former principles; yet no one, after a calm review of his life, can seriously doubt but that the sprinkling of Court Holy water, like an exorcism, had enchanted and conjured him into this new shape†. Upon the whole, he seems to have had a trifling share (if any) in that admirable

* Wood.

† Wordsworth's "Life of Sanderson," 504, n.

nobility of soul, that indomitable perseverance, that sturdy self-reliance, and bold independence of spirit, which were at once the cause and secret of many of our fellow-countrymen of that age rearing themselves from a lowly condition of life to the highest offices in Church and State. If he had any virtue, it was not the virtue of the sturdy oak, but that of the creeping parasyte,—living by the embrace he gave.

He was the nephew of the good and great Barnaby Potter, Bishop of Carlisle*. He was born within the barony of Kendal, about the year 1591. That the barony of Kendal was the place of his birth, all writers agree in saying, but the whereabouts is a mystery which we have endeavoured in a former page to solve. With respect to his good old uncle, as a reference to the passage will show, we had no difficulty in finding a fitting origin, should any one be dissatisfied with *Winster* as his native place†. But with the nephew it is otherwise: his character obliges us (to do what pleaders were wont to do, in order to give the superior Courts jurisdiction over causes of action arising abroad) it obliges us to lay the *venue*, or give him a settlement in the parish of Stepney, in the county of Middlesex‡. Westmester, wherever it may turn

* See Life. † See p. 97.

‡ In pleading, it used to be stated thus: "At Paris, in the Kingdom of France,—to wit, in the parish of Stepney, in the county of Middlesex;" from this probably arises the common saying and belief that if a man has no parish he belongs to Stepney.

out to be, was the birth-place of both uncle and nephew. Kendal is assigned to them by some; but in this we do not agree, for reasons expressed more at large in a former page.

Being but twelve years younger than his uncle, and being a zealous Puritan in the early part of his ministry in the church, the probability is,—for we can place it no higher,—that the village school of his native place was Scene I. Act I. of the Drama of Life, and that Mr. Maxwell (the puritanical tutor of the Bishop) was also the puritanical tutor of the nephew.

In 1606, at the age of fifteen, he became Clerk of Queen's College, Oxford,—where he was afterwards Tarbarder, Chaplain, Fellow, and Provost. He took his M.A. degree in 1613.

Soon after this he entered into Holy Orders, with duty at Abingdon, in Berkshire, where he was esteemed a zealous Puritanical lecturer, and much resorted to for his edifying way of preaching. It is remarkable that his uncle, and many others of our fellow-countrymen of the Calvinistic-Puritan sect, began their ministry in the Church at Abingdon. Not being a Queen's College living, we are a good deal at a loss to account for it; perhaps it was the accident of an accident whose history has passed away, or arose from that habit of clanship with which the genius of the North is said to unite her children. In 1620, he took his B.D., and in 1627 his D.D. degree.

On the 17th January, 1626, he became Provost of his College, on the resignation of his uncle. When the College little expected a vacancy, his uncle suddenly resigned, " self-denyingly, judging that his Church had more need of him as a Minister, than the College as a Provost;" or, as others say with more truth and honesty,—to make way for his nephew. Suspicion is not guilt, nor assertion proof; but none can read the account of this transaction and be satisfied, except of one thing, that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. With a slight change, one may after this well exclaim with Montaigne: " *Chez les prêtres fortune vault bien mieux que la raison.*" As he died in 1645, he was Provost of the College nearly twenty years. His epitaph says he was *durus studiorum exactor;* and history assures us that the College flourished during his reign. But we set no great price upon this, for Colleges, like Kingdoms, sometimes flourish from other causes than the virtue or ability of their head; sometimes, indeed, in very spite of their vices and ignorance.

The Provost had now cast his bread on the waters. Henceforth, he was always fishing or mending his net; and by practice became an adept in the art and mystery of courtship. The little pilot boats that he sent up to discover the forces and currents of the atmosphere *above* disclosed to him that they were now setting strong around the

weather-beaten towers of Lambeth Palace; and that, if he wished to be secure against the coming storm, or to feather his nest, he must lose no time in setting his sails to that favored haven. This tack he took. After a great deal of seeking (says Wood), he was made Laud's creature; and, therefore, by the precise party was esteemed an Armenian. Laud was now, be it remembered, Archbishop of Canterbury. The first crumb that fell from the table at Lambeth, was a Chaplaincy in Ordinary to his Majesty, with a promise of a Canonry of Windsor; and then came a windfall in the Deanery of Worcester, which he obtained in the latter end of the year 1635. So far, so good; but his fortune was not to end here. The eagle, according to D'Alembert, is not the only animal that reaches the top of the pyramid.

In the year 1640, he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. This seems to have been anything but a bed of roses to him (a bed of thorns rather); troubles to him, caused in a great measure by the Puritanical and factious party of the University and city of Oxford. After this, the rebellion broke out, and he is said to have suffered much for the King's cause. For his sufferings, or under colour of his suffering in the Royal cause, in the month of January 1645, he was designed and nominated by his Majesty to the Deanery of Durham. But time and tide wait not even for courtiers, and he died before he was installed.

What his sufferings were is not recorded; the stricken deer suffers from the buffetings and blows of his own herd, and it may be that the *precise party,* to which Potter was so zealously devoted before the commencement of his idolatry to Laud, used him in some such way. Dr. Dummerar, the worthy Vicar of Martindale *cum* Moultrassie, (according to Sir Walter Scott) was, in those self-same evil days and evil times, deprived of his living; and had, moreover, the poignant mortification of seeing Master Nehemiah Solsgrace ("the intrusive old Puritan howlet") there in his stead; and, what was more, the said Nehemiah darkening the gates of Martindale Castle*. The Vicar indeed was truly to be pitied! But we do not find that our fellow-countryman, Christopher, lost any cure of souls, nor any Lambeth dainties in the Royalist cause, nor that he was ever obliged to hide himself in the Eldon Hole, to escape the vengeance of those false crop-eared hypocrites, which infested the kingdom at that time, and to wait until Providence should proclaim to the world—

"The King shall enjoy his own again."

However, the Dean of Worcester made the powers that be regard him as a martyr for conscience-sake, and that is some proof of his ability. It is stated, however, upon good authority, that

* Peveril of the Peak.

upon breaking out of the civil wars, he sent all his plate to the King, and declared that he would rather, like Diogenes, drink in the hollow of his hand than that his Majesty should want. A prudent course perhaps, if he was in danger and threatened with (as it is admitted he was) a sequestration for his debts.

He was remarkable, as already noticed, for his charity to the poor. Fuller communicates to us this trait in his character in the following words, "for though he had a wife and many children, *and expected daily to be sequestered*, yet he continued his usual liberality to them, having, on hearing Dr. Hammond's sermon at St. Paul's, been persuaded by the truth of that divine's assertion, that charity to the poor was the way to grow rich." His charity did not certainly begin at home. What a multitude of sins this charity doth cover! What folly! what knavery! what dishonesty! what hypocrisy! What a mistaken notion of charity! He married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Charles Sorribanke, Canon of Windsor, who survived him; and became the wife of his successor in College, the great and learned Dr. Gerard Langbaine. To her former husband she bore a large family; their son Charles (student of Christ Church) afterwards turned Papist, joined Crofts *alias* James Duke of Monmouth, and was made one of the ushers to Henrietta Maria, the Queen-Mother of England. The Provost wrote and published

" A Sermon at the Consecration of Barnabas Potter, D.D. Bishop of Carlisle, at Ely House, in Holborn, 15 March, 1628, on John xxi. 17." Lond. 1629. 8vo.

" An answer to Edmund Knott's ' Charity Mistaken,' entitled ' Want of Charity justly charged on all such Romanists as dare affirm that Protestancy destroyeth Salvation,' &c. Oxon. 1683. 8vo. Second Edition, 1634, revised and corrected at the instance of his friend Laud, and dedicated to Charles I*."

He also translated from the Italian into English " The History of the Quarrels of P. Paul V. with the State of Venice." Lond. 1626, by Father Paul Scarp.

There were several unpublished MSS. at the time of his death : " A Survey of the Platform of Predestination," and three letters on the same subject, which afterwaids coming into the hands of Twisse, or Twissius, of Newbury, were answered by him. He also wrote his " Vindication," by way of a letter to Mr. Vicars (Bishop Carleton's son), touching the points of God's Free Grace, and Man's Free Will, which seems to be an answer to Mr. Vicars' " Strictures on the Sermon preached at Ely House, on his Uncle's Consecration to the See of Carlisle†."

* See Life of Chillingworth, Wood's Ath. Oxon., and Fuller's Worthies.

† See 5 Wordsworth's Eccl. Hist. p. 504 n. (Sanderson.)

" And a letter relating to the privileges of the University of Oxford*."

He died on the 3rd March 1645, and was buried in Queen's College Chapel, where we find a monument, with the following elaborate, fulsome, and not the most grammatical

Inscription:

CHRISTOPHORI POTTER,
S. S. The. Professoris
Coll. Reginæ Oxon. Præpositi,
Ecclesiæ Wigorniensis Decani, Dunelmensis designati,
Sereniss. Regiæ Mti. à Sacris,
Qui
Craterum cum Hephestione miscens,
Φιλοβασιλευς idem et
Φιλοκαρολου
Serius pietatis cultor, rigidus honesti servator,
Durus studiorum exactor, sobrius veritatis propugnator,
Pacis servator pervicax,
Literarum omnium divinarum humanarumque condus,
Erga inopes universim, literatos imprimis
Benignissimus facultatum promus;
Mox ut quas ipse colebat unicè virtutes esse desierunt.
Mendicitate, exilio, carceri, sæculoque
(Et si quid ipso adhuc tristius impendente providebat)
Propitiâ numinis indulgentiâ opportunè præreptus,
Post justissimam Ευζοαν
In qua singula ipsi supra vota successerant
Ευθανασιαν demum pro voto sortitus
Mortalitatem exuit.

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. (Edit. Bliss.)

Gerard Langbaine.

D.D., PROVOST OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD; KEEPER OF THE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES, &c.

1608—1657.

"Of right and wrong he taught,
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached."

ARMSTRONG.

GERARD LANGBAINE was one of the brightest ornaments of the University of Oxford in his day; need we add, of his native county?

He succeeded the Dean of Worcester in the Provostship of his College, and married his widow; but here begins and ends the similarity of their fortunes and character. The one became the head of the institution by nepotism; the other by the force of his own genius: the one was ever ready to cast his skin for the sweet aspect of princes; the other would rather have been a worm and fed upon a dunghill than barter either for the first fruits of the Church. The one idolized Laud, and worshipped in turn the people and the Monarch; the

other worshipped his God with all his might and with all his strength; but mark, the one became Dean of Worcester and Dean of Durham, the other made Keeper of the University archives! So unevenly are the good things of this world distributed, especially when they are in the hands of court minions, who are more pleased with the incense of flattery than the stern language of truth. But let us see what others thought of him, and what he did to deserve their praise. "He was (says Wood) in general esteem for his great learning and honesty, skill in satisfying doubts, and discretion in the composure of controversies, especially those between the two bodies—the University and City. He was also an excellent linguist, an able philosopher and divine, a good common lawyer, a public-spirited man, a lover of learning and learned men; beloved by Dr. Usher, Selden, and the great Goliahs of literature. He was also an excellent antiquary, and as judicious in his writings as indefatigable in his studies as in immense undertakings."

He was the son of William Langbaine, a small *statesman*, at Barton-Kirke, and was born there in the year 1608*.

There appears to have been no school there

* Dr. Adam Airay and Dr. William Lancaster, Provost of Queen's, were natives of this parish (Martindale). Dr. Dawes, Archdeacon of Carlisle, was also a native of this parish. See Burn's Hist. (Barton).

until one was founded by himself and Dr. Lancelot Dawes in 1649. This we infer from the fact, that he was sent abroad for his education; for it is the free school at Blencow, in Cumberland, that has the honour of his early education. Here he remained until he was eighteen years of age, or thereabouts, when he removed to Queen's College Oxford. All we know of his College life is, that he graduated, and successively became Tabarder, Fellow, and Provost of his College—honored with the last appointment in 1645, at the early age of thirty-seven; and, as already noted, succeeding the Dean of Worcester, and not by any intrigue or nepotism, but by the force of his own merits and by the unanimous approbation of all concerned and of all who knew him.

The exact time when he married the widow of his predecessor, we are unable to point out; certain however it is, that he did marry her, and that she survived him also. To her former husband she bore a large family; to Dr. Langbaine, so far as our inquiries instruct us, none.

Langbaine was elected, as already suggested, Keeper of the Archives or Records of the University, an office of no great emolument but one suited to his taste and habits of industry, as will partly appear from the learned works he has left behind him. His first work (being twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age) was a translation of Longinus into Latin, with notes, entitled "Notæ

in librum Dionysii Longini de grandi eloquentiâ sive sublimi dicendi genere, etc. Oxon. 1636 and 1638. 8vo*."

The next was " A brief Discourse relating to the Times of King Edward VI., or the State of the Times as they stood in the Reign of King Edward VI.," by way of preface to a book, entitled " The true Subject to the Rebel," written by Sir John Cheek, Knt. Oxon. 1641.

" Life of Sir John Cheek," revised, corrected, and published by Langbaine, with the same.

" Episcopal Inheritance." 1641. Oxon. To which is added, " A Determination of the late learned Bishop of Salisbury (Davenant) Englished;" both reprinted in Lond. 1680.

" Review of the Covenant." 1644; and in Lond. 1661.

" Answers of the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford to the Petition, ' Articles of Grievance and Reasons of the City of Oxford.' " 1649.

" A Defence of the Rights and Privileges of the University of Oxford." Oxon. 1690.

" Quæstiones Oxoniæ pro more solenni in Vesperiis propositæ, an. 1651." Oxon. 1658. Published *with some Verses of Langbaine,* by Barlow, who

* It is remarkable that one of the first efforts of his fellow-countryman, Edmund Gibson, was a translation of " Quintilian de oratore."

succeeded him as Provost, and was afterwards Bishop of Carlisle.

" Platonicorum aliquot, qui etiamnum supersunt, authorum Græcorum imprimis mox et Latinorum syllabus alphabeticus." Oxon. 1667. 8vo. It was drawn up at the desire of Arch. Usher, but left imperfect; being found amongst his papers it was with some few necessary alterations placed at the end of " Alcinoi in Platonicam Philosophicam introductio," published by Dr. Fell, Dean of Ch. Ch.

" The Foundation of the University of Oxford, with a Catalogue of the Principal Founders and Special Benefactors of all the Colleges and total number of Students, &c." Lond. 1651.

" The Foundation of the University of Cambridge, with a Catalogue, &c."

Usher's " Chronologia Sacra" was much laboured at by him, but dying before completion it was published by his friend Barlow.

He also translated into Latin " Reasons of the present Judgment of the University, concerning the solemn League and Covenant, &c.," and assisted Sanderson and Zouch in the composition of them.

Also into English, " A Review of the Council of Trent," written in French by a learned Roman Catholic. Oxon. 1638. Fol.

He also left behind him thirteen quartos and eight octavos in MS., with innumerable collections in loose papers, all written with his own hand, " in

order to some great work, which he intended, if life had been spared, to have published."

He also had made several catalogues of MSS. in various libraries, and of printed books, in order, as it is supposed, for an universal catalogue in all kinds of learning.

It is said he took a great deal of pains in the continuation of Bryan Twyne's Apol. Antiq. Acad. Oxon. But this is denied upon the authority of Dr. Barlow and Dr. Lamplugh, who had his library after his death.

He was generally esteemed a good lawyer; and there is no doubt that he wrote so much of Arthur Duck's " De usu et authoritate juris civilis Romanorum in Dominiis Principum Christianorum," lib. ii., Lond. 1653 and 1679, 8vo., Leyd. 1654, Lips. 1668, as to deserve the name of co-author.

In the midst of all this he did not forget the wants of his home—wants probably he himself keenly felt. " The school at Barton (says Dr. Burn) was founded by Gerard Langbaine, D.D., Provost of Queen's College Oxon, a native of this parish, and the aforesaid Lancelot Dawes, in the year 1649*." This would be three or four years after he became Provost. How much it is to be regretted that College Principals of the present day do not pay more attention to village schools! *There*

* Burn, 406 (Barton).

is the root of good and evil; it is there where the foundations of knowledge are laid; it is there where the seeds of wisdom are sown, and not in the Universities according to the present regime. He gave to the school £.30, and purchased an estate at Culgaith, of the then value of £.20 a year, half to the use of the school and half thereof to bind out two parish apprentices; and thus

"Prov'd by the ends of being to have been*."

This good and learned man died on the 10th of February, 1657, at the early age of forty-nine.

He was succeeded in the Provostship by Barlow (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), whose life will be found in a former page.

Dr. Langbaine was buried in Queen's College Chapel, where there is a monument with the following

Inscription:

D. O. M.
S.
GERARDO LANGBAINIO, S.S.J., Professori,
Coll. Reg. per xii. annos Præposito
Viro antiquâ pietate, summâ integritate,
Ingenio literarum omnium capaci,
Omnibus supra fidem exculto.

* Dr. Dawes gave £.25 and also £.25 yearly to this school out of the tithes of the estate called Barton-Kirke. Dr. Adam Airay also gave to it the interest of £.100, and Dr. Lancaster gave an additional sum (how much does not appear) to augment the master's salary. The parishioners seem also to have subscribed something. See Burn (Barton).

Judicio acerrimo, industria animo pari,
Cui corpus (quamvis validum) impar:
Literis juvandis propagandisque nato,
Qui temporibus suis omnia,
Et naturam suam omnibus
Restituere poterat.
In quo nec collegium cui præfuit,
Nec Academia cui se impendit,
Vel fidem unquam desideravit vel successum,
Qui sæculo difficillimo inter æstuantes rerum fluctus
Clavum rectum tenuit
Vixit annos L.M. l. D. VI.
Animam Deo reddidit A.D.
IV. Id. Febr. A.S. CIↃ. IↃCLVII.
H. M. P. conjux mæstissima.

End of Vol. I.

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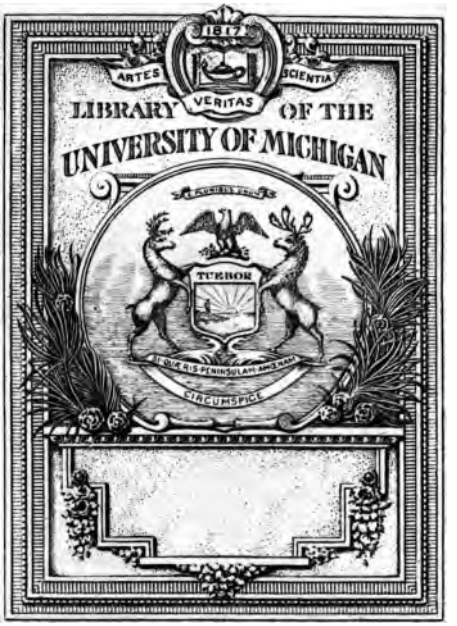
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